

The rain fell from the pitch-black  
night sky in a great deluge. The cold  
was breathtaking, but I gritted my  
teeth and did <sup>continue</sup> ~~not~~ stop playing  
my banjo or waving at passing cars.  
I tried to light a cigarette, but it  
quickly got drenched.

To keep my mind off of the cold I  
experimented with matching the rhythm  
of my banjo to the patterns of raindrops  
dancing across the black top <sup>highway</sup>.

I was trying to catch a ride to  
a bar a few miles down the road. I  
was supposed to meet with a <sup>BAND</sup> ~~band~~ that