**Do You Go?**

*March 8, 1997*

The boys are on the trail tonight,

The night is clear and cold.

Iditarod! The precious sight.

They’re mushing for the gold.

They’re running the Iditarod,

They’re mushing on to Nome.

Every dog a private god,

A thousand miles from home.

The old one’s out of Safety,

Heading up the coast.

Blizzard. White out. Tell me,

Who wants Nome the most?

Do you stay or do you go,

Out into the night?

Stop and think or just go on,

Down the trail of life?