

I know you haven't got the thread of the story so far. Just throw your luggage into the back of the car. We'll drive around until you think I've gone too far but you can't go home, no, there's no way home. You haven't lost the plot but there's detail you lack. This is a one-way trip and there's no turning back. No protestation can divert us from the track we're set upon. Soon it's done and dusted and we're gone. No-one ever knows the road they're on." I'm driven by my younger self into a corner. I remember dreaming the open road. I liked to think I had control but my hands on the wheel were guided by some outside force as my future revealed. I slalomed through life's obstacles more on instinct than feel. I picked myself up as a hitcher and it's really quite a deal to see this lifelong journey through his eyes. Just as we got going we've arrived. We're driven by our older selves into what we become and all our careful planning turns out strictly rule of thumb. We're driven by ourselves but dream we're free, on the open road. Free, on the open road