Five Minutes

Gretchen Peters

I've got five minutes to sneak a cigarette
Five minutes to myself
Back behind the screen door of Andy's luncheonette
And I ain't got time to worry 'bout my health
My boss Andy says I smoke myself to death
Andy he reminds me some of you
Back when you were Romeo and I was Juliet
West Texas Capulet and MontagueNow I don't think too much about you anymore
We weren't much more than kids
It was nearly twenty years ago I shut and locked that door
Now I've got five minutes
Not much time to reminisce
Most nights I come home from work and I pour a glass of wine
Sometimes it's three or four before I stop
And Jessie makes a sandwich if I sleep through suppertime
And she leaves me on the couch to sleep it off
Now Jessie just turned 17 and she's wild as she can be
And there ain't nothin' I can do
Last weekend she ran off to meet a boy in Tennessee
Just like I used to run to youI gave her hell when she came home this afternoon
Mascara runnin' down her face
Seems like history repeats itself, and it ain't up to you
And in five minutes
Your whole life can changeAndy he's good to me, and I can see it in his eyes
He'd love to take your place
But somethin' deep inside me just withers up and dies
To make love to him and only see your face
Somehow I've let myself go gently down the stream
A fine example I have set
Between the working and the livin' and the ghosts that haunt my dreams
I've got five minutes and I'm gonna smoke this cigarette
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