

It was a lonely night in a nightclub

*Hey, Mama,
I know you'll never believe me.
I planned to see you on Sunday
but I ended up in Kansas City.*

It was a lonely night in a nightclub
north of North Bergen,
maybe Hackensack, Bergenfield,
Lodi or the town of Cresskill.

I had decided to travel west
to Las Vegas, Nevada
but a stranger told me
there were much bigger fish in the Keys.

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I packed my suitcase thinking
I was heading south for the winter -
then to the Second City for the summer;
say "Hello" to my homies.

I was sidetracked, shipwrecked
somewhere southeast of Savannah
and Chicago seemed like such a
far off dream to me.

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but I ended up in Kansas City.*

I awoke in a neighborhood,
nice and newly built in New Orleans.
I saw pastel stucco, matching shutters
and streets lined with trees.

I think I slept through a change
somewhere in Saint Louis, Missouri.
Looking out the window we were
heading west through the prairie.

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