

Thumbing For a Ride

by Tim G. Young

Here comes my speed dealer
he's riding shotgun in the open
feet close enough to the ground
in case he needs to exercise his option

Luckily we can't see the bullets fly
that's some speed I never knew
but later their trail is visible
cos of the damage that they do

Without sleep my dreams like polka-dots
drift hazy towards my consciousness
while my cream colored white telecaster
falls screeching fast into the abyss

A loss I thought I couldn't live with
yet in the big picture
didn't make a dent
according to my dealer
it was money I shouldn't of even have spent

So I watched the sun
go up and down
like my sex adjusting in my pants
until I stood there naked
doing my naked dance

Now I'm rising higher and higher
like a mushroom cloud I grew
spreading myself beside you

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inside the darkness that I knew

My head feels like a pillow
my time tender and wise
my heart spinning like a top
my brain squeezed in a vise

Godammit hurry up
and make me another drink
why am I always waiting here
I don't know what to think

It's like I grew old ten minutes ago
while I turned away from the mirror
attempting to find a solution
while the end kept growing nearer and nearer

No chance to run away now
now matter how fast I'm going
the speed makes me laugh a little
though my white teeth are still showing

A hundred miles a minute
now takes me thirty-three
as if I had discovered the brakes
in order to check out the scenery

Never did really give a shit
cos I knew time was just a nuisance
spreading like a wild fire
burning every thing that was important

Mama come now and bury me
except I know you're already gone
so I'll just wait for that handsome man

who's had his eye on me all along

