

Card on the Bottom

Lyrics and Music by Robert Edgar

Sun-baked thermometer, rodents are running

From tree limb to limb, a breeze is coming

In from the north, as a cardigan floats

Over Hushpuppies shuffling their way toward
the boats

Old man's not tired of a blue sky,

Just given up thinking that his soul will fly.

Cool dry air, vents are deflecting

Light pastel walls, smooth and reflecting

Cotton sheets pulled loose, just out of reach

Curtains open and close, for a cameo breach,

Patient's not scared of a sleeping pill cup,

Just afraid of not waking up.

Red dress waiting for a dance

Floor tom waiting for a trance

Car lock waiting for a key,

Heartbeat waiting for a reason to be.

Silver car waiting on a rider

Tall man ducks to sit down inside her

Phone bill waiting to be paid

Card on the bottom is the last to be played.

Barstool seam, imprints a bare leg,

Last word was thanks, first name is Meg.

Eyes float gently, canoes of gray hair

Arm resting on the lyrics to Scarborough
Faire,

Nobody's scared of an old woman sage,

They're just afraid of her age.

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