Coming and Going on Easy Terms

John Vanderslice

Window seats on bullet trains
Smear land into sky
Fear and sorrow coalescenow I'm 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 I'm trying to find that quiet place
Where living is breathing
Not knowing is understanding
Coming is going
But my heart just beats 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 I'm trying to find that quiet place
Where living is breathing
Not knowing is understanding
Coming is going
But my heart just beats faster

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