

John K. Samson, Maryland Bridge

I woke you up at four this morning
To whimper and to whine
To hear myself through spit and crackle
Of a poor long distance line
Twelve clever ways to say I love you
With words that always fail
Hang up and light a cigarette
Sit waiting for the mail
Some flyers from department stores
A, another get rich plan
A bill or two, some shampoo and a note from Ed McMann
Although you'll always be the one in which I will confide
Sometimes you're the razor on my private water slide

By the way, I got your letter yesterday
It said there's no need to be sad
It said that some things would never ever change
But that some already had
And I'd heard it from the corner of my ear
How that voice makes things right
And I'm sure there's something more than memory
Across the Maryland bridge tonight

How ominous these undercurrents
They crowd me now it seems
And every time I meet you in the darkness of my dreams
It's likely that I'll turn around and parody myself
Imagine we're in different places
Pretend we're someone else
I can be J. Edgar Hoover
You be JFK
As power hungry egocentrics
We'll paper fight the nights away
sometimes you're my nemesis
When I am paranoid
Sometimes I have doubts and worries
Too strong to avoid

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