

## **Cubanate**

### **"An Airport Bar"**

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It seems like I've been here forever  
Killing time in an airport bar

I see a tourist  
With a face like a razor  
Eyes like an insect  
Body like cancer  
All the hostesses  
Feel the shame in what they do  
All the travelers just say "you're welcome, sir"

It seems like I've been here forever  
Killing time in an airport bar

I watch the waitress  
I wonder when she's free  
But I don't really like her  
And I don't think she likes me  
'Cause I am part of the furniture  
Part of the furniture

Body hairs on the course of women  
That scream, "That's not so bad", they say  
Nails form spirals, helter skelters  
Thoughts, tree-lined streets wear brick houses  
Suburban urges, disconnections

"I hope you find your way, sir"  
Junkies, drunks, queers, diseases  
Electric hating dying eyes from  
Far away, didn't I say

It seems like I've been here forever  
Killing time in an airport bar  
Killing time in an airport bar  
Killing time in an airport bar

Wish we were here

It seems like I've been here forever  
It seems like I've been here forever  
Killing time in an airport bar

Killing time in an airport bar  
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