

## David Fridlund

### "Bus Ride & Carsick"

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Down where the road turns  
and the buildings grow high like rockets  
Shooting into the sky, in the countryside  
In the black night the abandoned barn in the first light;  
that's where I saw it  
early November pack your bags  
remember the whisper and throw it back  
look for an answer, don't throw up  
bus ride and carsick and lovesick; that's when I felt it  
thank you darling for being my friend  
next year this time, I'll see you again  
like everyone else, I was asking myself  
"where's my little place in the world?"  
it was getting harder, I was lost for words  
hell, I was counting every syllable  
how can I tell you how sorry I am  
not being there for you when you came to a conclusion  
about everything that meant something  
it's strange how I turned into you  
but thank you darling for being a friend  
next year this time, I'll see you again  
climb the top of the tallest tree and look for me -  
down where the road turns, that's where I'll be  
back in that small-town where the stupid is king,  
smart kiss the ground  
"kid, do you have to make such a fuzz about  
that you don't like it here?"  
no, but still - yes, I mean to blow you away  
you can have it  
I don't want it  
I don't want to stay

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