Awol

Chris Cacavas

Stormy eyed on the edge of dawn
Nose pressed against the triple glaze
Floor to ceiling, wall to wall
Silent traffic streams both ways
Along the fussy freeway drivers
Dream of Sunday barbecues
Of a sudden, seems I can barely
Face my self, no face to lose
Call the bosses, call supervisors
Won't be in today to work for you
E-mail that girl who's working nights
She can dress down for this wind and rain
Leave her new Korean compact
Let some cabbie take the strain
Take a shower, take big espresso
Take to the hills, and take a view
Little black dress stretching over
Hard crystal peaks soft valleys too
Call the bosses, call for nurses
Unfit today to work for you
No wet excuses, absent without leave
I'll be her day shift driver, exotic engineer
Stormy eyed on the edge of night
December, eastern time late afternoon
Atlantic city tight behind
Trump casino calls pontoon
Gristle burger, frazzled fries
End this romantic interlude
Tomorrow morning's sweet awakening
Could hardly prove to be as rude
Make the journey, make amends
Work some hasty overtime in lieu
No wet excuses, absent without leave
I was her day shift driver, exotic engineer

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