

The Amarillo Prequel

So Here I am as the day is dawning on a Texas Sunday morning miles from nowhere, not a building or town in sight, driving down an empty road with just the radio for company.

What yer doing here I ask you Sug, Well I've not better to do so let me tell you my tale.

It started a couple of months ago when I won some bucks on the lottery, I thought I wanted a change from Bradford for a while, I wanted to make up in a city that doesn't sleep, so off to New York I went. I thought if I can make it here I can make it any where and by the way what an experience it turned out to be. I saw the sights, the Empire State building, the Statue of Liberty, 5th Avenue and Central Park. Now and I met a lass there as well. The barman in the bar I made my local, called her on uptown

girl. We'd go for long walks in Central park and I thought it meself. When she's walking she looks oh so fine.

On one such walk she said to me, Look all the leaves are brown and the sky is grey, I get to start of California dreamin on such winter's days, why don't we go there?

So where I sez, California. She sez, we could travel down on route 66, it's the best way to motor West. Route 66, flippin' ez. I sez, doesn't that wind from Chicago to L.A. more than 2000 miles all the way? Yes she sez, but we'll get some kicks on the way and you'll get to see the U.S. that's what you're here for isn't it? So that's what we started to do, we went to Chicago, went through St. Louis, down to Missouri and

Okazhama City look ok so pretty. ^{13/11/19}
However whilst there Maria got a phone call,
oh yeah that's her name Maria. Her Mother was
poorly, so she had to leave me and catch a flight
to get to her. She, her Mother lives in Amarillo!
It's on Route 66, so we've arranged to meet up
again in a few days time. ^{Found out at this point}
So for the past few nights I've been Dreaming of
dreams of Amarillo and sweet Maria who waits
for me. ^{and I've been at the top of the world}

I've had a few happy moments since she's been
gone. For example, the day before yesterday
I'd stopped off for Summit to eat in a food side
diner and I met a gin soaked bar woman
queen from Memphis, she tried to take me
upstairs for a ride, but I escaped her clutches
and was out of there like sugar off a shovel.

The right direction

I just stopped at Palmer station ^(to catch it), I'm going in
so I'm almost there now and unless I'm
imagining things I think I can hear a church
bell ringing, now hear that Song of Joy
that it's singing
SHA LAR LAR LAR LAR. DING DONG!