

A Feedbag Of Truckstop Poetry

Lagwagon

I pulled over for a feedbag I thought of you,
it wasn't bad you had direction and drive
And you arrived at closing time to find
They wiped down the bar and they built you a bed
Laid your head to rest and left you try to true again
You may be proud then as it was always wish for thought
I would imagine you off maybe
I could see you again we could sit down and have a moment and t
alk about your suicide
And I would put away your death if you could put away the dope
and all our enemies,
Well there's no time for you to know them
Any crooked mind disease but hopeless fools
They will be missing you i pulled over for nostalgia
I thought of suffering the joke no one delivered the punchline
No resolution is here I couldn't sharpen the view and it's stil
l drawn to you waiting on the new
But then this story has no end as we continue driving