Rush Hour

Christopher Lawrence

Rush hour and the day's dawning
The rain came and pushed me under the awning
The puddles grew and threw themselves at me
With every passing car I'm shielding my guitar
And there were some things I did not tell him
There were certain things he did not need to know
And there were some days I did not love him
He didn't understand me and I did not know why I didn't go
He said, "change the channel. I've got problems of
My own. I am sick of hearing about
AIDS and people without homes."
And I said, " well, Id like to sympathize with
That, but if you don't understand, then how can you act?"
I expect summer to be there in the morning.
I woke to the alarm, but she was out of arms
Reach, sneaking out on silent thighs.
That were spent and sore from the hot nights that came before
He said, "I looked at you. I don't know why."
I said, "I was wearing black so you couldn't see
Me against the sky."
Take your big leather boots, and your buckles,
And your chains, put them on a downtown train
I expect he would be there in the morningI awoke to the alarm
He was still in arm's reach,
But his body was just a disguise
His mind had wondered off long ago
I could tell by his eyes
Love isn't over when the sheets are stained
In my head there remains so much left to be saidMake me laugh,
Make me cry,
Enrage me,
But just don't try to disengage me

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