

Lagwagon

"A Feedback Of Truckstop Poetry"

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i pulled over for a teabag i thought of you,
it wasn't bad you had direction and drive
and you arrived at closing time
to find they wiped down the bar
and they built you a bed laid your head to rest
and left you try to true again
you maybe proud then as it was always wish
for thought i would imagine you off
maybe i could see you again
we could sit down and have a moment
and talk about your suicide
and i would put away your death

if you could put away the dope
and all our enemies,
well there's no time for you to know them
any crooked mind disease
but hopeless fools they will be missing you
i pulled over for nostalgia
i thought of suffering the joke
no one delivered the punchline
no resolution is here
i couldn't sharpen the view
and it's still drawn to you waiting
on the new but then this story
has no end as we continue driving

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