Taxi Cab

Robert Wilson

Unsentimental
Driving around
Sure of myself
Sure of it now
You stand this close to me
Like the future was supposed to be
In the aisles of the grocery
In the blocks uptown
I remember
Remember well
But if I'd forgotten
Could you tell?
In the shadow of your first attack
I was questioning and looking back
You said, "Baby, we don't speak of that"
Like a real aristocrat
Compound to compound
Lazy and safe
Wanting to leave it
Wanting to wait
When the taxi door was open wide
I pretended I was horrified
By the uniform clothes outside
Of the court yard gate

You're not a victim
But neither am I
Nostalgic for garbage
Desperate for time
I could blame it on your mother's hair
Or the colors that your father wears
But I know that I was never fair
You were always fine
Unsentimental
Driving around
Sure of myself
Sure of it now
You stand this close to me
Like the future was suppose to be

In the eyes of the grocery
In the blocks uptown
I remember
Remember it well
And if I'd forgotten
Could you tell?
In the shadow of your first attack
I was questioning and looking back
You were standing on another track
Like a real aristocrat

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