

BarlowGirl

"Something's In The Bag"

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Something's in the bag
Something's in the bag
Something's in the bag
The parking lot
The air was hot
I heard a sound
From the ground
I turned around
Something's in the bag (mommy)
I came up slow
I had to know
A garbled quack
The squirming sack
No turning back
It was alive
It looked right through me
I could feel the veins on my neck
Begin to pulsate and throb
Like a secretary pounding out
A hundred and fifty words per minute
On an IBM electric typewriter
I gasped for breath
I fell to my knees
I was powerless in it's presence
How can I describe what I saw
I can't
Something's in the bag (mommy)
The screeching wheel
Horrendous squeal
I had to see
Could it still be
I looked inside
Softly it cried
Something's in the bag (mommy)
Yeah.
Sallysally@usa.net

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