He’s Gone

by Nancy McCallion

I came home after working late

To an empty house and a swinging gate

A hundred dollars by the bed

That’s all I had was all he said

And he’s gone

A Christmas box with a busted lid

Mama kept her money hid

Under paper dolls and clay

Saving for a rainy day

And he’s gone

And he’s gone

Like a payday loan I’m still paying on he’s gone

Think I’m gonna stay in bed

Find a phone and call in dead

Little girl comes crawling in

Guess I’ll go to work again

And he’s gone

And he’s gone

Like a payday loan I’m still paying on he’s gone