I got in a tussle
With a stranger on the train
His face was familiar
But I couldn't place the name
It got to be ugly
Threats were made
I hope that no-one who could see
Would be someone who'd know you

I had a small run-in
With a driver and his wife
You might call it road rage
But the guy outdid the light
Considered nothing
I held my ground
And now that it's over
I've said that there must be
A better way

I keep it in mind
Eight times out of nine
I'm wrong or I'm right
It's not worth a fight
But what's hard to define
Makes it tough to decide
You don't realize
Until after it has begun
Whether this is the one
I probably knew better
I probably knew better

Consider nothing
I held my ground
And now that it's over
I'll say that there must be
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