

Trout Fishing In America, Who Are These People

(K. Grimwood/E. Idlet)

In the books that I've been reading,
they say exactly what they mean,
They don't say uh, uh, uh, uh, uh,
They don't stutter, they don't mutter.

They don't repeat themselves.

They don't repeat themselves.

They know exactly what they're doing, they know why.

Who are these people? Where do they live?

They have so much to offer, they have so much to give.

Who are these people? What do they know that I don't know?

Who are they?

In the movies I've been watching, everyone's beautiful,

Unless they're ugly and then they're really ugly.

Acting like it all makes sense to be doing what they do,

They don't act anything at all like me and you.

Who are these people? Where do they live?

I haven't met them in my travels, never went to school with them.

Where are these keen minds with their perfect sentences,

Calm and collected, so full of confidence?

They're not sick unless they're dying,

They don't watch too much TV,

Their life's so action-packed that they may never get to sleep.

Who are these people? What do they know that I don't know?

Who are they?

Recycle perfumed pages of a glossy magazine.

Swim the random channels of remote control.

Run a music marathon on late night radio,

A family photo album of the people I don't know.

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