

**Daniel R. Ziemba****"Travelog"**

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This river channels out to my private shore  
My boat's a magic couch on remote control  
Confused, I now consult my jungle guide  
Departure times, best bets, and four stars that shine  
As I...

Bask in the blue light  
Of my...  
Travelog  
I laugh, I cry, I space each half an hour  
Rerun sweet memories of days gone by  
I'm given sixty seconds to catch my breath again  
To me you sell your vision, from you I get reception.

Here in my blue light  
Of my...  
Travelog  
Death on the battlefield, through flood and fire  
I navigate my ship to worlds unknown  
A black robed man now greets me 'neath southern  
skies  
To him I make confession, from me he takes collection

Lost in the blue light  
Found in the blue light  
Here in the blue light  
Of my...  
Travelog

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