

*Traveling down a dark path
with no destination in mind
My only direction
is the dotted white lines under me
Here I sit at the controls of my world
Where everything I do
is my decision
I can censor or play
whatever I want to hear
I can control the climate
and the feel of the air
I pick the destination
where I want to go
For I am the one who runs this show
I decide who comes or stays
I decide what games to play
The only laws that govern me
are my speed and driving ability
Once my destination arrives
and I exit that door
I realize that I will not be
god of my world anymore
For now I am just a little boy
In this world...
I am just someone else's toy*

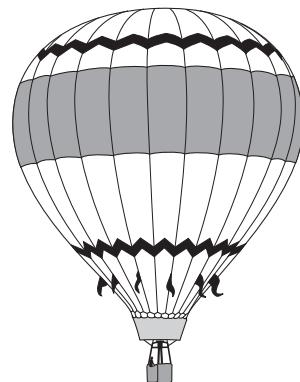


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