

## Dingus "Transportation"

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Take the bus or drive the car  
Your destination planning  
All depends on how it works with your efficiency  
The trip itself is meaningless  
Heading toward the target point's always too slow

Some teenager just cut me off,  
I think his music's blaring  
While the grandma to my left moves extra cautiously  
And we'd like to go about our ways without these  
interactions  
Keeping only destination set in mind

Here and now,  
It's all we've got until all exhaust's departed  
Darkened brown

The base is rusting with apathy

Sometimes the reminiscence  
Flows out rusted tape converters  
But the song sounds just as fresh as it did once before  
So take a moment to look out your cancer-sticking  
windshield  
To enjoy the ride, the traffic,  
And the poor drivers in their limousines

So hang on to your transfers  
Because you'll never know when you'll need your  
transportation  
The taxi driver stopped  
He told the yuppie in the back to catch himself a ride

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