

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 (And it barely makes an impression)
In the never-ending present. (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 (And it barely makes an impression)
On the never-ending present. (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, (Watching as the money drops)
Every day it always does.
Maybe there's a song in here. (Maybe there's a song in here)
No, and in fact, there never was.
Nothing but a little expression (Nothing but a little expression)
From the never ending present. (From the never ending present)
Just me doing my impression (Just me doing my impression)
Of the never-ending present. (Of the never-ending present)