

Lex Zaleta

"The Hopin' Road"

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I think I know where I am -
I'm stuck in a traffic jam.
Not a roadway blocked with cars,
But one littered with broken hearts.

Caution signs are everywhere;
Up ahead, the bridge is out.
We might not ever get there,
And there's no alternate route.

I've long been on the hopin' road,
Wishing my life away.
It's cold out on the hopin' road,
Even on a summer's day.

The speed limit signs are a joke
When you're not even moving.
The very last heart just broke,
But there's still no improving.

Love leaks out onto the roadway
From overheated hearts racing in vain.

Seems gridlock is here to stay,
Even in the passing lane.

I've long been on the hopin' road,
Wishing my life away.
It's cold out on the hopin' road,
Even on a summer's day.

Love always fails in the clutch -
Some spark, but no ignition.
"Take a good look, but don't touch"
Is the standard transmission.

Turnpiking to contentment,
Heeding the highwayman's code,
Till a detour called "Resentment"
Takes romance down a dark road.

I've long been on the hopin' road,

Wishing my life away.
It's cold out on the hopin' road,
Even on a summer's day.

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