

# Learning The World

Mary Chapin Carpenter

Grief rides quietly on the passenger side  
Unwanted company on a long, long drive  
It turns down the quiet songs and turns up the din  
It goes where you go, it's been where you've been

And pushing your empty cart mile after mile  
Leaves you weeping in the wilderness  
Of the supermarket aisle  
And in the late night kitchen light it sits in a chair  
Watching you pretend that it's not really there

But it is, so it is and you ask  
Are you predator or friend  
The future or the past?

It hands you your overcoat and opens the door  
You are learning the world again just as before  
But the first time was childhood  
And now you are grown  
Broken wide open, cut to the bone

And all that you used to know is of no use at all  
The same eyes you've always had have you walking into walls  
And the same heart can't understand  
Why it's so hard to feel  
What used to be true  
What's now so unreal

But it is, so it is and you say  
I wish I were the wind so that I could blow away

Grief sits silently on the edge of your bed  
It's closing your eyes, it's stroking your head  
The dear old companion is taking up air  
Watching you pretend that it's not really there