

# Big Country, Driving To Damascus

I was driving to Damascus when a sandstorm rose  
The road disappeared and the axle froze  
I was low on gas and lower on hope  
I covered my eyes and I felt for the rope

The wind was howling and the air it stung  
I breathed in dust and it burned my lungs  
And through the dust a driver came  
Small and twisted and his face was plain

He said love them all  
All that you need when your heart is small  
Love them all  
You're gonna find them when they fall

It was not hard to make him out  
He simply spoke while I had to shout  
He asked me where you driving child?  
His voice was clear but his eyes were wild

I said I'm going to the city  
To meet the high and proud  
And let them know that anger  
Is the nature of the crowd

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He said your words are lost on the dead  
When you belong to them  
Once I was dead and I knew the words  
Of those dry and hollow men

And he took the rope and he hitched me up  
Freed me from the dust  
And he helped me round the pilgrims up  
And lead them to the bus

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