

How Could This Be?

Other Lives

Upon the grass hill
A man stands so silent and still
The picture's unclear
The view is much farther than here

How can this be?
Our lives will change
It's all we ever knew
And at the end of our days
We sit and wait

Sidewalk preachers eat their meat on the Sunday morning paper
Land mines make it hard to walk in straight lines

All of the day
Spent counting in ways to get by
Into the night
We sleep to survive

How can this be?
Our lives will change
It's all we ever knew
And at the end of our days
We sit and wait
For things to return