4th Time Around

Michel Montecrossa

When she said, "Don't waste
Your words, they're just lies,"
I cried she was deaf
As she worked on my face
Until breaking my eyes
And said, "What else you got left?"
It was then that I got up to leave
But she said, "Don't forget
Everybody must give something back
For something they get,"

I stood there and hummed
I tapped on her drum
I asked her, "How come?"
And she buttoned her boots
And straightened her suit
And she said, "Don't get cute,"
So I forced my hands in my pockets
And felt with my thumbs
And gallantly handed her my
Very last piece of gum

She threw me outside
I stood in the dirt
Where everyone walked
And after finding out I'd
Forgotten my shirt
I went back and knocked
I waited in the hallway, she went to get it
And I tried to make sense
Out of the picture of you in your wheelchair
That leaned up against

The Jamaican rum
And when she did come
I asked her for some
She said, "No, dear,"
I said, "Your words aren't clear
You better spit out your gum,"

She screamed 'til her face got so red
Then she fell on the floor
And I covered her up and then thought
"I'll go look through her drawer,"

And when I was through
I filled up my shoe
And brought it to you
And you, you took me in
You loved me then
You never wasted time
And I, I never took much
I never asked for your crutch
Now don't ask for mine

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