

Valet Parking

The Auteurs

Never saw
your driver's eyes
Or me on parking street
We were planning
your demise
Your chauffeur's tired
But you're still on heat
Downtown,
you're burning down
I'm sick of parking cars...
There are only -
two people here
Who are worthy
Of your pool
and your palace
So stand down now
Stand down
You're standing down...
Never thought
I'd see the day
When your pale face
turned grey
Got no guts, got no fame
Your epitaph
Sorely missed
Your unfaithful slave
Home again
Housesitting again
Rifle through
Your possessions
and stuff
Things that you
Are ashamed of
Home again,
housesitting again
Looking through photos
At the back of your drawer
The way that you looked
When you were small
You're safe,
there's no prowler
No creeper in your lane
It's better than drugs,
it's cool
To be in your home again
Home again,
housesitting again
It's just a little bit far
>From the main crowd
Reading your poems
When you're not around
Home again,
housesitting again
Hospital letter,
a clinic on hold
A test that you took
Awaiting results