



WASTED SPACE

I was feeling lost in outer space
My car was parked without a trace
The only thoughts that I could taste
Behold the sites that befall my grace.

The music played on through the night
My trip through life in a blink of light.
Dancing troupes met face to face
To appear again in another place.

They take their heads down off the shelf
And actually reveal their inner self.
Fantastic dreams a reality chase
Livelihoods in a guitar case.

No one looks into a mirror
Beauty in mind you can see much clearer
Joy and peace is the eternal base
That no one her can afford to waste
Take a chance on a spiritual place
In touch with earth in touch with grace.

A train of cars from mile to mile
Each nomad has a permanent smile
Leather wool mink and lace
All move at an oxens pace
Early forms of the human race
Before we wasted time and space
Just like flowers in an empty vase.

- John James Northrop