

# The Lady Of The Map

## The Longest Johns

Dear lady of the GPS, we're going separate ways  
Yes I know you've been there for me, but I just have to say  
I feel a surge of joy as I shun your urge to turn  
I need to travel my own way there, when the fire of freedom burns

Yes I know I asked for help, but I can change my mind  
Tis a right of us free folk... if we feel inclined  
For Hawks don't use the GPS and that is what I am  
Gliding down the coastal roads, the long way is my plan

Dear lady of the GPS, we should go our separate ways  
In two hundred metres I won't turn round, no matter what you say  
I feel a surge of joy as I shun your urge to turn  
I need to travel my own way there, when the fire of freedom burns

Have you factored an ocean breeze? The tickle on my arm?  
The poetry in squinting at the glinting waters' charm  
No, you've not. You'll never see outside of your blue line  
I choose adventure, I will not turn, who cares if we're on time

Dear lady of the GPS, we should go our separate ways  
In one hundred metres I won't turn round, no matter what you say  
For I feel a surge of joy as I shun your urge to turn  
I need to travel my own way there, when the fire of freedom burns

What a journey this is my kids! But one that goes too fast  
Let's make the most of where we are, and enjoy it while it lasts  
Looke here, what we have found! Hey kids, who wants drive-thru?  
The gods-of-the-land have favoured our plan of choosing our own route

Dear lady of the GPS, we've gone our separate ways  
I hear your cries but I won't turn back, no matter what you say  
I feel a surge of joy as I shun your urge to turn  
I need to travel my own way there  
When the fire of freedom burns, when the fire of freedom burns  
(I need to travel my own way there, when the fire of freedom burns)