Coming Up

Fredo Santana

Our father who art in a penthouse sits in his 37th floor suite
And swivels to gaze down at the city he made me in
He allows me to stand and solicit graffiti until
He needs the land I stand on
I in my darkened threshold am pawing through my pockets
The receipts, the bus schedules, the matchbook phone numbers
The urgent napkin poems all of which laundering has rendered
Pulpy and strange, loose change and a key
Ask me, go ahead, ask me, go ahead, ask me
Go ahead, ask me if I care
I got the answer here, I wrote it down somewhere
I just gotta find it
Somebody and their spray paint got too close
Somebody came on too heavy
Now look at me made ugly by the drooling letters
I was better off alone, ain't that the way it is
They don't know the first thing but you don't know that
Until they take the first swing
My fingers are red and swollen from the cold
I'm getting bold in my old age
So go ahead, try the door, it doesn't matter anymore
I know the weak hearted are strong willed
And we are being kept alive
Until we're killed, he's up there
The, the ice is clinking in his glass
It's little pieces of paper
I don't ask
I just empty my pockets and wait
It's not fate, it's just circumstance
I don't fool myself with romance
I just live phone number to phone number
Dusting them against my thighs
In the warmth of my pockets
Which whisper history incessantly asking me, ?Where were you??
I lower my eyes wishing I could cry more
And care less, yes it's true
I was trying to love someone again
I was caught caring, bearing weight
But I love this city, this state this country is too large

And whoever's in charge
They better take the elevator down
And put more than change in our cup
Or else we are coming up

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