# Bicycle

## Plankeye

I have a wife and together we live
In a very small room
Yesterday she lost, her car broke down
And now I ride a bicycleYou say, I told you so
You were much too young to get married
But I say, you're way too old
And when did you stop living anyway?As I ride my bike with my safety helmet on
And white tennis shoes
They stare at me but I see through new eyes
Or maybe you just don't rememberThis place that I'm supposed to be
Is not the chair in front of a desk, in front of a mirrorCan't you see that it's not here or there or anywhere?
But in speaking distance with God
And where can you go that's too far?
Because I can worship Him anywhere

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