

The Soul Driver

And Also The Trees

The rain was fresh on the streets
The camber of the road
Hissed beneath
The soft caressing seat
Sucked me back.
The town arose above me
Through the tunnel
Like a dream.

But nobody sees
Overland in a car
But nobody sees
The Soul Driver

A young man and his bride
Are laughing in room
As I glide
Under a sheet hung balcony
I look back.
Cafes courtyards bakeries.
Slide forever
Behind me.

But nobody sees
Overland in a car that sails
But nobody sees
The Soul Driver

And as my thick hissing wheels
Hit the open road
With a squeal
The soft caress of the seat
Sucked me back.