

# Lorna Zauberberg

## Mike Doughty

Wait for your train in my car by the station  
On the wheel, my hands are burning from the cold  
What do you dream as you doze against the window?  
And will you tell the dream when you come home? Virility is in the house of lesser than  
And in breakfast we get by on charm alone  
The sun beats down on immaculate beige carpets  
And the plank of spoons bounce off the off-white wall I flipped through the music that you left  
All the old cassettes that lean against the wall  
I ate all the peaches off the shelf  
And I rearranged the cans into a poem Vicious mobs of candy-ravers stalk the night  
And methadonians sleep right where they stand  
A weeping tranny is cradling a steak knife  
And you're happily slugging Rob Roys with your man

Songwriters

Michael Doughty

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