

Blue to brown

D.O.A.

Climb in, lean back. Feel the leather on your back. Grab the stick, get a chill. You ready for the coming thrill. 0-60 in under five. But there ain't no room to drive. Take your place in grid-lock hell.

It's the road to reality, millions do it endlessly. Like a mutant centipede. Grown huge by an endless feed. Spewing death, it rolls along. Singing out an endless song. While smog clouds billow out and the air turns from blue to brown. Climb high, look down see the air's turned a blackish brown. What was once a scenic view has developed a sickly hue and the auto's appetite insatiable delight. Us humans gasp for air. Rolling on without a care. It's a place to call yer own. A place to be alone don't have to see a face. No voice to invade your space. Listen to the engine hum. It's a spell you can't overcome. And to the price, you pay, just drive away. Now I don't say dump your car. It's here to stay, that I know. But there must be a better way than the rush hour way to go. Everyone can make change share a ride, catch a bus. It could be the difference.