

Today we're going to our new home by the beach



A new life we're beginning way beyond the
"NORMAL" reach

A cottage in a neighbourhood is where we'll never live
again.



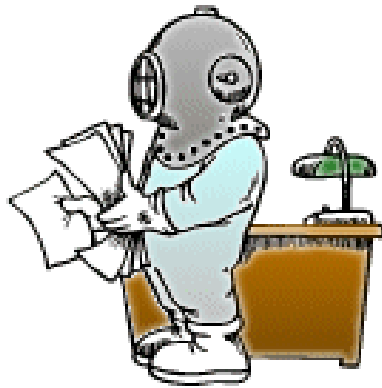
My Man no longer wants the troubles caused by roots in
drains

Or the grass that he allows to grow up to his knees



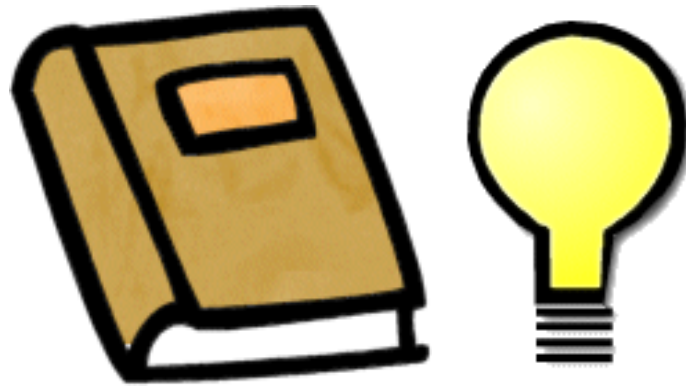
Before he gets the mower out just to make My Lady
pleased.

The rates cause him to pull his hair when bi-monthly
they arrive



The meter reader sets off alarms when he comes up the
drive

Insurance bills when they arrive cause great anxiety



House, furniture, cars, life itself and more importantly

“The food my Family does consume in order to exist



Takes hours to buy, prepare and then is eaten in
minutes

And now it's time to start again in order to replenish.



How many more hours do I have to work?" My Man
himself he quizzes.

Too many rooms, an attraction only necessary for visits



Of family, friends, and relatives who use between
transits.

“No more!” My Man decides as he does lumber down
the road



In our new house, a mobile home, his dream that he's
proposed.

My Lady crying softly as she pulls me to the curb



To let him pass, so that he can get to where we're going first.

Wave goodbye to all the neighbours who line up along
the route



To watch this great big vehicle pass followed by Me and
Her.

Along the roads we travel, past flowers and fields and
shops



Until we pull into a gate and this is where he stops.

“You are expecting us,” he says. “We were here just yesterday.



Park 22 I believe is ours, what our reservation says.”

“Yes of course, we’ve mowed around the grounds the plot where you will stay.”



My Man just laughs and thinks “At last, t’is the start of what I pray

Is going to be a holiday, away from society's grips.



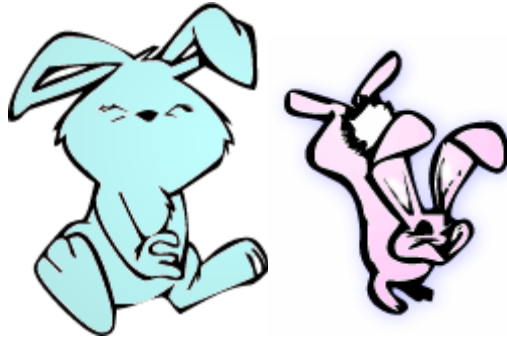
No longer will I be a slave to bylaws and financial lists.”

He rubs his hands together as he opens up the clutch



To navigate the slender pass 'tween shrubs, trees, and a
hutch

Where it appears the rabbits live in this new
wonderland.



My Lady parks me near the hedge above the level of the
sand.

So here we are, nested cosily, beside the hedge, 2 cars



Alongside our new mobile home parked up on its
ballast.

