

COMING and GOING ON EASY TERMS

[**John Vanderslice**](#)

Window seats on bullet trains
Smear land into sky
Fear and sorrow coalesceNow Im trying to find that quiet place
 Where living is breathing
 Not knowing is understanding
 Coming is going but my heart
Just beats faster and fasterThey asked for me to come
 And identify my son
But my son is aliveThe life that whispered in my ear
 Is gone, gone, gone
 Window seats, commuter trains
Send me headlongTrying to find that quiet place
 Where living is breathing
 Not knowing is understanding
 Coming is going but my heart
Just beats faster and fasterThey asked for me to come
 And identify my son
 But my son is alive
In maharishi oblivionThe love that counted back
 From ten is gone gone gone
Fear and sorrow coalesceNow Im trying to find that quiet place
 Where living is breathing
 Not knowing is understanding
 Coming is going but my heart
Just beats faster and fasterWhen I got down to the morgue
 They pulled back the slab
 It wasn't my son
 I wasn't his dadThey covered him up
 I smiled, I smiled
The past is cities from a trainNow Im trying to find that quiet place
 Where living is breathing
 Not knowing is understanding
 Coming is going but my heart
 Just beats faster and faster