

## 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