

## South San Gabriel

### "St. Augustine"

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Your gunshots were stuck on repeat  
Drowning out the quietness that I worked to create  
So there's you - you with your manicure  
And me in my stocking cap in te trunk of your car  
Oh, to think of the explanations  
That you will soon conjure for the reporters  
With their beady eyes, strapped in pressed jackets  
With termeramental microphones, and lack of respect  
And there's you - you with your car  
Headed for St. Augustine just as fast as the sun  
I will see you again

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