

# The Open Road

By Marla J. Deaton

We played cards  
Just for kids  
In the back of a long motor home  
Out on the open road  
We were headed somewhere  
It didn't matter where  
We weren't on a quest for adventure  
We were just kids  
Along for the ride  
Just being kids  
Out on the open road

We hemmed ourselves in  
With our favorite things  
To comfort and entertain  
We talked and laughed  
And made up games  
But mostly, we played cards  
Glancing out on the open road

We passed by  
Cornfields that waved in the southern wind  
Rivers and streams that had no end  
And put our cards on hold  
To see famous faces at historical places  
Billboards signs or crossing new state lines  
Then returned to play out our hand  
As we passed undiscovered land  
Looking out on the open road

I didn't know then how grateful I'd be  
To look back at those moments in time  
I'm glad I had time just to be a kid  
Trying to make the most out of the hand I was dealt  
Filled with expectations  
Both brave and unsure  
Of what lie ahead  
On that open road

When we got to where we were going  
We followed trails  
And shared tall tales

With the kids next door  
And spent all our cash at the general store  
Then it was time well spent playing pinball  
Where it went we didn't care at all  
We explored new land  
Wrote our names in the sand  
But the thing that stands out  
In my mind the most  
Were playing cards on the open road

I know I could not recapture those moments  
It wouldn't be the same even if I tried  
But when I pass an RV in town  
I imagine it with kids inside  
Whose hearts are open to dreams  
Filled with childhood plans and schemes  
Not really sure what it all means  
Or how truly fortunate they are  
Just to be kids  
Being kids  
Out on life's open road.