

Judybats, The Wanted Man

Ride my yellow mare
Down to the station
Stand on the platform
All sag and warp
Wait the train
Wait the smoke
See the dust
See it choke the day
See the man
Feel the plain
See the youth fade
He is known as Jones
He comes here every year
On the selfsame day
Few have seen the tear
On his face
Hold the yellowed letter
Gently as I can
Read the faded writing
>From the girl back East
All sweat and hope
It says, "I am scared.
They still search for you.
No more contact.
It's the best thing to do.
If I come some year soon
It will be the tenth of June,
My love."
See the yellow mare
Down by the station
Tied to the platform
Beneath the big sky
All sweat
And sleep
Prick her ear
Blink her eye
At the train
Rushing by
If it stopped
Would she shy?
But the train
Rushes by
A woman whispers,
"He is known as Jones, he
Comes here every year.
On the selfsame day.
I think this makes the
Tenth year."

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"Let's get the baby high!!"