

Ron Sexsmith, For The Driver

I feel for the driver
In the aftermath
Of a child who chased a ball
Across his path
For the ones involved
And the most unloved I feel
I feel for the driver

I feel for the soldier
In the throes of war
Sent off to settle someone else's score
For the ones involved
And the most unloved I feel
I feel for the soldier

Every story has two sides
Every coin two faces
I feel for the one who hides
And for the one who chases

I feel for the Lady
In the crimson light
With demand on the left
And judgment on the right
Where the lonely ones
Are the most unloved I feel
I feel for the lonely
I feel for the soldier
I feel for the driver