

Rodriguez "Cause"

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Cause I lost my job
two weeks before Christmas,
and I talked to Jesus at the sewer,
And the Pope said
it was none of his God-damned business,
while the rain drank champagne.

My Estonian Archangel came
and got me wasted,
'cause the sweetest kiss I ever got
is the one I've never tasted.
Oh, but they'll take
their bonus pay to Molly McDonald,
neon ladies, beauty is that which obeys,
is bought or borrowed.

Cause my heart's become
a crooked hotel full of rumours.
But it's I who pays the rent
for these fingered-face out-of-tuners,
and I make 16 solid half hour friendships,
every evening.

'Cause your queen of hearts
who is half a stone,
and likes to laugh alone
is always threatening you with leaving.
Oh, but they play
those token games on Willy Thompson.
And give a medal to replace
the son of Mrs. Annie Johnson.

'Cause they told me
everybody's got to pay their dues.
And I explained that I had overpaid them,
so overdue I went to the company store,
and the clerk there said
that they had just been invaded,
so I set sail in a teardrop
and escaped beneath the doorsill.

'Cause the smell of her perfume
echoes in my head still.
'Cause I see my people trying to drown the sun
in weekends of whiskey sours.

'Cause how many times can you wake up
in this comic book and plant flowers?

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