

# Going Commando

*by* Jerry Ratch

I have the fear of comedy  
I have the laughter of war  
I have the need of a commando  
To come sack and ransack us  
Over and over again, O

I am a pillow, a rock, an ant  
A soft Southern deer in the headlights  
I have the mask of Anonymity  
Lying down in the field of blue lights  
After our circumstances have been reduced

So, what are we doing hiding out  
In a bunch of nickel high-rises?  
Like it's the Summer of Gazing Back  
We aren't here just for the wine  
So, pass the ketchup, pass the Urban Kelp

For God's sake, it was chamber music  
That came out of her room  
And I pictured him lying there helplessly  
Like a turtle on its back  
Waiting for the Hymns of Ages

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