

*easy rider*

I'd like  
to find an  
old woman

an old woman  
who's wild days are long dead  
and I don't have to worry  
that she'll be running out  
behind my back

an old woman  
who will feel lucky to have me

an old woman  
who has a little bit of money  
and who doesn't mind  
investing some of it  
in a young artist

I'd sleep in her bed  
drink her whiskey  
and write poems  
on a gold plated typewriter  
with my initials engraved in it  
that she will have bought me  
one Christmas

and in return  
I will ignite some little flame  
that reminds her of her youth

and neither of us  
will ever be lonesome again

except when she finally kicks  
I'll have a big old house  
to write lonely poems in  
instead of this  
hot room.