Lyrics for The Road Less Travelled by Triosphere. A storyline leads out new borderlines* Should I move to strike what's done Turn around Tread new ground

Changing times always evolve new lines Is it true all that we're taught And we're told Then we're sold Do you think it's sheer luck when you catch a winning hand? Should one turn around and run one millionth time All in all we're just one step away To take the road less travelled Can you taste the false pretensions? Can you feel the two-faced grin? Time to leave what's done behind No more tears to bear forgiveness No more steps to reasoning Take the road less travelled I need to see what lies ahead of this I need to see what's there to miss C When given the choice of what road to take, Sometimes I choose right; sometimes I mistake, But I go forth with a smile and a laugh On my journey down the less beaten path. That road travelled by many before Is the passage I most likely ignore. I journey ahead with no directions or map Always going forward and never turning back. Sometimes I end up in a place unknown; Sometimes twists and turns I've been thrown, But always excitement accompanies me On my life's amazing journey. This isn't the lifestyle for the mild or the meek; For those who need structure this journey is bleak, But then, if th Encountering smiling children on the road less travelled! They would help push me and the bike up the hills, while chatting away energetically, sometimes in Albanian, often attempting English. One boy, no more than 13, ran alongside me for 3 km before taking his mobile out and signalling for my number — it was quite

Travel as Western cultural practice is nowhere more clearly revealed than in the titles of travel books. Promising both danger and safety (the reader sets off into the unknown accompanied by a knowledgeable authority), travel book titles walk a delicate line between authenticity and caricature. How far away must we go to have crossed into the danger zone? (What exactly does it mean to say that we are going 'nowhere', as in Greater Nowheres, Miles from Nowhere, Forty Miles from Nowhere, and A Thousand Miles from Nowhere? If we go nowhere, doesn't this mean that we've stayed home, as in 'Where did you go?'/'Nowhere', meaning 'To the fridge, the bathroom, and Wal Mart')? How do we get there? (What is the most authentic method of travelling to Nowhere – by camel, truck, motorcycle, ultralight, horse, yak, on foot?)

© 2019 Berghahn Books

Follow us on:  
Powered by: PubFactory
endearing, although I'm not sure what he thought we would talk about! Meeting people was a rare event however. The quote above rings so true — what could have been an unmemorable stretch of road, lost among the mass of others encountered this journey has instead become one of the highlights of the trip, and given me many memories (for all the right reasons).