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The Song of the Minstrels

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You and I, babe, we've got that irrepressible spirit of wandering in us
a thirst for adventure
We'll never be content to stay in one place for very long
    Never.
We need that rush of adrenaline, baby, and we need it now

We'll be retro-modern bards
    mysteriously fading in and out of cities
We'll glorify other people's poetry and we'll survive on love
    and canned potatoes
We'll pretend to be international spies; people worth knowing.
We'll travel across the country in a big yellow bus
    knowing no boundaries
The days will stretch into one Great Exciting expanse of EXPERIENCES
And we'll be able to tell the states apart by
    the taste of their air
    and the smell of their dirt
We'll be Pseudo Modern Gothic Beatnik Metallic Minstrel Bards
    travelin' around the world
    with our silver shoes, playing our bongo drums
    and we'll live lives worth remembering.

So pack your bags, honey,
    The World's a waitin'....

Ryan Maureen Tubbs