

# Exit 84

## Pastel Motel

I packed my bags and left  
The city lights  
The worldÂ had its way with me  
And it was time to find another life

Drops of rain slithered down  
The windshield glass  
The trees and mountains faded in,  
Into my foggy view at last.

Alone upon this mountain home  
The air was free  
Months and months crept by until  
I could see

The peaceful tranquility, was nothing more  
Than a lawless chaotic mess, just like before.

I packed my bags and leftÂ  
The mountainâ€™s heart  
To live on the forestâ€™s edge  
The middle ground, to once again restart.

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