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Wishing on the road

Doing the best they can, and
Trying to hold me back
From reaching my full spiritual
Awakening, and
Dangling down my feet, making me land
Over and over and over and over, and
Squeezing harder round my neck, I need
To break free from concrete container
Parents, politicians, working class snobs
Everything and everyone erased, but the road
The rod will eat them up
The road is home, the road
Is beat
The beat is on the road, on the road
Is the beat, the
Life to live is on the road, with
The beat
The road to awakening
Is through the beat, and
The beat is on
The road

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