

# Temptation of Repose

By Gary McGath

(Tune: "Temper of Revenge" by Julia Ecklar)

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We had gone to attend a distant con  
Way out in Ontario,  
Sang and laughed and we all deemed it good,  
But then we had to go.

I'd sworn I would be home Sunday night —  
A pledge I now break with my heart.  
My endurance restricts what I'm able to do,  
My mind's simply falling apart.

We drove through dark and wind and rain,  
Most of the night is already through.  
A hundred miles still remain to my home;  
That's ninety more than I can do!

So find me a couch where I can sleep,  
Find me a blanket beneath which I'll creep.  
I will crash out at dawn when the sun's in the sky,  
And I don't even care where my body will lie.  
Bring me a sheet and pillow too,  
Or if you can't, that's all right, I'll make do.  
The convention was great, there is not any doubt,  
But travel has frazzled me out,  
Travel has frazzled me out.

The convention now seems a part of me.  
Those filk songs my mind will not lose,  
But now there's only one song in my mind:  
That's "Overflowing Cat Box Blues."

I had only put food out for three days.  
The litter box now must be vile.  
Are my couch and my curtains destroyed,  
And is the carpet defiled?

Forgive me, my cats, for what I do.  
Know that this sleeper is suffering too.  
But exhaustion deep won't allow me to drive.  
When I get there, I'll feed you beef stew.

*(Repeat refrain)*