

TRUCKIN' [11-98]

**Backpackin's just like truckin',
Gotta figger gross and tare.
For whatcha pack upon your back,
Won't soon be confy there.**

**So, scrute' your lading; net it out,
And sure to your dismay.
You'll find how little you can haul,
With joy, from day to day.**

**And as you're truckin' up the trail,
Reality sets in.
'tis then you'll rip into your load,
And cast out all that sin.**

**A sigh! The time of truth is nigh.
Great fear and trepidation;
As you search for solutions to,
Your hopeless situation.**

**Ahh! Now to choose twixt what you want,
And what you truly need.
A humbling revelation,
Casting out material greed!**

**Let's look...what are these niceties?
My Lord! Four extra pair.
And what are all these other things,
You've squirreled away in here?**

**"Enough, enough! What is this stuff?"
So sez yourself to you.
"Without that fadget or this snix,
I really can make do."**

**Yes! Get relief from all that grief,
'twill set you footloose...free!
And you'll go forth with no remorse,
As joyful as can be.**

**And so, to sing as birds on wing,
Mere feathers on their back.
Just 'liminate that dreadful weight,
You're haulin' in your pack.**

