Grand Ennui

Walt Wilkins

was overland touring in my new Ferrari
At just about a hundred and ten
I was on my way home from a sophisticated party
Where I got a little drunk on gin

And as the headlights cast a glow on the road
I heard a voice inside of me
It said, "You lost the light
And now you're moving through the night
Running from the grand ennui
Running from the grand ennui"

Well, I reached in my pocket and I pulled out the Omega
That was never one second behind
I knew the horse that I was running at the Southern Talladega
Had won for the twenty-second time

And then the countess I was with bent over with a kiss
And put a jeweled hand on my knee
I knew I'd lost the light
And I was moving through the night
Running from the grand ennui
Running from the grand ennui

Well that night passed in a blaze of glory
With the countess and the car both mine
And each day passes with the same old story
But the countess has a brand new line

Yet still at night I am haunted by the fright
And distant memory
Of the day I lost the light
Moving through the night
Running from the grand ennui
Running from the grand ennui

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