

Packed

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For my forebears, who left in time, and my old friend Ted Cole, who was always ready.

I've got a bag packed – always do
You never know when they'll come for you
I've got some coins sewn in a hem
In case there should be need of them
Buy safe passage through the strife
Buy some food, buy my life.

My bag is packed – I'm set to leave
I don't expect that I will grieve
If things go south and hell breaks loose
It won't be my head in a noose
One if by land, two if by sea
They won't even see the back of me.

My bag is ready – odd to some
But you just won't know, until they come
In the front, out the rear
They'll find the place, and no one here
Come at twilight, come at dawn
Come for me and I'll be gone.

My bag is packed—it's pretty small
Shouldn't weigh me down at all
There isn't much I really need
None to clothe, none to feed
Things are better down the road
Travel light—Unload! Unload!

My bag is packed—I know the score
Like so many gone before:
When the time comes, have no doubt
No hesitation, tears—get out!
Open the door a tiny crack
Whsht! I'm gone—I won't be back.