I Am the Ride

Chris Smither

Forms are loosely fitting
Jury still are sitting
Sense of duty keeps us all in motion
Prison sirens wailing
That security is failing
Do not inspire a lifetime of devotion
No one will sympathize
No one really tries
They need a faith that leads them like a drum
And I can hear it pounding down among the ruins
Sad to say, I don't think I'm the only one.I awoke and someone spoke
They asked me in a whisper
If all my dreams and visions had been answered
And I don't know what to say
I never even pray
I just feel the pulse of universal dancers
They'll waltz me till I die
They'll never tell me why
I never stop to ask them where we're going
Yes, but the holy, the profane
Are all helplessly insane
Wishful, hopeful, never even knowing.And they asked if I believe
And do the angels really grieve
Or is it all a comforting invention?
It's just like gravity, I said
It's not a product of my head
It doesn't speak, but nonetheless commands attention
And I don't care what it means
Or who decorates the scenes
The problem is more with my sense of pride
Because it keeps me thinking "me"
Instead of what it is to be
I'm not a passenger, I am the ride
I'm not a passenger
I am the ride

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