

My Ride's Here

Warren Zevon

I was staying at the Marriott with Jesus and John Wayne
I was waiting for a chariot, they were waiting for a train
The sky was full of carrion, "I'll take the mazuma"
Said Jesus to Marion, "That's the 3:10 to Yuma, my ride's here"
The Houston sky was changeless, we galloped
through bluebonnets
I was wrestling with an angel, You were working on a sonnet
You said, "I believe the seraphim will gather up my pinto
And carry us away, Jim across the San Jacinto, my ride's here"
Shelley and Keats were out in the street
And even Lord Byron was leaving for Greece
While back at the Hilton, last but not least
Milton was holding his sides
Saying, "You bravos had better be ready to fight
Or we'll never get out of East Texas tonight
The trail is long and the river is wide
And my ride's here"

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