It Beats the Hell Out of Driving a Truck

By John T. Wurzer

I hate it when the hotel bar doesn’t have my beer of choice

I hate it when the hotel pens just suck

I hate it when my flight is filled with screaming squealing kids

Still all in all it beats the hell out of driving a truck.

Yes, all in all it beats the hell out of driving a truck.

I hate it when the terrorists come a bursting through the doors

Assassinating those who draw cartoons

I hate it when the sun goes down outside behind the bay

And you and I are watching it all from separate rooms

Still all in all it beats the hell out of driving a truck.

I hate it when the strangers in this pompous cocktail bar

Keep performing oral sex acts with their phones

I hate it when you are fast asleep so many miles away

And I’m sitting here drinking a beer and writing this poem.

Still all in all it beats the hell out of driving a truck.

I hate it when tomorrow promises nothing more than fear

Fear and some other twisted sense of fate

And there’s one thing that annoys me even more than all of this

I hate it when I run out of things to hate

Still all in all it beats the hell out of driving a truck.