

# Daan, Fuel

Oh my little thief,  
you've been slipping through the wrong sieve.  
On my little yacht,  
all we thought about was shore leave.  
Single exhaust truck  
doomed to vanish in it's own mist.  
Oh I liked the plan,  
but you had to pick the wrong men.

You needed four or five  
and one to park & drive  
a parking lot bender.  
One in one out of mind  
and one to kill your time.  
I shot all your darlings.  
My imperfect crime.

One to confront me  
with burdens beyond me.  
One to keep me high and dry  
with rain falling out of a clear blue sky.  
One to control me.  
One not to call me.  
One to be what I am not  
a chainsaw cutting a forget me not

For my memory.  
Non stop shifted all entries,  
with a time based tendency  
to pick out snobs and call them hippies.  
I said we needed fuel  
and one way roads are cruel.  
But somehow we'd get there.  
I'll trade my wine for fuel  
and dance around the stool.  
Mechanical bullshit.  
Not a one life hit.

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