Everywhere I turn, there are people just like me, All searching, desperately, for adventure. Risking life and limb in a million daring deeds, For everybody needs their adventure. But little do they know There's adventure in the eyes Of a young and unknown love On an unexpected street. Though you never meant to meet, You take hold of this surprise And you learn each other's name. Soon you're in the game once again, And then...

Don't get taken in by some made-up movie
Who copies what we are: we're adventure.
In a quiet day, you will find a sudden turn.
To follow it, you'll learn, is adventure.
In a stranger's face,
In the corner of a smile,
In a shop you'd never seen,
In a street you'd thought you'd known,
In a voice upon the phone
Who you accidentally dial...
There's a hundred turns each day.
Soon you're on your way once again,
And then...

And I stand in total awe at the simplest things that people say and do.

I think true adventure lies in the ins and outs of those like $\ensuremath{\mathtt{m}}$ e and you.