

Rickie Lee Jones, Driving Away

The man in the starry tie
Led me talking backwards
Across the waving chips
I spoke fantastic, like a prophet
Like a piece of blood
Where no doors are

And weary now i set upon the good year
And the wrench
Wrenching out of me every
Ready of light
That i might get it right
And walk away
Into the metro sunset
The golden metro may

And now across the plains
Take your child
The highway sign, banana trees,
Windows parted and hoping
See the flat faced delicatessen
Sweeping up the afternoon
Pick up little pieces of meetings
And on your way
Here is the donut shop
Here is the early morning light
Where i would drool in chlorine
Yes here is the early early mornings i spent training

And here is the highway
Chasing 'j's' out on his empty skin
Looking for license plates
And liquor stores
Over there is new mexico
And down there is corpus
You can find my mother and me wrapped up in a warm
Scotch on the rocks
The numbing ice of each others eyes
Looking just like now
For relief

There is no direction but past
Every thing else is passive
But if you would seek me
Seek me there
In a field
Or a gas station
In my american mothers arms
Before she is too medicated
To remember
How to say my name

Say it gently, just once more
For me mother
With the sounds of trucks and distant trains
With the gold sticks
And the burnt skin of prayer
Bathe me once again
In hot oil
Silence and long, long days
Car keys and dash board lights
Bears in the garbage
That sweet honeycomb
Of memory

Don't weave the web too tight
Don't catch me tonight
Speak to me in cool lines
The steering wheels turning
Where ever we go
Dinner approaches

The fire light
Of high beam and lipstick
Laughing the red midwest
Her curled curtains
Wild and a strand of me stuck in her mouth
Wet always an outsider
To the cities i create

The entire east comes upon me and i
Reeling in stars
Grip the wheel
A good girl, really
Just don't know how to stop
This thing