

## Times Like These

Steve Forbert

Familiarize yourself with what might be your home  
Looks just like another place you'd drift  
Coffee cups are cheap and made of Styrofoam  
Out there where the current's strong and swift

Take a look around you, find some words to say  
No one here with whom to gallivant  
Shaky times have found you, thoughts in disarray  
Sometimes you can think and then you can't

Hike back from the yard sale having bought some things  
Walk a mile in someone else's shoes  
Sit down on the guardrail, see what summer brings  
Read a page or two of last week's news

Take a look around you, fallen cyclone fence  
Corrugated cardboard striped with paint  
Shaky times have found you, what might still make sense?  
Is you moving in or is you ain't?

Don't tell me I blew it  
I know where I am  
Don't tell me you knew it  
I don't give a damn

Standing on the sidewalk's not no place to go  
Under dark duration's deep duress  
Listening to a song in someone's radio  
All you hear's a corporate sound of stress

The moon is always lonesome, the wind is never tired  
Sundown drains the daylight by degrees  
I could write some words down were I so inspired  
It's hard to even rhyme in times like these