

Get To Leave

Howe Gelb

Make sure your baby's well tucked
in a blanket in the basket of a back seat
of a wagon that don't run on air
if you can't afford the fuel, pray you get the passion
to keep the spirit rolling and get on out of here
get to leave, get to leave, get to leave
with rumors of a better world
once you get to leave
with a thimble full of comfort
and a nickels' worth of luck
may you make out with a buck
more than you'll ever need
on this planet made of rock, hard liquor
and discomfort with rumors of a better world
once we get to leave

shadowing the season of change
the winds blow in and they rearrange
tending the garden of change
the weeds grow in and they rearrange
maybe it's the angle of the sun
when it's such a twisted light
or the impossible darkness of a starless night
or the triangle of 3 lovers in need of fresh flight
or the maniac mindings of a monocled monk