

## **John K. Samson** **"Maryland Bridge"**

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I woke you up at four this morning to whimper and to whine  
To hear myself through spit and crackle of a poor long-distance line  
Twelve clever ways to say I love you with words that always fail  
Hang up and light a cigarette, sit waiting for the mail  
A flier from department stores, another get-rich plan  
A bill or two, some shampoo and a note from Ed McMahon  
Although you'll always be the one in which I will confide  
Sometimes you're the razor on my private waterslide

By the way, I got your letter yesterday  
It said there's no need to be sad  
It said that some things would never, ever change  
But that some already had  
And I heard it from the corner of my ear  
How that voice makes things right  
And I'm sure there's something more than memory  
Across the Maryland Bridge tonight

How ominous these undercurrents, they crowd me now  
it seems  
And every time I meet you in the darkness of my dreams  
It's likely that I'll turn around and parody myself  
Imagine we're in different places, pretend we're someone else  
Well I could be J. Edgar Hoover, you be JFK  
As power hungry egocentrics we'll paper fight the nights away  
Sometimes you're my nemesis when I am paranoid  
Sometimes I have doubts and worries too strong to avoid

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And I'm sure there's something more than memory  
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Oh, Maryland Bridge tonight  
Maryland Bridge tonight

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