

Shawn Mullins, The Gulf Of Mexico

she cooks him ham and hockes
at 5:30 in the morn
she does the dishes and
she irons his uniforms
and she thinks she might have loved him once but that was long ago
and the rain pours down like a holy waterfall
over the gulf of mexico
the boardwalk's deserted
and the beach is all closed down
and the middle school punkrockers
ride their skateboards through the town
and she looks back and she daydreams
about things and people she's never
seen just to keep from being blue
and she gets home about a quarter to four
and drives her brother to the liquor store on ocean avenue
mmmmmm
and i'm parked on the state line on this cold november day
and pretty soon i'll
be a drivin fool somewhere down this lost highway
then I hear a voice from my soul's core sayin
"freedom's just a metaphor, you got nowhere to go"
and the rain pours down like a
holy waterfall over the gulf of mexico
over the gulf of mexico X2