

Standing Outside A Broken Phone Booth With Money In Hand

John Nolan

Jan lays down and wrestles in her sleep.
Moonlight spills on comic books
And superstars in magazines.
An old friend calls and tells us where to meet.
Her plane takes off from Baltimore
And touches down on Bourbon street.

We sit outside and argue all night long
About a god we've never seen,
But never fails to side with me.
Sunday comes and all the papers say:
Ma Teresa's joined the mob
And happy with her full time job.

Am I alive or thoughts that drift away?
Does summer come for everyone?
Can humans do what prophets say?
If I die before I learn to speak,
Can money pay for all the days I lived awake
But half asleep?

I've been downhearted, baby,
Ever since the day we met.

A life is time, they teach you growing up.
Seconds ticking killed us all
A million years before the fall.
You ride the waves and don't ask where they go.
You swim like lions through the crest
And bathe yourself in zebra flesh.

I've been downhearted, baby,
Ever since the day we met.