

An Airport Bar

Cubamate

It seems like I've been here forever
Killing time in an airport bar

I see a tourist
With a face like a razor
Eyes like an insect
Body like cancer
All the hostesses
Feel the shame in what they do
All the travelers just say "you're welcome, sir"

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I watch the waitress
I wonder when she's free
But I don't really like her
And I don't think she likes me
'cause I am part of the furniture
Part of the furniture

Body hairs on the course of women
That scream, "That's not so bad", they say
Nails form spirals, helter skelters
Thoughts, tree-lined streets wear brick houses
Suburban urges, disconnections

"I hope you find your way, sir"
Junkies, drunkies, queers, diseases
Electric hating dying eyes from
Far away, didn't I say

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Wish we were here

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