

TWO-TIME

I have been taken
Hoodwinked, bamboozled
By a traveling salesman
Who would take no refusal

The goods delivered
Seemed so appealing
Though now their flaws have come forth
And proved his double dealing

He's fled with my funds
But won't get away
With a lifetime of savings
By his deceit from one day

I chase like a hound
On his last known course
He has a head start on me
So I bear down on my horse

I ride through the sands
But I've seen no sign
And I thirst for my revenge
As I yearn for what is mine

I come to a town
And I inquire
If they have seen this huckster
Wretched conman, this liar

They say that they have
That he's robbed them too
And ridden off to the south
They call with, "Good luck to you"

As I ride renewed
For twenty more leagues
I ride till I'm exhausted
Until my horse is fatigued

Then, miles ahead
I see his wagon
And I urge my steed onward
But he's weary and lagging

—Daniel McNulty