

THE TROUBLE WITH TRAVEL

To ride down the road, or the rails on a train
To get where I'm going. What grief. Oh, what pain
Is invoked in evaluation of vehicles to take
I can't make up my mind. Have mercy! Give me a break
What's important is the place where I'll probably end up
It's a land that I like with no lack of full cup
To get there is ghastly but go there, I must
I s'pose I could spin a display sign that says, "----- or bust"
Would that generate some generosity or general goodwill
In a motorist that moves by me at that moment? I wonder still
It'd be perfect to be a pilot. I'd have a pass to bliss
I would fly there and be free, feeling far from remiss
Oh, but wait. It'd be worthless 'cuz without a plane
To be a pilot becomes pointless. Back to planning again
This is why I'm not willing to wander the earth
Because traveling is a tremendously stressful task of uneven
 worth
The grass appears greener when it grows in a different place
Guess I'll learn how to like my location, just in case