**Terry Drove His Truck Into The River**

Terry drove his truck into the river

Early on a cold November night

In the back seat, a Martin D18

Looking for the next open mic

Took a wrong turn somewhere

Could not remember where or when

Thinking ‘bout the crowd’s reaction

To his picking and his grin

The road began to rise

in the distance, disappeared from view

The boat ramp angle tipped him off

This was not the road to chose

His last move, to turn as he leapt from

the door to watch the current turn the truck around

Whirlpools spinning

as the black waters swallowed his ride

And his prized Martin guitar

What will I tell my wife he thought

Of times she told him “Watch the road,

you’re drifting”.

His mind had wandered, the GPS voice said “Turn right”

The water rippled as he watched the tailgate disappear,

an eerie red glow signaling goodbye and goodnight

Terry drove his truck into the river

Lost his Ford 150 and favorite guitar

Found downstream 3 months later

wedged between a bridge and a boulder

Missing the driver side door and his guitar

There are lessons to be learned from Terry’s plight

Trust your gut, go straight

When the voice says turn right

Be careful what you put in the river

You’ll never get it back

And you never know what you’ll find downstream.

Terry drove his truck into the river

Early on a cold November night

Terry drove his truck into the river

Lost in thought, he lost his way

Terry drove his truck into the river

Lost his truck, almost lost his life