

## **Waters Roger**

### **"4 58 Am"**

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[Trucker:] "Hey kid, you looking for a lift?  
Get on up here  
How's it going good buddy?"  
I nailed ducks to the wall  
Kept my heart in dark ruins  
I built bungalows over the hills  
Dunroamin, duncarin, dunlivin  
Took my girl to the country  
To sleep out under the moon  
Next thing she's going crazy  
[Trucker:] "Women are like that kid  
What the hell can you do?"  
She waits for the real Mr. Right to come  
Gently removing her heart  
With his promises of real communication  
[Trucker:] "I saw a program about that on TV, heh"  
Who's always picking up the tab  
Who built a bungalow for his momma and dad  
Me.....  
Who took you out to all the shows  
Who worked his fingers to the bone  
Me....  
While you were asleep  
[Jade:] "It was me...I did!"  
I kept you in buttons and bows  
[Jade:] "Christ! All those clothes!  
So you could encourage this creep  
[Hick:] "With that program  
I bet some son of a bitch made a million dollars."  
With his neat feet  
And his clean fingernails  
With his wise but twinkling eyes  
He's a rock standing out in an ocean of doubt  
[Trucker:] "Get movin', get off the road ya Goddam  
faggot."  
And compromise  
I'd like to go on with this bit of a song  
Describing this schmuck  
I'd like to go on, but I'm going to throw up  
[Trucker:] "Not in my rig you don't boy  
Get the hell out of here."

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