

Dingus, Transportation

Take the bus or drive the car
your destination planning
all depends on how it works with your efficiency
the trip itself is meaningless
heading toward the target point's always too slow
Some teenager just cut me off,
I think his music's blaring
while the grandma to my left moves extra cautiously
and we'd like to go about our ways without these interactions
keeping only destination set in mind
Here and now,
it's all we've got until all exhaust's departed
darkened brown
the base is rusting with apathy
Sometimes the reminiscence
flows out rusted tape converters
but the song sounds just as fresh as it did once before
so take a moment to look out your cancer-sticking windshield
to enjoy the ride, the traffic,
and the poor drivers in their limousines
So hang on to your transfers
because you'll never know when you'll need your transportation
the taxi driver stopped
he told the yuppie in the back to catch himself a ride