

Po' Girl, 9 Hrs To Go

clock is ticking but I won't get up
I know I gotta pack all that stuff
into the van and drive to Portland
'cause i got 9 hrs to go
up the coast through the old grove trees
breathing in the ocean breeze
it sure would be nice to get some sleep
but i got 9 hrs to go
i sit behind a desk all day
listening to angry people have their say
i'd like to play some songs take a walk in the sun
but i got 9 hrs to go

pressing buttons while i answer the phone
and dreaming of a life on the road
with no goodbyes only see you so long
i got 9 hrs to go

oh today i got 9 hrs to go
oh maybe then i'll go home

on route to Chicago i did this show in Milwaukee,
i'm that slam poet, i'm the samurai saki that ivan e
coyote talked about on her walkie talkie, they got
on commercial drive, motor mouth cocky, and got
banned for life from lesbian street hockey, cause i'm
rock 'n' roll weird like ginsberg without a beard, the
whole world hates the president of the united states
through protest and debate, but the Berlin Wall did
fall while christians were on blind dates, what made
mozart a genius was his laugh don't give me 15 minutes
of fame give me an hour and a half, i gotta go or i'll
be late for the show

still got the smell of Texas on my clothes
and now i'm out on the Oregon coast
this place always reminds me of home
but i got 9 hrs to go

i've been here since 6 am
trying to do and say just the right things
but what's right for work might be wrong for me
and i got 9 hrs to go

call the doctor, call the ambulance
somebody hurt you, now you're doing penance
there are no answers only hard, hard questions
i got 9 hrs to go

oh today i got 9 hrs to go
oh maybe then i'll go home
sweet dreams save me i got 9 hrs to go
oh maybe then i'll go home