

# The White Whale

## The Longest Johns

Lost in the iron sea, of endless rolling roofs  
We're going for glory kids, your dad has something to prove  
You see it's not enough to just have hope when lost  
You must have the highest of hopes, and hold out at all cost  
That's why as I tack across this parking garage  
I ignore spots at the entry and aim for the driver's mirage  
The unspeakable beauty of free land at the front of the store  
And yet this takes vision and steadfast courage to aim for more

All the early spots are clearly reserved for the meek  
A spot equidistant to store and ticket machine we seek!

We hunt the white whale, the holy grail, the park in front of the store  
We hunt the white whale, the holy grail  
With gusto and glee, sing it with me, we dare to ask for more!

My child jolts me to attention, Land HO! Does he scream  
I pinch myself and sure enough the space of my dreams  
The sharks begin to circle, I indicate my intention  
Just know this parking space is mine, I show no apprehension  
Yet as I approach one thing's painfully clear  
Other cars with blinking lights starting to appear  
Back off green van I see your plan  
Don't think about it blue sedan  
This spot is mine, we'll hold our ground  
There's no better land to be found

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A spot equidistant to store and ticket machine we seek!

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With gusto and glee, sing it with me, we dare to ask for more!

As we bring her round, I find to my dismay  
A little hatchback hiding there is taking up half the bay  
With hope dashed against the rocks, and the petrol light now on  
Perhaps my nerve is waning, I'll retreat before too long  
No, hold fast, and cast away all dread  
There'll be spaces that we seek in the times ahead  
Sure some may say, any park in a store  
But only the bravest captain finds his true reward

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