

Driving To Damascus

Big Country

I was driving to Damascus when a sandstorm rose
The road disappeared and the axle froze
I was low on gas and lower on hope
I covered my eyes and I felt for the rope

The wind was howling and the air it stung
I breathed in dust and it burned my lungs
And through the dust a driver came
Small and twisted and his face was plain

He said love them all
All that you need when your heart is small
Love them all
You're gonna find them when they fall

It was not hard to make him out
He simply spoke while I had to shout
He asked me where you driving child?
His voice was clear but his eyes were wild

I said I'm going to the city
To meet the high and proud
And let them know that anger
Is the nature of the crowd

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Love them all
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He said your words are lost on the dead
When you belong to them
Once I was dead and I knew the words
Of those dry and hollow men

And he took the rope and he hitched me up
Freed me from the dust
And he helped me round the pilgrims up
And lead them to the bus

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