

Sunday's Best "Without Meaning"

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9:00 am. She gets in the car hoping things will change
this time around.

"I wonder what they're going to say now,"
She whispers as she reaches for the radio dial.
She's lost all her feeling, she thinks they are scheming;
It's a game she plays in her head.

This is it. This life.
This is what you wanted all along.

He watches the wheels turn around, each revolution
passing him by.
"I give myself 2 years," he cheers. 2 has turned to 5 to
"way too long."
He's alive and he's breathing, but living without
meaning.
He might as well be dead.

Don't hold back. Take it to the people.
These things will turn your head around...

They rolled over paths to travel streets of gold (now
turned to gravel).
They forgot to roll the map out in their search for hope
or glamour...

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