

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