

Chris Smither

"I Am The Ride"

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Forms are loosely fitting

The jury's still out sitting

And a sense of duty keeps us all in motion

Prison sirens wailing

That security is failing

Do not inspire a lifetime of devotion

No one will sympathize

No one really tries

They need a faith that leads them like a drum.

I can hear it pounding down among the ruins

Sad to say, I don't think I'm the only one.

I awoke, someone spoke

And asked me in a whisper

If all my dreams and visions had been answered

I don't know what to say

I never even pray

I just feel the pulse of universal dancer

They'll waltz me till I die

And never tell me why

I've never thought to ask them where we're going

The holy and profane

All helplessly insane
Wishful, hopeful, never really knowing.
They asked if I believe
And do the angels really grieve
Or is it all a comforting invention?
It's like gravity, I said
It's not a product of my head
It doesn't speak, but nonetheless commands attention
I don't care what it means, who decorates the scenes
The problem is more with a sense of pride
It keeps me thinking "me"
Instead of what it is to be
I'm not a passenger, I am the ride
I'm not a passenger
I am the ride
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