For Someone

WHY?

On the top shelf, three bells, twelve years old
Turn the middle bottle clockwise twice
Pull the pool cue rack and the back comes loose
Now crawl on your knees
And follow where it leads

There on Easter grass from last year's basket
In a Nike box from '92
Are the keys to the barman's Karmann Ghia
A three-day lead at least
Leave this place in peace

6:03, the city is asleep
And these streets are seven seas of confetti in the breeze
When dawn comes and I'm waiting on the beach like a slow suckin
g leech for someone
Is it you?
Is it you?

Stashed under the dash is a ragged map
Preset 3 is the secret frequency
The dot-dash code tells what back road
Come forthright at dawn
In one month with white scarf on

6:03, the city is asleep
And these streets will grieve a million Mardi Gras beads
When dawn comes
Each one glistening like a Super Bowl ring in the sun
Is it you?
Is it you?

In the dearth of your wakefulness on Earth
You might purchase some Safeway eggs of course
In one might be your friend, a paper fortune, or a key
Then wouldn't you be divinely obliged to inquire and see?
Don't think so, well you know me and my kind
I might change, you might change your mind

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