

The Faint, Total Job

Sharp dressed servers where the upscale dine
A safe dial turned by a glove in the crimes of night
A nurse in an ambulance rides
He don't deserve it the patient is right

Career
Serious
There are times when I miss the appeal

Long black cars driven close to the lawn
Straight legged slacks and the shine of the chauffeur's garb
The lawyer with an eloquent tongue
He sways the verdict, the jury is numb

Career
Serious
There are times when I miss the appeal
Energy that pulls us toward it
To feel the total job
No economic success
To get the total job