

From *Epic of the Sandwiche Cubano* by James Tokley

WORKIN'MAN BLUES

Woke up, this morning,' with a sob. . .
'Almost forgot I had a job!
'Had no more cleared my head & hit the floor
When the Blues come bangin' at my door!
'Undid the lock; he stepped inside
'Said, "My car broke down. I need a ride!"
'Said, "I thought I might could find you up!"
So, I brewed some java & we shared a cup.
Said Blues, "We got some work to do. . .
Me, your garbage truck, and you!"
I thought about my life & grabbed for my gun!
Ol' Blues sat back to watch the fun!
'Said, "I know what you are thinkin',
but you better listen well!
If you tickle that-there trigger, you are headed
straight for Hell!"
So, I put my 2-4-5 away
'Said I'd shoot myself, some other day!
"Besides," Blues laughed at me and said,
"You owe me too much money for you to be dead!"
So, here I am, in the City Yard.
Livin' sure ain't easy.
But dyin's too damn hard!