

Sunday's Best, If We Had It Made

I wish today was not the same tired routine we always do.
Let's trade it all for a shot in the shade.
Ever see The Getaway?
I'll be McQueen, you'll be Ali MacGraw; we'll fight the law.
So what do you say?

We'll drink us silly way too soon,
and start a fight at the bar:
a life of cigarettes and spoons...
Would that be all right?

I don't care about the cash or what they'll take in trade.
I thought I heard you say, "Only if we had it made..."

This could be our Great Escape from what we are and what we want.
We'll laugh and just put the foot on the gas...
Maybe I have got it wrong, maybe this is where we belong:
this town, this house, with the clothes on the couch,
squandering lazy afternoons reading dog-eared books,
listening to sappy tunes...
Are we all right?

I loved it when you said, "I think we have it made."

Black and white cats, asleep on the stoop:
we could just be, we don't have to go far.
Morning light, can't keep out of the room.