The Path (2:52)

I walk in steady rhythm. One step and then another. I'm always moving forward. I hear the voices: Stay on the path!

They keep me fully focused. I suffer no distractions. No chance of interruptions. Oh, look a rabbit! Stay on the path!

I know I'm going somewhere. They say it's real important. I'd like to take a break And step into the river. "Stay on the path!

I hear the beat go tromp, tromp.
So I march along.
Eyes straight ahead.
The path is flat and paved.
It leads me through the fog, to the fog.

There may be nasty spiders, And lots of poison ivy. There's pointy rocks And gravity could make you stumble. Stay on the path!

There is a plastic liner. It keeps the weeds from growing. Although I know of one That's peeking through the asphalt. Keep off the grass! Poor little green invader. You don't belong here. Go away. The path has no room for you yet.

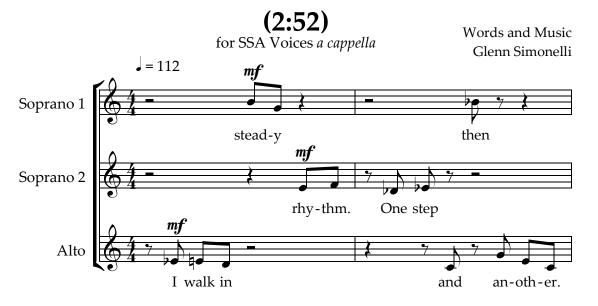
And so I lumber onward.
With someone else's vision.
And when I long for something new I just remember:
Stay on the path!

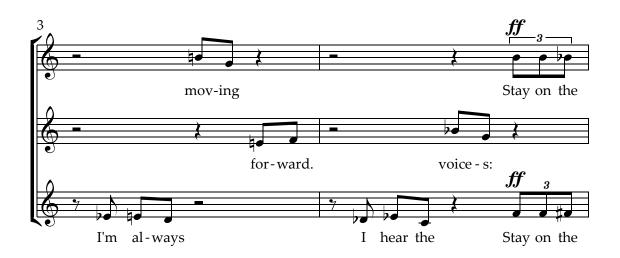
There is a single footprint. It's in the mub beside me. Someone went off. I wonder if they heard the voices? Stay on the path!

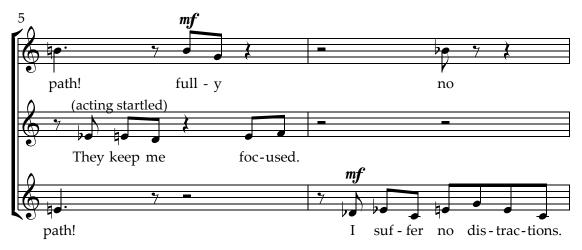
I see the carrot dangling from
The stick in front, before me.
I fee the driver tap me gently
On the rump, with a thump, thump.

Poor little green invader,
Growing so lonely.
You should be with your cousins
In the fields by the river.
Someone could bring you to your home.
Maybe I should.
Think of the cost.
I'd need to wander from the path,
To the river grasses.
Think of the loss.
What do you think the world would say?
Stay on the path, maybe.
Or not.

The Path







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