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Michael McGuire "Educating Ed"

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EDUCATING ED © Electric Babylon Music Author: M.M. Now EdÂ's hair was always army cot neat, his smile was a rerun but it was an honest deceit, he ran the garage down on eighth and Dean for old man Blake, who always said the dumb son of a bi*** would leave three hours early before heÂ'd be three minutes late, you see Ed was in the army but he only learned the discipline; not what the discipline was supposed to teach him, he was so out of touch not even his wife of thirty years could reach him. I worked for Ed about three years me and Bobby Thornton and Steven Pate, they were both good guys and I donÂ't think Stevie even knew the meaning of hate, he was always kind of quiet with a quick shy smile and man he would help you haul in the moon, now we all hated Ed but you had to work so we put up with the buffoon, we all called him dick Ed and Sargent sh*** for brains for a laugh behind his back, but it was no joke the way he could make your life miserable man he never cut you any slack. Well the days of our youth slip by unnoticed; no surprises we pretty much knew what to expect, when suddenly from the depths of chance StevieÂ's girlfriend Kim was killed in a car wreck, they had lived together for over a year and were talking about getting married someday, but they were just shacking up to Ed who was sort of reverse color blind he could see all the colors but gray, Stevie missed the day

she died; the funeral was the next morning Ed wanted him back that afternoon, well Stevie came back that afternoon and man it looked like his eyes were missing he looked like a hundred years would have been to soon, when Stevie told Ed he needed more time Ed said you leave and you might as well hit the street, with all the rage of the helpless Stevie landed a blow that took him right off his feet. Ed had to have his jaw wired shut; he was out for quite a while, when he came back he was still the same asshole but his smile looked a little more like a smile, itÂ's been years ago now but when I think back to when he took that lick from Stevie, I guess itÂ's the trapped steam of my rage but he had it coming and he needed it and I wish it would have been me.

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