

A Passing Thought

The Leisure Society

In God you place our mistrust
Train lines and paperback books
How life can turn on a whim
Closed doors can open again

All my days
There won't be so much at stake
A passing thought
Can redefine the path I walk

We danced to silence that talked
We made some sense of it all
Back now to some other life
Chill winds and chimney-stack light

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