

# A Mighty Wave

The Longest Johns

Upon the black tar backstreets, a vessel all alone  
My weary eyes are scanning, this empty school zone  
When over the horizon comes a car I know  
A Mighty Vitara just like my very own  
I raise the flag of unity, a gesture of the brave  
A signal to the helmsman, with a single finger wave  
My belly half full of drive-thru the rest of butterflies  
I pray, don't leave me lonesome, as we draw alongside

The gales from the AC, aid a chilling point indeed  
There's no colder place for a heart to be than hanging in the breeze  
For I've sent a beacon bold and bright and haven't heard in days  
In truth, it's been a second, but soon we're parting ways  
Like ships passing in the night, but there's no pitch and roll  
And it's actually pretty sunny at 3.30 in the arvo  
Ne'er mind hold hope I say, lock eyes. And now we dance  
For the pride of our rides give this moment a chance

My finger standing to attention a captain at the bow  
Come on my friend reciprocate, The. Time. Is. Now.

Now it's farewell, my familiar, farewell and au revoir  
But there's no bond like drivers of the same model car  
I'll take the road ahead for you and I must part  
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