

## Bars

### "Five Wheel / Highway 9"

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We all watched him leave  
And cross the bare lot to his car.  
You would have had to have been naive  
To think that he would get far.  
It all started back in August,  
The damp heat too much to bear.  
He called us from a pay phone  
And wouldn't say from where.  
He said the whole plan had eroded;  
It had been a big mistake.  
He said we didn't understand  
The risks that he had taken.  
The pill is sour and the swallow is long  
When everything you plan goes wrong.  
I guess he figured that he'd lay low,  
Give the sweat a chance to dry.  
He trusted me with his location,  
And when I met him, I looked him in the eye.  
I told him that we planned to get together,  
And talk it over out on 9.  
The point was well driven: "All is forgiven".  
And with those words, there slowly ran  
A shiver down my spine.  
And it's somewhere in between a cut and a bruise  
When a man is forced to choose.  
And it only makes it harder, feeling the slow tick of  
time  
At a Five Wheel on Highway 9.  
And so I ran out after him

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