

# 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 1953 Your 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 floor And 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 boots I 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 change I'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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