

Pocket full of Keys

Dale Ann Bradley

He has one that locks the office,
And there's one that starts the big fine car
That finds its way home.
He has two that fit the front-door locks,
And one that fits the mailbox,
But inside there's just a spider, and
He scuttles to the corner with his mysteries,
'Cause he's frightened by the jangle of his pocketful of keys. He has one to fit the cashbox,
And one unlocks the liquor bar,
And it finds its way down.
He has one that fits the study door,
And one unlocks the desk drawer,
And he touches all his letters and
He sorts them all according to his memories
To the icy clank and tinkle of his pocketful of keys. There's a padlock on the garden gate.
There's a padlock on the hunting lodge.
There's a padlock on the his-and-her garage.
Amen.
He was a somber man,
Not inclined to telling her his mind. And there's one that locks the pain up,
And one that keeps the hot tears in,
But they find their way out.
He has one that locks the best gin up,
And one that keeps his chip up,
And in shaky situations he
Has learned a way by which he even locks his knees,
And he holds himself together with his pocketful of keys.
Yes, he holds himself together with his keys.

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