

Anne E. Dechant **"Van Gogh's Field"**

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When I look out on the highway
At all of the traffic
How can I worry about the details of my life
Maybe we are spread
Among the people we meet
And who will take my pain
Who can handle this
Who will take your pain
If we are one. I will take my part
When I'm walking in a crowded place
People walking life
How can I imagine
There's anything cool about me
Maybe we are spread
Among the people we meet
And who will take my pain
Who can handle this
Who will take your pain
If we are one. I will take my part
Everybody going off to work nobody got no time for
nothing
It's dark before you leave and dark when you get home
Pencil in and pencil out your wife or lover
Live inside your tiny bubble and deal your life
And who will take my pain
Who can handle this
Who will take your pain
If we are one. I will take my part
And who will take my pain
Who can handle this
Who will take your pain
If we are one. I will take my part

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