

## Wallet

Regina Spektor

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