

## 4th Time Around

Chris Whitley

When she said,  
"Don't waste your words, they're just lies,"  
I cried she was deaf.  
And she worked on my face until breaking my eyes,  
Then said, "What else you got left?"  
It was then that I got up to leave  
But she said, "Don't forget,  
Everybody must give something back  
For something they get."

I stood there and hummed,  
I tapped on her drum and asked her how come.  
And she buttoned her boot,  
And straightened her suit,  
Then she said, "Don't get cute."  
So I forced my hands in my pockets  
And felt with my thumbs,  
And gallantly handed her  
My very last piece of gum.

She threw me outside,  
I stood in the dirt where ev'ryone walked.  
And after finding I'd  
Forgotten my shirt,  
I went back and knocked.  
I waited in the hallway, she went to get it,  
And I tried to make sense  
Out of that picture of you in your wheelchair  
That leaned up against . . .

Her Jamaican rum  
And when she did come, I asked her for some.  
She said, "No, dear."  
I said, "Your words aren't clear,  
You'd better spit out your gum."  
She screamed till her face got so red  
Then she fell on the floor,  
And I covered her up and then  
Thought I'd go look through her drawer.

And, when I was through  
I filled up my shoe  
And brought it to you.  
And you, you took me in,  
You loved me then  
You didn't waste time.  
And I, I never took much,  
I never asked for your crutch.  
Now don't ask for mine.