

Jeanie

By David Budbill

My life is a wreck.
I'm 27 years old and I feel like my life is over.
What am I going to do?
Am I gong to spend the rest of my life
waiting tables at Matia's?

Matia's is nice and all and it's not a bad place to work,
The pay's okay and the tips are pretty good—
A lot better than when I waited tables in that
veggie-reggie-hippy-dippy restaurant.
Jeeze! All those left wing, power-to-the-people types
Are the thightest fistted, holier-than-thou crabs I ever met.

Matia's isn't like that. The folks are friendly and the tips are good.
I mean, workers look after workers, don't you think?
It's not all up here, in the head, like it was
with those other types. The ones who come into Matia's
aren't that way. For the, it's in the stomach...
where it counts.

I like it there. I do. But...I mean...it's a diner!
How am I gonna meet a guy in a place like that?
Not that there's anything wrong with the guys that come in,
but, ...you know...it's...a diner!

And when I get off work I stink.
I mean, waiting tables is heavy work.
Anybody who has done it knows!
Ditch diggers, jack hammer operators and waitresses—
They're all the same. And on top of all of that
The grease and all that cigarette smoke is in my clothes and hair.

So I come home, take a bath, wash my hair,
Sprinkle myself with powder and put on some nice, clean clothes.
I feel better. I feel good. I smell good. I like myself that way,
All clean and sweet and my clothes pressed and smelling good.

So then what do I do?
I go downstairs and have dinner with Mom.
And then the rest of the evening I watch TV – with Mom.

I mean, Holy Kripes,
I am 27 years old and I'm workin' in a diner
And I'm still livin' at home...with Mom!

I actually look forward to comin' to work!
At least it gets me out of the house.
At least it's something different.
At least it gets me away from Mom!

Every time I step out the door,
when it's not to work, I mean,
Mom wants to know where I'm goin'.
I can't go out with a guy – not that I get that many chances,
without her asking all kinds of questions.
It's like I'm 12 years old, like I'm in jail!

I ought to get my own place. I know I should.
I would too, but ...
What would she do without me?
She can't get along without me.
She'd fall apart without me.

I'm 27 years old and all I do with my life
is work at a diner and watch TV at home with Mom.

Is that all there is to life?
Matia's every day, come home, a bath,
then dinner and TV with Mom?
Is that all there is?

Isn't there something more to life?
What am I going to do?