

## **Amos Tori**

### **"Wednesday"**

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Nothing here to fear  
I'm just sitting around  
being foolish when  
there is work to be done  
Just a hang-up call  
and the quiet breathing  
of our Persian we call  
Cajun on a Wednesday

so we go from year to year  
with secrets we've been keeping  
Though you say you're not a Templar man

Seems as if we're circling  
for very different reasons  
But one day the Eagle has to land

Out past the fountain  
a left by the station  
I start the day in the usual way  
Then think -- well why not --  
and stop for a coffee  
then begin to recall  
things that you say

No one's at the door  
You suggest a ghost  
perhaps a phantom  
I agree with this in part  
Something is with us  
I can't put my finger on --  
is Thumbelina size 10  
on a Wednesday --

so we go from year to year  
with secrets we've been keeping  
Though you say you're not a Templar man

you tell me to cheer up  
you suspect we're oddly even  
Even still the Eagle has to land

Out past the fountain  
a left by the station  
I start the day in the usual way  
Then think -- well why not --  
and stop for a coffee  
then begin to recall  
things that you say

Pluck up the courage  
and snap  
It's gone again  
I start humming "When Doves Cry"  
Can someone help me  
I think that I'm Lost here Lost in a place called America

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