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On The Ride Home from Work

Chuck Taylor

I guess we're awful.
I've been hearing that talk for forty years

I guess we're awful
Although the stones don't
Say it but they could be blind

I guess we're awful, sunk so
Deep in the bloody swagger
Of our endless wars

But on the radio coming through
Invisible waves of air,
Women are saying "Husband,
Husband, Husband"

Respectful affection
A kind of love
Around me in the air