

Innocence Mission "Every Hour Here"

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We ride our bikes around the circle in the cemetery
weaving
I wave up to You on the Cross
Am I to come upon You suddenly like this forever?
Happy, relieved that You are here and I can see You
I can feel You

You are like the ticket-half
I find inside the pocket of my old lead-raking coat
There all the time, all the while forgotten
I so often seem to leave You in churches and other
islands
And on my beads where I can see You, I can feel You

I take the ticket-half and put it on the table saying
This is God and He's here through my comings and my
goings
But I walk past the ticket-half, I walk past the ticket-half
I walk past the ticket-half just as I've walked past the
Cross on our wall

Our self-importance grows so dazzling we don't see
You
But gentle Jesus, aren't You always?
Aren't You every hour here?

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