

Greg MacPherson **"Radar"**

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Step into heavy water, rose up to your knees
Spit shined shoes, john phillip sousa, and domestic oil
pcbs

He's counting bank days telling her," everything will
work out right..."
Watching distant early warning lights fan out across
the sky

He hitch hikes back from out west, two time zones away
He's dreaming of a week with her hold up and gets
sent back the second day

Everything will work out right

She sits on her steps in a black evening dress and
painted eyes
The street lights on and her father groans, "she's been
waiting out there
Since five!"

Watching the ukrainian men and night shift on the
street
Standing in the shadow of the old ways where the
future used to be

Saying, "Everything will work out right..."

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