

COMING and GOING ON EASY TERMS

[John Vanderslice](#)

Window seats on bullet trains
Smear land into sky
Fear and sorrow coalesce Now 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 They asked for me to come
And identify my son
But my son is alive The life that whispered in my ear
Is gone, gone, gone
Window seats, commuter trains
Send me headlong 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 They asked for me to come
And identify my son
But my son is alive
In maharishi oblivion The love that counted back
From ten is gone gone gone
Fear and sorrow coalesce Now 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 When I got down to the morgue
They pulled back the slab
It wasn't my son
I wasn't his dad They covered him up
I smiled, I smiled
The past is cities from a train Now 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

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