

## Traveling to New Places

Well, life's a bunch of victories  
It's pills and it's withdrawals and regulations  
I was dreaming on the wing  
Then I turned a knob, moving station to station  
There she stood, miscommunication, in communiqué  
Leads her back to me

I'm traveling past Graceland  
The southern hospitality greets people like me  
I take a left, I buy a ticket  
For the bus, a physical lottery  
There she stood, her back to me  
As far as I could see

Being is a dream  
The cart before the horse pays straw and silver  
Gnawing on the beams  
A death upon the hearse, left me bewildered  
Interplanetary means  
Modernity surpasses ancient rivers  
Soft in pink and cream  
Visions scarring those who don't deliver

Aryan symbolics  
Lines the books of humour and forgiveness  
The acting knight  
Leaves midday tips and in writing ink implies more gives less  
There she stood, her hair and dress a mess  
But will she miss me?

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