

Checkout Girl © BMI by Dennis J. Barela

Shannon is a checkout girl
Ringing up retail in a grocery world
Shannon's got baby blue eyes
I seen 'em from behind the produce counter twist ties
I hang out by her register trying not to be seen
Thinking I'm cool as I drop a magazine
Part time occupation: checking out the checkout girl

Shannon used to have her a ring
And probably all the happiness engagements would bring
A year ago, possibly two
Does she feel anymore of the hurt that she knew?
And when she reads to me the total receipt
Eye contact that fills my body with heat
Such infatuation: checking out the checkout girl

Price check please God give me a sign
A check writing customer could buy me some time
I don't think she ever noticed me anyway
Even if I talked to her just what would I say?

Shannon's very busy today
I enter the store in the usual way
I cart my food by way of her isle
On the way to the express line I give her a smile
I remember I once saw her on out on the street
My mouth had gone mute, my knees became weak
Continuous obsession: checking out the checkout girl