

Upon a Time

by Tim G. Young

once upon a time
in the beginning
a shadow rolled down a hill
bolstered by its confidence daily
by swimming in the dark
until now the lady finds a place to park
where it appears a dragon lost his tooth
while the main event shakes everything loose
so stage rises up in anger
the songs jump a bus out of town
the windbreakers caked with rain
cascade all the windows down

while mercury may be rising
the soil may be wet
the children running on empty
forget they're supposed to forget
but can't you hear the engines thumping
gears scratched across the universe
playing monkey in the middle
so you can't have it
no you can't have it
slamming the damn thing into reverse

up periscope glides metallic inside a
coffee colored stained submarine
visions concealed by water
baking in the sun still looking sickly green
yet isn't there a moment when
you ever shut the fuck up
traipsing all over ideas
shaking each lady so hard for luck

then all crawl out from the wreckage
to begin a dance lasts all night
so by morning we'll be tired
surprised we're still upright
hopefully the bar is not closing
hopefully someone is still waiting
just wait a while longer
a second time around
and so i'm flying off
to san francisco
sitting by the dock of the bay
while all my timing
slips deep down into the water
at least I knew
to splash my face
right away

look over there
where here comes molly
with her new boyfriend
ear rings and silver chains
a fortune hanging still remains
come on come a little bit closer
kissing so close to my mind
my tongue aches in its empty pit
waiting and longing for it
all right hold on it's coming
like a freight train whistles every night
hauling the long arm of secrets
never fully explained
but it's all right
jumping jack flash knows it all
exactly where alice was found
sliding on a silver pole

sliding down deep into the rabbit's hole
she felt alive like never before
she felt like a rock n roll singer
she felt moon beams pierce her heart
she felt the guilt of a sinner

inside the hottest fire burns everything
except a passion not tied down
reaching into the blue part of the flame
the incinerator begins to move around
look at all the tragedies
the comedies not in the news
riding in the brand new car
toasting with vodka and juice
don't tempt me with one more tale
don't ride me like a lunatic from hell
just release me from this jail

then i heard the story
it was four nights in a stinking cell
with the rats and insects stealing
everything but my nuts i hid so well
it was actually a nightmare
a thinly veiled daydream in drag
moving me over to the side of the road
where i couldn't fit because
i was too wide
please don't mention any of this
to my mother
she prefers a more quiet life
at the table with her coffee
she plays the radio
and sharpens her new knife

