

Wait and See

Ron Pope

Working girls cursing teenaged Marines,
'Til the TJ police came and broke up the scene.
Damn, the stars, they seem brighter down here,
Haven't looked up in years since I left where I'm from.

Remembering St. Augustine, wasn't quite twenty three,
With a bag full of secrets in a maze of concrete,
And a busted lip I came by honestly.
What will become of me?
I guess we'll just wait and see.

Headed south, Ensenada again,
Carried slow by the wind, broke as I've ever been.
Buried deep all the beauty I keep,
Drank tequila so cheap that they should've paid me.

Then I woke up alone with my hand on the phone
And nobody to call who'd invite me back home.
Was I chased all this way by my chemistry? What will become of
me?
I guess we'll just wait and see.

I'll come down off the cross, sometimes we all get lost.
I'm so sick of myself, can't afford what it costs,
To be drowned in a sea of my memory.
What will become of me?
I guess we'll just wait and see.