

Regina Spektor "The Wallet"

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I found a wallet
I found a wallet
inside were pictures of your small family
you were so young
your hair dark brown
you had been born in nineteen fifty-three

your winter birthday
was stamped on the plastic
of a license so recently expired
I was so tired
as I walked through my door
I let all the contents of your wallet on the floor

and like a holy relic
or a mystery novel
I thumbed them in the dim light
searching for a clue
a blockbuster card
an old stick of juicy fruit
a crumpled receipt
for a pair of leather boots

I have no wallet
I have no wallet
I keep my cards together with a blue rubber band
and with a free hand
I search in my pockets
for pieces of, pieces of paper and change

I'll take your wallet
to my local blockbuster
they'll find your number
in their computer
you'll never know me
I'll never know you
but you'll be so happy
when they call you up

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