

On a bus ride into town, I wondered out loud, "Why am I going to town?"

As I looked around at the billboards and the stores I thought, "Why do I look around?"

And I kissed the filthy ground... the first dry spot I found... I didn't have to wonder why I was laying down.

Before long I was too cold... took a bus back to the station, I found a letter left by a pay phone with no return contact And it read like a horn blown by some sad angel, "Bunny, it was me... it was me who let you down" It was the shyest attempt I'd ever seen at conversation.

But if I didn't have You as my guide, I'd still wander lost in Sinai, Counting the plates of cars from out-of-state, How I could jump in their path as they hurry along! And You surround me, You're pretty but You're all I can see Like a thick fog... If there was no way into God, I would never have laid in this grave of a body for so long.

And St. Cyril's fair always came through the first week of September But it's already the 19th... and there's no sign of it... Yet I have a hard time remembering all the things I should remember And a hard time forgetting all the things that I was supposed to forget. And, Christ, when You're ready to come back, Then I think I'm ready for You to come back; But if You want to stay wherever exactly it is You are, That's okay, too... it's, it's really none of my business.

And if I didn't have You as my guide, I'd still wander lost in Sinai Or down by the tracks watching trains go by To remind me: there are places that aren't here. And I had a well but all the water left, So I'll go ask Your forgiveness with every breath, And if there was no way into God, I would never have laid in this grave of a body... so long, dear.