

Please
Return

Moving slow
Windshield wipers back and forth
Nothing to see but snow, snow, snow
My hands are tired
My foots asleep
My back is numb
All I do is creep and creep
The road is white
It does not end
I cannot see
Around the bend
Two red lights in front now
Going slow, treading hard
The trail is long
It goes so slow
Behind my view
The wind does blow
I've been on the road
So long
The clobs of snow
The tiredness in me, that heavy load
I cannot stop, I cannot rest
The endless journey
The clean white pest

I know a girl
Whom I love so
She is a girl
That I hope to always know
She gives inspiration
What a vacation
Inspiration
What a vocation
Inspiration to do my vocation
That's her
She is tall red haired brown^{eyed}
Inspiration, Inspiration, Inspira
She looks so good in most anything
That's my vocation her inspirat^{ion}
Yes I'm a banjo man
Who sings a song
The song of love
The song of dawn
Yes a banjo man
Do you think that's wrong

Well my banjos on my back
And I got a tune in my head
I'm walking this lonesome dirt road
Singin' so I can get fed
Cause I got inspiration
For~~x~~ my vocation
Banjo man who sings a song
Like it's his creation
Banjo, Banjo play that song
Strum it hard all night long
Cause I got inspiration
For my vocation
Walkin down that road
Nowhere to go
Just carryen that load of
Inspiration, yes that
my Vocation
The notes come slow
But the words come in
Like a song that's sung about your kin
Inspiration thats my kind of whim
Just singin like an old church hymn

I am a Cat
With Four good legs
I'm strong and willing
I do not beg
I fight, I kill for what is mine
I sleep all day
I ~~walk~~ all night
Across the marsh
t Till out of sight
The rain is falling
I'm wet and cold
I sense a distant hum
A calling and calling
I will not come
The hunger within me
I cannot bare
The jungle the noises
They seem too stare
I jump behind the brush to hide
From the noises, the distant shot
The sound of laughter
I am so hot

Johnny will be 19 in 6/66 and graduate Glen Cove H.S.
~~is 18 years old~~ await
this 6/66. He will ~~let~~ the draft board ^{decision} before
deciding on the future.

Running, running along the beach
The endless journey the neverending reach
I look about ~~www~~ to find myself
I cannot bare² being without wealth
Wealth, wealth is all I think
The ending torture the ending strife
(?) does the summer glow
My brain is pounding against me so
I fear the endless touching her now
Before me without her golden brow
The bell within her breast does ring
I hear it I love it and yet I fear to sing
Sing, Sing along the trail the ending
Journey so long so frail
The magic darkness casts the light
Of ending torture of ending sight

The tin shell bent around me hard
Withstands the pressure of the sea
I seep down so slow and long
I only think that I long to be
Above the surface, above the sea
I breathe slowly, saving my air
I'm diving below the unknown sea
Wondering whats down there under me
The deep dark shadow
The black black death
The straining of each swallowing breath
My spear gun rests at my side
By my tin pants
So dirty so wide
I fear the monster I've come to kill
The big black blob he is so still
I see faint movements
Through the salty sea

The flowers in the green bed
Do remind me of the world I know
The coming dawn
The bees the crows
The sailing ships
The wind does blow
The clean white flower does look on
Across the field
Across the meadow
Across the blue silver pond
I can only hear the sound
Of animals talking, eating on the ground
The trees, they bend to and fro
Across the horizon
Behind the hills, throughout the morning
Throughout the day
I hear the wind blow blow
Its merry way

These white, white men
Who hunt to kill
To end my life
To end my love, my will
And yet to fear
Is to lose the war
So fite with might **FIGHT**
And terror if need be
Kill or be killed
They shall not kill me
The briar patch is just ahead
The ground is damp and oh so cold
I fear the end that ounce of lead
I have not eaten
Or have I fed
The hunger within me
For that soft grass bed
They kill by day and hunt by night
There's no time to stop
Till there out of sight

The end is near
I feel so weak
The distant light
The shadow its peak
I cannot tell when
My day is done
I only know that in the world
I am only one
Without a name
Without a face
The tall long shadow
The finding place
I am not near
The dream, my goal
The crisp wind does blow and blow
Across my cheeks
My feet move slowly
With nowhere to go
Like that crisp cold wind
And how it does blow
My hands clenched hard
They tremble so
Like a shaking leaf
Like a breathing bird
Like a moving cloud
Like the clean white snow

I look across
Through my open door
The gray dark mist
The loud, loud roar
The clustered trees
Against the deep brown hills
The blowing wind so crisp, so cold
Like a distant motorcycle
So stroung, So bold
The roar gets closer
As time goes on
Thro gh the winding hills
Across the silver pond
Pounding the road
And banking the turns
Through the mountain trails
And the evergreen ferns
The two are hunched very close
The twin seated cycle
The downward coast
The brown leathered chaps
The flowing white scarfs
The double yeallow line, the distant bend
Their gone, with joy
No sorrows, no troubles
No frightful end
Just on and on
Into that distant bend