

# Valet Parking

The Auteurs

Never saw  
your driver's eyes  
Or me on parking street  
We were planning  
your demise  
Your chauffeur's tired  
But you're still on heat  
Downtown,  
you're burning down  
I'm sick of parking cars...  
There are only -  
two people here  
Who are worthy  
Of your pool  
and your palace  
So stand down now  
Stand down  
You're standing down...  
Never thought  
I'd see the day  
When your pale face  
turned grey  
Got no guts, got no fame  
Your epitaph  
Sorely missed  
Your unfaithful slave  
Home again  
Housesitting again  
Rifle through  
Your possessions  
and stuff  
Things that you  
Are ashamed of  
Home again,  
housesitting again  
Looking through photos  
At the back of your drawer  
The way that you looked  
When you were small  
You're safe,  
there's no prowler  
No creeper in your lane  
It's better than drugs,  
it's cool  
To be in your home again  
Home again,  
housesitting again  
It's just a little bit far  
>From the main crowd  
Reading your poems  
When you're not around  
Home again,  
housesitting again  
Hospital letter,  
a clinic on hold  
A test that you took  
Awaiting results