

AWOL

Grandfather

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