

Darren Hayes

"A Conversation With God"

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We're driving
Just me and God
It's raining
It's raining hard
The windows
Are steaming up
The bridge
Engulfed by fog

The rust of
The metal bridge
It beckons
It pulls me in
I argue
I scream at God
For what he's offering

My hands fly off the steering wheel
Can't recall getting here
If I could, I would reach behind
And turn my light on
My thoughts run off the beaten track
There's no light
How's the way back
Take the hand of God
And bite the fear
No more lingering

I'm driving
I talk to God
He's screaming
I only nod
I need to
Be where you are
The leaves and trees
Are shaking

It's raining
The bullets melt
The hunger
Of hunger itself
It's straining

The pain has
A reservoir
It keeps for itself

My hands fly off the steering wheel

Can't recall getting here
If I could, I would reach behind
And turn my light on
My thoughts run off the beaten track
There's no light
How's the way back
Take the hand of God
And bite the fear
No more lingering

I'm falling
I'm not myself
I'm diving
I'm underneath
The hull of
A mighty ship
That steams away from here

The bubbles
The surface race
The shining
They replicate
I hear it
The Voice of God
Is laced with sarcasm
In your hands

And my thoughts run off the beaten track
There's no light
How's the way back
Take the hand of God
And bite the fear
No more lingering

My hands fly off the steering wheel
Can't recall getting here
If I could, I would reach behind
And turn my light on

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