Wallet

Epicure

I found a wallet, I found a wallet
Inside were pictures of your small family
You were so young, your hair dark brown
You had been born in 1953Your winter birthday was stamped on the plastic
Of a license so recently expired
I was so tired as I walked through my door
I let all the contents of your wallet on the floorAnd like a holy relic or a mystery novel
I thumbed them in the dim light
Searching for a clue, a Blockbuster card
An old stick of Juicy Fruit
A crumpled receipt from a pair of leather bootsI have no wallet, I have no wallet
I keep my cards together with a blue rubber band
And with a free hand I search in my pocket
For pieces of, pieces of paper and changeI'll take your wallet to my local blockbuster
They'll find your number in their computer
You'll never know me, I'll never know you
But you will be so happy when they call you up

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