

## An Airport Bar

Cubanate

It seems like I've been here forever  
Killing time in an airport bar

I see a tourist  
With a face like a razor  
Eyes like an insect  
Body like cancer  
All the hostesses  
Feel the shame in what they do  
All the travelers just say "you're welcome, sir"

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I watch the waitress  
I wonder when she's free  
But I don't really like her  
And I don't think she likes me  
'cause I am part of the furniture  
Part of the furniture

Body hairs on the course of women  
That scream, "That's not so bad", they say  
Nails form spirals, helter skelters  
Thoughts, tree-lined streets wear brick houses  
Suburban urges, disconnections

"I hope you find your way, sir"  
Junkies, drunkies, queers, diseases  
Electric hating dying eyes from  
Far away, didn't I say

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Wish we were here

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