

Plungin' through the night on the M3  
All things in life can tempt me  
A point on the curve of the M3  
I go wherever it sends me

Dividing avenue  
The path of least resistance  
Connecting me and you  
The road is wet  
My mind is in a fog  
So is the mutual building  
Interior dialogue  
Two clarinets

Late afternoon on the M3  
I glide along so gently  
Treetops, unreachable memories  
Concrete and climbing ivy

It's easy to be hard  
On yourself and on others  
Visions of Fragonard  
My ornamental problems

BMW, BWV  
W. Mozart, K. 503  
Blue gums billow from sea to salty sea  
Wind over the waterfront, willow weep for me

Cruisin' on the oil-green M3  
All things in life can tempt me  
Oh torturous road that bends me  
How could you reinvent me?