

## Pave Paradise

Have Heart

How many miles until I get out of this rectangular box of hell?  
Because these four same faces  
in these overcrowded spaces  
have me praying for the places  
that will leave me one minute to myself  
(along with)  
the foreheads glued to window-panes  
the sore-backs from kitchen-wood floors  
And all the sitting, sitting, sitting in a van -- and yet I still want more?

When there's a million more miles to roam,  
I think of the life left for me back home:  
A "paradise" to watch their "greener grass" grow,  
and all the time to be alone...?

But two weeks home cripple me  
because the trees don't pass  
and the lines don't move  
as the white walls collapse  
on my ramblin' boy blues that's howlin'  
howlin' for that open road because  
no arms can hold  
no home can warm  
like the gaze of the rays of a distant lost-highway sun.

When there's a million more miles to roam,  
I think of the life left for me back home:  
A "paradise" to watch their "greener grass" grow,  
and all the time to feel alone.

pave paradise  
put the keys in  
turn the engine  
let the big green van drive me from this city  
to anything but simplicity

To anywhere from this city,  
To anything but simplicity.