

Just like I read the news

by Walter Bjorkman

She stood in the doorway that day in fifty seven
on that warm bright sunny morn
leaning against the sill
told us what we didn't want to hear
Children, dad died this night
we went on reading our comics
not wanting to listen

Here comes the son
there went the sun
out of my life

Grandparents and aunts perished thereafter
but it was just like I read the news, as a boy
I just wanted to hold his hand
 Say, you want a revolution?

two died that year
well, you know
baby you can drive my hearse
it couldn't get much worse
 She sang will you still need me
when she was sixty
four years later
I thought I didn't

I was heltered and skeltered all over the place
doin' it in the road
no mother nature's son
I got blisters on my soul
while my guitar loudly screeched

Hare Rama
I rode the pony
down the long and winding road
back to where I once belonged

She stood in the doorway in nineteen eight oh
on that cold bright sunny morn
head against the sill
she told me what I didn't want to hear
Walter, John was killed

No comic books to block the pain
my guitar started to weep

and in the end
I got a phone call

no one in the doorway anymore

