

WHERE THE ROAD LED



1Earthling

Where The Road Led

Groove Edition Booklet 02

2026 - 2027

Where The Road Led

Edition 1 - One Step Along The Road

Edition 2 - The Screens Made Sense

Edition 3 - The World Began To Open

Edition 4 - One Unremarkable Day

Edition 5 - I Did Not Travel Alone

Edition 6 - Time Always Lost

Edition 7 - One Road At A Time

ONE STEP ALONG THE ROAD



Series ID: GE02-01

Born in a small town
with views across the bay.
Seagulls over rooftops,
a picture perfect day.

But every day felt the same,
like nothing ever changed.
Same light through the window.
Same things each day to do.

The world beyond the headland
started pulling at my thoughts.
All the possibilities
kept building in my mind.

I packed a bag that morning
and left my room behind.
The plan was very simple.
Leave town. Don't look behind.

The bay was in the mirror,
the highway opened wide.
I didn't know what waited there,
only what I left behind.

I wasn't sure where this day would lead
or what tomorrow could become.
But one small step upon the road
was the start of my journey.

I never knew what a life could hold
when that town was all I knew.
I wanted to see if one step could change
where a road could someday lead.

I found a room in the city
and a job to pay the rent.
Nights spent in crowded venues
where local bands did play.

Some parties ran till morning,
Some events went all day.
Some names stayed for a weekend.
Some songs stayed a little more.

Faces came and vanished
in the flow of city life.
I thought the larger world
would open something wide.

But after years of moving
through the same familiar days,
the city had its patterns
and I had learned their ways.

I had work and friends around me
and music in the night.
I had found a larger world
but not the thing I tried to find.

Something in the quiet
kept turning me around.
The road that brought me there
was still calling out my name.

So, I packed what I could carry
and left the keys behind.
Not because this life was empty,
but because there was more to find.

I wasn't sure where this day would lead
or what tomorrow could become.
Now one small step upon the road
starts another journey.

I never knew what a life could hold
when that city was all I knew.
I wanted to see if one step could change
where a road could someday lead.

One small step can change
where a road could someday lead.

words & music by 1Earthling
© 2026 - 2027 1Earthling

THE SCREENS MADE SENSE



Series ID: GE02-02

I found another city
with a room above the street.
A small firm took me on
with numbers I could read.

Mining reports on the desk.
Spreadsheets on the screen.
Producing the forecasts
brokers had not yet seen.

The screen lit up before me.
The rows began to move.
What others saw as figures,
Showed a story I could prove.

The computer held the pattern
in a way that I could see.
In the past I just worked for money.
But this work meant more to me.

I saw the shape of numbers
and how the screen could show
a future hiding in the lines
I had not known before.

I found a place, I found a name,
someone to walk with me.
I began to understand
where one road might lead.

They walked into my life
like they'd always been there.
From that day I knew
I was not alone.

We met up most days after work
and spent the weekends together.
We spoke of love and future days
and what our lives might be.

Then the gold price spiralled down.
The phone calls slowed as well.
The companies that needed us
needed us less than before.

Files were packed in boxes.
The desks were cleared away.
A road I thought was opening
had ended inside that room.

But not every ending
leaves you where you were.
Some doors close behind you
and still move something forward.

I'd learned the shape of numbers.
I'd learned the screen could speak.
I also found a hand there
and now I did not walk alone.

I saw the shape of numbers
and how the screen could show
a future hiding in the lines
I had not known before.

I found a place, I found a name,
someone to walk with me.
I began to understand
where one road might lead.

words & music by 1Earthling
© 2026 - 2027 1Earthling

THE WORLD BEGAN TO OPEN



Series ID: GE02-03

We moved to a coastal town
with slower streets and days
A small house near the water,
for a life we planned to grow.

Our child was in the doorway,
school shoes by the wall.
They waited there for us
for a walk along the beach.

My brother called from home
his third child on the way.
Said his hands were worn from work,
but still laughing all the same.

He had stayed beside the beaches
where we both learned to run.
Different roads beneath us,
same salt air, same sun.

The road ran further than I knew.
It reached beyond this land.
Past our home and beaches
past every border line.

In small towns or large cities
of the countries I travelled to.
People wanted the same small things
that mattered most to me too.

Then an old voice found me
with a new proposal.
We could sell software
that modelled mining systems.

He knew the mines and metal.
I knew how to work the screens.
So we built a little doorway
to work in other lands.

Indonesia was calling
for a paper and a course.
I packed my computer and passport
for my first trip overseas.

Different words around me,
different streets and heat,
but something in their lives
felt familiar underneath.

The road ran further than I knew.
It reached beyond this land.
Past our home and beaches
past every border line.

In small towns or large cities
of the countries I travelled to.
People wanted the same small things
that mattered most to me too.

Years moved through the hallway.
The school bag changed its size.
Small shoes became larger ones,
now a teenager at our side.

The work trips kept coming.
The world was vast and wide.
Different faces around me,
but familiar lives inside.

I did not understand it.
But I felt something there.
I only saw small pieces
in each town and working day.

A mother cooking at a stall.
A father pulling a cart.
An older person talking softly
to children seated on the ground.

The road ran further than I knew.
It reached beyond this land.
Past our home and beaches
past every border line.

In small towns or large cities
of the countries I travelled to.
People wanted the same small things
that mattered most to me too.

The world began to open,
one road at a time.

words & music by 1Earthling
© 2026 - 2027 1Earthling

ONE UNREMARKABLE DAY



Series ID: GE02-04

I still remember the nights
sitting by your bed.
Questions I couldn't answer,
kept turning in my head.

I watched you getting smaller
under the hospital lights.
I held the hand I knew,
that was all that I could do.

When the pain became the room,
you asked me for release.
I could not move that mountain.
I could only hold your grief.

Doctors spoke in numbers
we could not outrun.
You were too young
when the room went quiet.

Cherish every moment.
Live inside the day.
Because before you know it,
it is already yesterday.

Hold the hand beside you.
Say the words you need to say.
Because before you know it,
it is already yesterday.

I saw you every morning.
I saw you every night.
Coffee and conversation,
just ordinary life.

I thought we had more time,
more summers left to spend.
But time was moving quietly
toward a place I didn't see.

Now the house remembers
where you used to be.
Your shadow in the doorway,
your voice still calling me.

You are gone from the morning,
but not from what I know.
Love does not stop living
just because a body goes.

Cherish every moment.
Live inside the day.
Because before you know it,
it is already yesterday.

Hold the hand beside you.
Say the words you need to say.
Because before you know it,
it is already yesterday.

I would give the world now
for one unremarkable day.
Not birthdays or big days,
or photographs we saved.

One table or tired evening,
one small thing you might say.
Just one more ordinary moment
before it slips away.

Cherish every moment.
Live inside the day.
Because before you know it,
it is already yesterday.

Hold the hand beside you.
Say the words you need to say.
Because before you know it,
it is already yesterday.

words & music by 1Earthling
© 2026 - 2027 1Earthling

I DID NOT TRAVEL ALONE



Series ID: GE02-05

Our child and family stayed
for some time after that day.
There were walks along the beach
and stories in the night.

That old lullaby you sang
came softly down the hall.
Our grandchild now sleeping
like when our child was small.

I see you in their face
and in the way they hold their own.
You have gone but what you left
they now call their own.

Time does not wait for sorrow
or the morning to arrive.
There were meals to put together,
and small hands to hold in mine.

I saw the world without you now,
but I was not alone.
You were in the small things
that every heart calls home.

In every hand held gently,
every kind word people say,
I carried what you left me
through each ordinary day.

Work kept sending emails.
The flights began once more.
Different towns and hotel rooms,
new faces once again.

Tickets on the counter.
Passport in my coat.
Names of places waiting
like they had before.

In Japan, there was politeness.
In India, the evening heat.
In China, those crowded stations.
In Malaysia, the rain on streets.

Far away from everything
I thought I understood,
people held the same things close
that gave meaning to my life.

I saw the world without you now,
but I was not alone.
You were in the small things
that every heart calls home.

In every hand held gently,
every kind word people say,
I carried what you left me
through each ordinary day.

At an airport a woman
held her sleeping child.
I thought how you would notice
then turn to me and smile.

I often think you'd like this.
So, I turn to tell you why.
But the room now opens empty,
and sometimes I still cry.

I saw the world without you now,
but I was not alone.
You were in the small things
that every heart calls home.

In every hand held gently,
every kind word people say,
I carried what you left me
through each ordinary day.

The road kept moving on
and I kept moving too.
Every place I travelled now
held something I could name.

Not all of it was sadness.
Not all of it was loss.
Some love stays with you
as you travel down the road.

words & music by 1Earthling
© 2026 - 2027 1Earthling

TIME ALWAYS LOST



Series ID: GE02-06

I take the window table,
watch the world passing by,
waiting for my brother,
years heavy in his bones.

Walking stick in one hand,
attention on each step.
Time always lost to him
when youth was on his side.

I still see him in the backyard,
grass stains on his knees.
Laughing through a headlock,
as we wrestled on the ground.

We ran until the porch light
and the call of dinner time.
He had more day inside him
than the night could hold inside.

Now he rises slowly,
with the weight of time.
The price of manual labour
has fully settled in.

Time keeps stealing pieces
of the boy that I knew.
I still know my brother.
He will always be with me.

He gave his back to working,
cold dawns and summer heat.
But it paid for the family,
the house and food to eat.

All the bricks and mortar.
All the wheelbarrow loads
left a mark inside him
no one saw at all.

His hands don't close as easy,
or his shoulders carry weight.
He pauses before the steps now,
where he never used to wait.

But under all that weather,
through all that pain,
I still see the boy there,
running through the rain.

Now he rises slowly,
with the weight of time.
The price of manual labour
has fully settled in.

Time keeps stealing pieces
of the boy that I knew.
I still know my brother.
He will always be with me.

Now he lives with the body
that labour left behind.
Still strong mentally.
He keeps moving through time.

Same kid still at the table.
Same laughter shining through.
I'll always hold the memories
of the life we lived through.

The world may see him slower
than the man he used to be.
But I remember backyard summers
and a boy time couldn't beat.

Time keeps stealing pieces
of the boy that I knew.
I still know my brother.
He will always be with me.

I still know my brother.
He will always be with me.

words & music by 1Earthling
© 2026 - 2027 1Earthling

ONE ROAD AT A TIME



Series ID: GE02-07

I went back to the bay
to visit my brother again.
He stood beside me,
walking stick in hand.

We spoke of our lives and children,
and of the changes in the town.
About who still lived here
and who was not around.

I thought about that morning
when I packed my bag and left.
The bay was in the mirror,
ahead the life I had not met.

I did not know the city
or its patterns or its pace.
I only knew the road ahead
would take me some place new.

I thought the road would show me
how far a life could go.
Past the towns and cities,
all the places I could know.

But the road turned
back through the years,
to hands not held enough
and to people I cherish.

There were screens that opened numbers,
and work that found my name.
There was someone walking with me
when the road began to change.

We made a home near the beach,
where our child loved to play
and you loved to watch them
through all those ordinary days.

I thought I saw countries,
maps, streets and skies.
But I was seeing people
trying to hold their lives.

I saw workers heading home
and families sharing meals.
Something underneath it
connected all their lives.

I thought the road would show me
how far a life could go.
Past the towns and cities,
all the places I could know.

But the road turned
back through the years,
to hands not held enough
and to people I cherish.

I remember mornings and evenings
sitting at the table
coffee and conversation
were enough for us back then.

Those memories come back brighter
than all the miles I've travelled.
Those small days I lived with you
are the ones I hold most dear.

I carried you through airports,
through rooms you never saw.
I heard you in the laughter,
of children playing.

I saw you in our child's face,
heard you in the lullaby they sang.
Some love does not stop travelling
when the road keeps moving on.

I thought the road would show me
how far a life could go.
Past the towns and cities,
all the places I could know.

But the road turned
back through the years,
to hands not held enough
and to people I cherish.

I think of that first morning,
and the boy I used to be.
He couldn't know the road ahead,
or where his life would lead.

But with one small step
he started searching for
love, work and knowledge
and he found them on the road.

words & music by 1Earthling
© 2026 - 2027 1Earthling

1Earthling

Where The Road Led

Groove Edition Booklet 02

2026 - 2027

<https://1earthling.com.au/GE2/>