

The Never - Ending Present

Gordon Downie

This waiting here for a bus is
Almost better than its coming.
Every day it always does
As I daydream or kick some dirt
Or throw a rock or check my watch
Or catch my reflection.

And it barely makes an impression
In the never-ending present.

This working from the inside out,
This stepping to the easel,
Is gonna run you into results,
Then there's the materials:
To see beyond your shoes
Reflected in the polish and see some images
Of truth beautifully demolished.

And it barely makes an impression
On the never-ending present.

Steel yourself against the cold
Or look for semi-precious shade.
When the bus crests that hill,
Love and hate are just the same.
Watching as the money drops
Every day it always does.
Maybe there's a song in here.
No, and in fact, there never was.

Nothing but a little expression

From the never ending present.

Just me doing my impression

Of the never-ending present.