

# *Baby and the Boomers.com*

## *"You Can't Get There From Here"*

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I was driving to Penn Station, heading West on 33rd,  
When abruptly, I recalled the dire warnings I had heard.  
There's a mighty big convention and the detour signs were clear:  
Oh, you can't get there from here!

Chorus: No, you can't get there from here,  
Though your line of sight is clear.  
The roads are blocked and traffic's come full stop,  
All those honking horns and brake lights are screaming loud and clear:  
Oh, you can't get there from here!

'Bout a couple dozen traffic cops were pointing near and far:  
"Go left, go right, just turn around, or back up your darn car!"  
And before I knew it I was caught, on New York's biggest parking lot!  
I was trapped on FDR,

Chorus: And, you can't get there from here,  
Though your line of sight is clear.  
The highway's blocked and traffic's come full stop,  
All those honking horns and brake lights are screaming loud and clear:  
Oh, you can't get there from here!

I went sneakin' down the breakdown lane, bookin' precious time,  
When the police up ahead forced me to squeeze back into line.  
Now there's a biker on my windshield, and a trucker up my rear,  
And I can't get there from here.

Chorus: No, you can't get there from here,  
Though your line of sight is clear.  
The highway's blocked and traffic's come full stop,  
All those honking horns and brake lights are screaming loud and clear:  
Oh, you can't get there from here!

I was parked 3 hours on FDR, when my radiator burst,  
The trooper stuck beside me said: 'This jam-up is the worst!'  
Then he opened up his cooler and he handed me a beer,  
'Cause we can't get there from here!

Chorus: No, you can't get there from here,  
Though your line of sight is clear.  
The highway's blocked and traffic's come full stop,  
All those honking horns and brake lights are screaming loud and clear:  
Oh, you can't get there from here!