

# The Finish Line

Steve Taylor

Once upon an average morn  
An average boy was born for the second time  
Prone upon the altar there  
He whispered up the prayer he'd kept hid inside

The vision came  
He saw the odds  
A hundred little gods on a gilded wheel  
"These will vie to take your place, but Father,  
by your grace I will never kneel"

And I saw you, upright and proud  
And I saw you wave to the crowd  
And I saw you laughing out loud at the Philistines  
And I saw you brush away rocks  
And I saw you pull up your socks  
And I saw you out of the blocks  
For the finish line

Darkness falls  
The devil stirs  
And as your vision blurs you start stumbling  
The heart is weak  
The will is gone  
And every strong conviction comes tumbling down

Malice rains  
The acid guile is sucking at your shoes while the mud  
is fresh  
It floods the trail  
It bleeds you dry  
As every little god buys its pound of flesh

And I saw you licking your wounds  
And I saw you weave your cocoons  
And I saw you changing your tunes for the party line  
And I saw you welsh on old debts  
I saw you and your comrades bum cigarettes  
And you hemmed and you hawed  
And you hedged all your bets  
Waiting for a sign

Let's wash our hands as we throw little fits  
Let's all wash our hands as we curse hypocrites  
We're locked in the washroom turning old tricks  
Deaf  
And joyless  
And full of it

The vision came  
He saw the odds  
A hundred little gods on a gilded wheel  
"These have tried to take your place, but Father,  
by your grace I will never kneel  
I will never kneel..."

Off in the distance

Bloodied but wise  
As you squint with the light of the truth in your eyes

And I saw you  
Both hands were raised  
And I saw your lips move in praise  
And I saw you steady your gaze  
For the finish line

Every idol like dust  
A word scattered them all  
And I rose to my feet when you scaled the last wall  
And I gasped  
When I saw you fall  
In his arms  
At the finish line