

# Plankeye, Bicycle

I have a wife, and together we live, in a very small room  
Yesterday she lost, her car broke down, and now I ride a bicycle  
You say, I told you so, you were much too young to get married.  
But I say, You're way too old, and when did you stop living anyway?  
As I ride my bike, with my safety helmet on, and white tennis shoes,  
they stare at me but I see through new eyes, or maybe you just don't remember  
This place that I'm supposed to be, is not the chair in front of a desk in front of a mirror  
Can't you see that it's not here or there or anywhere  
But in speaking distance with God, and where can you go that's too far?  
Because I can worship him anywhere