

Wallet

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I found a wallet
I found a wallet
Inside were pictures of your small family
You are so young
Your hair dark brown
You had been born in 1953

Your winter birthday
Was stamped on the plastic
Of a license so recently expired
I was so tired as I walked in my door
I laid all the contents of your wallet on the floor

Like a holy relic
Or a mystery novel
I thumbed them in the dim light
Searching for a clue

A blockbuster card
An old stick of Juicy Fruit
A crumpled receipt
From a pair of leather boots

I have no wallet
I have no wallet
I keep my cards together
With a blue rubber band
And with a free hand
I search in my pocket
For pieces of, pieces of paper and change

I'll take your wallet
To my local blockbuster
They'll find your number
In their computer
You'll never know me
And I'll never know you
But you'll be so happy
When they call you up