

Homesick Blues

Ed Sanders

Homesick blues, homesick blues
He was in the Allenwood pen serving 1 to 5
When he got out he rushed to see his darling, nesting bride.
He served 3 years in the Allenwood pen, he wouldn't go to war,
He was just a peace-creep poet driving home to see his bride.

He found another poet's notebooks stacked up by the bed,
He heard another man's phonograph on the record-player,
Another man's dinner on the table,
Another man's vision in her heart!

Remember this, peace-creep, as you rot in jail,
Remember this morsel from the hidiom, little earthling punk,
Don't expect anyone or anything to wait one second for you!
The oatmeal retches onward, spewing the spackled tool drool
over the precious gash gush.

Homesick blues, homesick blues
He was in the Allenwood pen serving one to five,
He might as well have stayed indside,
than drive home to his faithful bride!

Lyrics Submitted by stevenszwaja@hotmail.com

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