

# 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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