

# Greg MacPherson, Slow Stroke

your mama look like carol channing  
she watch the sunset on an 8" black and white tv  
she's got a sister in Toronto  
you got an old man out in "call me when you're drunk b.c."  
he was the king of corona  
dark glasses and a reason not to go back home  
she fell in love with the night time  
she fell in love with his fists and his cheap cologne

your mama watch through the window  
she see the trouble through the eyes looking back from the street  
completely out of proportion  
too old, too faint, too grey, too weak  
she sits somewhere over the highway on the edge of town  
looking back into the noise for the slightest sound  
between the leather and the artificial lights  
nothing much new down here tonight

she says, "I wanna run away and wanna see the world but I probably never will...but I don't w  
some nights I can sink like a stone, look around me and completely  
understand...and some nights I don't."

your mama stood in the hallway  
the cigarette smoke, slow stroke, nerves like steel  
she tell you all about the old times  
when everything was new more than it was real  
she said, "I never had a friend that would put me down  
I never knew where all the money'd go until it was gone"  
between the leather and the artificial lungs  
blowing smoke over the things she'd done