

Forests on The Way There

Tom Rosenthal

Sitting in the back seat of your mothers car
there were forest on the way there
it rained all the way there

Sent some complex signals
to the others on the road
I was sending all mindbeams
no one ever found me.

Is there a word
for the things we heard
in the day?

Is there a sound
for the things that we found
on our way?

Calling out the names of the animals
there were mountains on the way there
you read all the way there

Numbers getting smaller
and the spirits getting low
i was sending all the mindbeams
no one ever found me.

Is there a word
for the things we heard
in the day?

Is there a sound
for the things that we found
on our way?