

## **Straighten Things Out "Recalculating"**

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MY RING OF FIRE DOWN  
ON THE MESSY RIPPED-OFF BACKSEAT OF THE VAN  
MY POOR BACK SORES FROM THIS NEVER ENDING DRIVE  
UNDER THE BLACK SKY WE AIM TO REACH "DE BOX" ON  
TIME.  
ROCKED BY THE CONSTANT DRONE OF THE ENGINE  
MY EYELIDS DROOP AS UNFOLDS THROUGH MY  
WINDOW  
THIS FAMILIAR LANDSCAPE.

AND AS I SLOWLY DRIFT AWAY  
I'M THINKING I'M MILES AWAY  
FROM THIS SMALL ROOM I CALL HOME  
(BUT AT THIS VERY MOMENT)  
THERE'S NOWHERE ELSE IN THIS WORLD I WISH I WAS  
MY RUSTY SIDE-DOOR SLIDES,  
I PUT MY OLD SHOES ON, JUMP OFF THE VAN  
LEAVE THAT SMELL BEHIND FOR A SHORT WHILE.  
TIME FOR A SHORT UMPTEENTH COFFEE BREAK,  
BEEN STRUGGLING TO STAY AWAKE  
ZIGZAG AMONGST A HERD OF WHISKERED LORRY  
DRIVERS,  
TAKE MY COFFEE, DRINK IT DOWN, HOP BACK IN THE  
VAN  
AND THERE WE GO AGAIN

I'M THINKING I'M MILES AWAY  
FROM THIS SMALL ROOM I CALL HOME  
(BUT AT THIS VERY MOMENT)  
THERE'S NOWHERE ELSE IN THIS WORLD I WISH I WAS

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