

Green Bus

The Innocence Mission

Down this street,
I ride a green bus,
early, deep into town.
If I could speak, if I could be
as I would like to be now-

and what could I bring you,
now in the meantime?
Fruit from the sunlight,
quartz from the bay?
And where will I find this,
perfect and wondrous?
I look into shops,
I slip into rain.

Leaves on leaves.
I walk through deeply,
gold, green, gold,
for my friend.
I cannot find a thing
beautiful enough for you
again.

And what could I bring you,
today in the meantime?
Fruit from the sunlight,
quartz from the bay?
And where will I find this,
perfect and wondrous?
I look into shops,
I slip into rain,
slip into rain.