

Lagwagon

"A Feedbag Of Truckshop Poetry"

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I pulled over for a feedbag 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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