Shopping Bag Ladies

Dean Friedman

By dean friedmanThe shopping bag ladies, they live in the terminal waiting room,
Patiently whiling their hours away,
Desperately keeping their demons at bay,
Making up lies about times that were good.
Extolling the virtues of motherhood,
Staunchly defending their sanity
Clutching one last shred of vanity
Fixing a kerchief she wears on her head
Covered in posies and lilacs in blues and in redsDon't pity me, don't pity me,
You beautiful bastard boy,
I'll be just how I am.
I'll be just how I am.The shopping bag ladies, it's not that well known but they're really in vogue.
The latest in fashions their tastes are so true,
Sweat sox and sneakers, a sweater or two
And safely behind the walls they have made,
Secure in their brown paper barricades
Worldly possessions they'll not have to lose
Lightweight emotional refuse.
They rant and they rave, they're mad and they're crazy.
And that's how they stay free.Don't pity me, don't pity me,
You beautiful bastard boy,
I'll be just how I am.
I'll be just how I am.The shopping bag ladies, it's hard to believe, but once they were children

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