

Where Is Maria

Greg Brown

there's a sweated-through shirt thrown over a chair an old photo of Anna Magnani in her underwear there's an old dog barking at a brand new moon and a sign in every window sayin' "Be Back Soon"

but where is maria?

there's a young fellow rockin' in a thump thump car and he's smug as a commentator on NPR and our foolish government tries to save face while the whole world struggles to become one bland place

but where is maria?

there's a millionaire singing about nothing at all but he looks pretty good and he's knocking 'em dead down at the mall there's a woman weary of the look in men's eyes when they don't look she just turns away and sighs

but where is maria?

there's a dirty rain falling like the tears of shame she's the only one I know who'd dance with me in such a rain there's a guru snoozin' in a limousine and a whole industry pumping blood into recycled scenes there'll be one corporation selling one little box it'll do what you want and tell you what you want and cost whatever you got

but where is maria?

there's a pile of letters from lovers friends if your dream came true would you still want it then a series of images on an empty screen no conclusions just a kiss from Mr. In-Between

but where is maria?

there's a wheel of symbols and a wheel of spokes let's face it, friends, these are station wagons and we're our folks the cafe's open the hotel's shut down but lord these bad habits sure do stick around

but where is maria?

behind the camera I saw her smile I'd like to go back to that room and stay there for a while there's a stranger's body with an old friend's face there's a wild parade and a slow fade and a touch of grace can I visit your house? can I sleep in your bed? ah maria, if I rub your back will you rub my head?

but where is maria?