The Distance

Cake

Reluctantly crouched at the starting line,
Engines pumping and thumping in time.
The green light flashes, the flags go up.
Churning and burning, they yearn for the cup.
They deftly maneuver and muscle for rank,
Fuel burning fast on an empty tank.
Reckless and wild, they pour through the turns.
Their prowess is potent and secretly stearn.
As they speed through the finish, the flags go down.
The fans get up and they get out of town.
The arena is empty except for one man,
Still driving and striving as fast as he can.
The sun has gone down and the moon has come up,
And long ago somebody left with the cup.
But he's driving and striving and hugging the turns.
And thinking of someone for whom he still burns.

He's going the distance.
He's going for speed.
She's all alone
In her time of need.
Because he's racing and pacing and plotting the course,
He's fighting and biting and riding on his horse,
He's going the distance.

No trophy, no flowers, no flashbulbs, no wine,
He's haunted by something he cannot define.
Bowel-shaking earthquakes of doubt and remorse,
Assail him, impale him with monster-truck force.
In his mind, he's still driving, still making the grade.
She's hoping in time that her memories will fade.
Cause he's racing and pacing and plotting the course,
He's fighting and biting and riding on his horse.
The sun has gone down and the moon has come up,
And long ago somebody left with the cup.
But he's striving and driving and hugging the turns.
And thinking of someone for whom he still burns.

Cause he's going the distance.
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