

## Eyes to the Ground for Change

Listener

With a bag of oranges and the open road I keep my eyes to the ground for change. We can all be free if that's what we want to be, but it won't always be that way. And it's thrown away everywhere I see it too much. I'm just trying to make the courage to stop and pick it up. Some people feel just like home. Some towns feel like your enemies, out here again like a punch in the face. I'm a glutton for trying it all again, picking fights for the future with brand new friends, pointing out every old sin. Trying not to get knocked down again, and that was yesterday (there's nothing there) and tomorrow is just the future. No Big Deal!

With a bag of oranges and the open road I keep my eyes to the ground for change. Wanting it all now instead of when it's supposed to happen. When will it happen? If you have to ask, then not right now. And that makes for a rough start but at least it's a start. Dear Friends: please don't consider joy a weakness. We're all survivors in some way. Either on a worn out road to get there or through some kind of uniqueness. I'm trying to see the fear that I've learned as grace, or the few things I've gathered as common sense (anyways). Ignorance is trust and not the other way, and I'm on your side. Trying to make more of it, but what can that first note be?

With a bag of oranges and the open road I keep my eyes to the ground for change. And I know it gets heavy to trust carrying all our former selves around inside of us. Always leaking out of brokenness, and not many staying filled any better than me. You don't know what you're gonna dream until you dream it. So share your life! It's the only way to keep it! We don't get to do what we're supposed to do because we give up too soon, but the end is not the goal. Even seeds have to be planted and die to grow. So I try and pick up change when I see it. I try and share it and not keep it. I try to not iron out the seams, and just let it be. But I'm brand new this morning, so we'll see.