

Every Hour Here

The Innocence Mission

We ride our bikes around the circle in the cemetery weaving
I wave up to You on the Cross
Am I to come upon You suddenly like this forever?
Happy, relieved that You are here and I can see You
I can feel You

You are like the ticket-half
I find inside the pocket of my old lead-raking coat
There all the time, all the while forgotten
I so often seem to leave You in churches and other islands
And on my beads where I can see You, I can feel You

I take the ticket-half and put it on the table saying
This is God and He's here through my comings and my goings
But I walk past the ticket-half, I walk past the ticket-half
I walk past the ticket-
half just as I've walked past the Cross on our wall

Our self-importance grows so dazzling we don't see You
But gentle Jesus, aren't You always?
Aren't You every hour here?