

Prelude to the Soundtrack of My Weekend

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A week of stress

And infernal internal politics.

Get me on the road,

Let me unwind somehow:

Jackson saturates my soul,

Robbie guides me on the red road

Under an Indigo sky, the Girls in retrospect...

Yes! There's no delirium as

Joni brings me full circle

In a game down miles and miles

Of white-line aisles

On the free, free way.

No regrets, and I

Write these words while I'm rolling

Homeward I'm feeling fine,

'Til Jackson reminds me once more

I'm running on empty

Running behind

And then sitting

Soon, oh soon

I'm so close to the edge

While the passing traffic shivered in the heat

And she said from right beside me

"Why do you always run out of gas?"

I said, "I dunno..."

But it sure sucks

to start a weekend this way."