

# 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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