

# A Conversation with God

Darren Hayes

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

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And bite the fear  
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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

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If I could, I would reach behind  
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