

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