

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.