Day Old Donuts

By John T. Wurzer

Refrain:

A box of day old donuts and a cold cup of coffee and a slice of last night’s pizza on the floor

That’s all that I’m left with on this cold Sunday morning

Except the hazy memory

Of the echo of her footsteps she

Turned away, walked out on me

Out of my front door

It felt just like a sunrise, it was finally Friday evening

A balmy breeze was blowing through the bar

The sky was orange and purple and alive with magic moments

Foreboding what would foment from a pair of wayward lovers

Who would later kiss and wish upon a star

Refrain

She brushed my elbow passing on the way to her barstool

I breathed the freshest breath I’d ever breathed

I turned my head to wander, maybe dream or maybe ponder

What might happen far out yonder if I ever really found her

And we felt a spark before she had to leave

Refrain

That was just the start of what became a hot flirtation

Like a cable network station when the children are asleep

We left that place together, half past midnight, I swear I never

Ever felt my pulse thump like a dance club, with a deep bump,

But now I’m just another chump with tear stains on his cheeks

Refrain