

A parting of the ways  
A decision to be made  
To turn right or left  
Or go straight ahead

More of the same  
Or change the game  
Sing for my supper  
Or act the sucker

And leave to chance  
The type of dance  
I need to do to survive  
And indeed thrive

For the rest of my life  
Without stress or strife  
The guru was clear  
Ditch all I hold dear

You're at a crossroads  
Drop the crushing loads  
And change your route  
To one that will suit

It does sound good  
And I know I should  
Step out of my groove  
And thereby prove

I'm not a stick in the mud  
But fear makes my heart thud  
And I decide to play safe  
And let the reins chafe

As I continue straight ahead  
No to the right or left instead