

## Mullins Shawn

### "The Gulf Of Mexico"

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She cooks him ham and hotcakes at 5:30 in the morn  
She does the dishes and irons his uniforms  
And she thinks she might have loved him once but that  
was long ago  
And the rain pours down like a holy waterfall over the  
Gulf of Mexico  
The boardwalk's deserted and the beach is all closed  
down  
And the middle school punkrockers ride their  
skateboards through the town  
And she looks back and she daydreams about things  
and people she's never seen  
Just to keep from being blue  
And she gets home about a quarter to four  
And drives her brother to the liquor store on ocean  
avenue  
And I'm parked on the state line on this cold November  
day  
And pretty soon I'll be a drivin fool somewhere down  
this lost highway  
Then I hear a voice from my soul's core  
Sayin "freedom's just a metaphor, you got nowhere to  
go"  
And the rain pours down like a holy waterfall over the  
Gulf of Mexico

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