

## No Transfer

Banner Pilot

"If I could hit rewind," Jackie said,  
"I'd like to see what it'd be like  
To take a different road that didn't  
Wind up in a dull suburban life.

'Cause we've got so much, still know I'm losing;  
It always hits me hardest when traffic's not moving."  
Sink holes in bus seats from the days set on repeat;  
Chew my leg out from the snare  
And limp away I don't know where.

But these dreams and diatribes stay at the park and ride,  
'Cause we still queue up outside.  
That's the way it is; the way that we exist.

This route's not going away.