Sneeve

Shall we go north, south, what do you say?
We've already been east, west, and every which way.
Alas, the highway we've seen before
Get on it again? Maybe once more?

The fair! We're close I feel it now.
Though I don't remember a cornfield in town.
We'll ask this gentleman where we are now
"Excuse me, hello, we're lost you see,
Could you possibly tell me where we could be?"
Snortsville, my lord, what is its name?
What a strange place! we both exclaim.
So back we go the way we came.

Still lost we are, without a map.
It's been two years and we haven't found crap!
In the car we live and breathe
Looking for our town called Sneeve.

Laura Goodenow