

## We Don't Mind

Hayden

It was a Tuesday morning, November  
I slept at your house the night before  
We couldn't wait to get up to go forth  
A big breakfast in an old-fashioned diner  
A full meal, six coffee refills later  
We both have to be at work in an hour  
Let's call in sick, I suggest to her  
I'll call your boss and tell her that you're under  
the weather, you'll call mine, you will tell her  
that I am very sick and that you're my mother  
So we walk down the street  
Looking for a phone booth, we  
Rehearse what we're going to say  
So that we can have this day  
Away...

We find a phone booth with room for two  
I call your boss and I don't speak the truth  
They're pretty mad about you but they'll get through  
You call my work, in my mother's voice, they believe you  
And it starts to rain outside  
In the phone booth we hide  
It doesn't let up until 5,  
squished together we don't mind  
we don't mind