No Turn Lane

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All the strangeness in my life, I really don't understand it. How everything got so jumbled up and turned sideways, until I have this warped view of the world. I look at all the beautiful people (the ones who know exactly what they wanted and got it served on the cliched silver platter), and I wonder what happened to me somewhere down that long road that leads (supposedly) to your door. I really needed a map because I took all the wrong detours, until finally I don't know where it is I've ended up. I guess here and there I should have asked directions, stopped and had a cup of coffee filled to overflowing with someone's good advice. It might have saved me the heartache of backtracking all those miles into my weary little past. But it's so hard to walk the straight and narrow when the crooked paths are so alluring, winding out into uncharted territory. I wanted to end up somewhere though, someplace fine and beautiful where my heart could feel at home. I wanted someone like you to make me want to cease my wandering, and settle down with the picket fences, and wild rose bushes, and forty kids screaming for Kool-aid under a hose pipe. But you're on a different road and I'm trapped in the no turn lane. So I guess I'll just keep going until my dreams run out of gas.