

Springtime Coming Soon

Nits

Down in the airshaft
Of the old hotel
Doors on both sides
Of a concrete cell
No sign of daylight
No happy view
A two-pillow mattress
One hardly used

And a man lies still
His face up to the moon

The sound of footsteps
In the corridor
Two hands knocking
On a pair of doors
The black and shiny
Limousine
Comes to a standstill
Silently

And the man behind the wheel
He croons a tune
It's a clear day
Springtime coming soon