

Detour, the way to my heart,  
Past a sign that reads "under construction"  
Through a tunnel below some art  
Once you've arrived there's obstruction

A huge cement wall of pretense,  
Blocking your path to my love  
I can't let you in so I make a fence  
I'll free you, flutter away little dove

Arrows and cones, lights and bumps  
Obstacles to find my soul  
I make it hard, with hurdles and jumps  
Then, look out, a huge pothole.

You can't see what you can't get over  
It's an invisible drawback  
To find the exit you'll need a clover  
Or maybe you'll find a two-track

A little dirt path, leading to my house  
The place of green and me  
It's quiet here, even for a mouse  
My soul is growing a tree

Roots break the roads and snap the signs  
Leaves block the traffic lights,  
No longer construction, just vines  
I can't hide under confusing sites

Now I'm all alone with just you, my cure  
I think you found your way through my detour