

## Drive into a rainbow

Ain't no kick. It was late. Afternoon. We had landed. We were there. Ah, Orlando.

We followed a couple dainty curls. Dig the mouse ears. I leased a two-door. Pink. Convertible.

We hopped in.

We drove to where we weren't before. It was something like a playhouse. Jacaranda? Haven't got a clue.

We did The Dew Drop. Come on in! We drowned ourselves in vodka lemon.

Damn cowboys! They flaunted red necks, lots of sun I guess. Mostly bullshit. Not really. Sure.

Get this straight. Listen. Hey, mister. Tip your hat to the ladies. Suck a menthol.

That wasn't half of it. You know? Sure, you do. Life was new. Tragic too. Words were biscuits.

Love was gravy.

We didn't need no costumes. Honk and holler. Be a blockbuster. Do whatever stops the shaking!

That'll work. Crash on the edge of night in a Burger King parking lot.

Pray in pew. Roar away in pink. Drive into a rainbow.

We were "Rock and Roll Part 2". Sunlight slapped us in the face. It was late. Afternoon.

Hallelujah! We were back. Ah, Orlando.

Ever see a tortoise crossing? A highland hammock? Didn't think so. You never know.

When we wake up? We hop into a two-door. Pink. Convertible.

We drive the freeway. Oh, how lovely, vodka lemon. God

in heaven, turn that damn thing up!