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Some Kind of Blues

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Some Kind of Blues

It’s true if I had it to do
all over again
I’d marry a truckdriver
who loved me insanely,
who painted my name on the cab of his truck.
And I swear to God
I wouldn’t try so hard to make things work.
We’d drink whiskey by the glassfuls
on Friday nights,
and I’d just slide my ass right off
that barstool
and dance indecent to the music
until we’d had enough,
and we’d exit, wave, shake our heads
and go home and make love
until the wall-to-wall carpets
pulled away from the corners of the rooms
and the dog whined,
and some other drive,
powerful, like sleep,
pulled us under.