

Like Their Fathers and Mothers Before Them

Like fine leather gauntlets buried in the glove-box
little boys play “Sleeping Beauty” with girls they detest
who wait to be awakened in rusty old trucks

teenage girls wear Mother’s heels and fake pearls drape fox
fur round their necks walk the streets in their trailer-trash best
like fine leather gauntlets buried in the glove-box

teenage boys like their fathers yell threats dodge punches throw rocks
drink vodka or beer dream of girls like their mothers half-dressed
who wait to be awakened in rusty old trucks

girls become women become drifters and dreamers ’til all hope is lost
but life ain’t no fairy-tale tummies go hungry and there’s no time to rest
like fine leather gauntlets buried in the glove-box

boys become men become rough become gruff trapped in the boondocks
they’ll have their fathers’ luck seek out women like their mothers hard-pressed
who wait to be awakened in rusty old trucks

men now fathers fighting hard luck drink whiskey after whiskey on the rocks
women now mothers fall for men who fumble belts and fondle breasts in parking lots
while the fine leather gauntlets buried in the glove-box
become faded and threadbare in rusty old trucks.