

Waiting For The Mail

Charlie Robison

Dirty July morning, clothes flapping on the line
Flapping on the line, clothes flapping on the line
Well, the cops sent out the warning, Phantom One has done his time
One has done his time, Phantom One has done his time
But that don't mean nothing to me, care less if he rots in his cell
Cause I got a fuse of my own to burn while I stand in line to take my turn
Waiting for the mail

Well, I was promised a letter, at least a Japanese post card
Japanese post card, Japanese post card
And after all of these days I can count all the ways, ain't seen nothing like that so far
Nothing like that so far, nothing like that so far
And I wonder if she's in trouble, what kinda demons are on her trail
But there ain't nothing I could do to change the changes she's been through
While I been waiting for the mail

Last night I dreamed about a motel near the border
A dim light and a twenty dollar room
Sweat poured from my brow as I laid there frozen
I was wide awake and not a minute too soon

Well, the buzzards fly up to the heavens, dog's sound asleep on the porch
Sound asleep on the porch, dog's sound asleep on the porch
And it's a year to the day since the fields burned away but I still carry this torch
I still carry this torch, I still carry this torch
And I'm feeling a little bit seasick but I still got one hand on the rail
And one eye on the road, cause that's where my future will unfold
While I'm waiting for the mail