

Waxing or Waning?

Better Than Ezra

You in your coat, writing a note
'Dear Sal, I hope you'll agree'
Then catching a bus just after dusk
A one way trip to the city A cold water flat, a hot plate, a hat
The want ads are strewn on the floor
And you get so mad, when your ma and dad
Reflect when you look in the mirror But I see you there
Nude at the top of the stairs
But so far away
And I recall all
Your dreams and your schemes
Movin' me
The plans that we made
A street serenade You can't be like your brother N. Mike
Content just to live and get by
I hope that you're fine
At thirteenth and nineteenth
Waxing or waning your call

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