

Bucklew Wendy, Road Trip

He's got one hand on the steering wheel
The other's playing in the wind
And he turns up that song he used to love
But was always embarrassed to admit
And he sings out loud and clear
But only out here.
He's passing up the fruit stands
and tourist traps
He saves his money for convenient-store
coffee, smokes, and gas
Knows a sure-fire way
and has the will of his want
He says, "This time things are gonna be different"
&"This time I'm gonna do as I pleases";
He signals right on a random exit
That ol' time warp came into view
He said, "I'll have the 99-cent breakfast
And coffee brewed to wake the dead"
And hands back a sticky menu
The waitress calls him "honey";
My God, she must've worked here
All her life
And he started missing home
'Til he remembered why he'd left,
Sat back and reset his sights
And he wants
The world to hold him like a baby
Never treat him like a child
He thinks his tears are some big secret
The only one kept by the night
Only at night
So he picks a dream--any dream
Follows it for a while then says, "It's just not me"
&"No, I'm not running. I'll well on my way";
He still has her picture on his dash
Yeah, that tramp gave back his ring
But every time he's near a pay phone
he's tempted again
He could call as just a friend, lift his voice
and mask his pain
But he won't give her the satisfaction
No, he won't lower himself again.
He says, "This time things are gonna be different";
So he calls me collect about 12 am his time
And he said that job fell through
But there's another one across the line
And I asked, already knowing, if he was okay
And he said, "Yeah. It's just--sometimes...";
So I hugged best I could with words
And with a shrug in his voice
that couldn't fool a stranger
He finally got around to asking,
&"Did she ask about me?";
I wish I could have said "yes";.