Taxi Driver

Pull over, taxi driver and take me somewhere far.

The day's not over yet, but I can't stay where we are.

I haven't talked to God since I was younger,

but I think you'll do in a pinch, for just a bit of blunder.

Taxi driver, close the glass pane between us;

we have nothing to discuss.

The road noise my hymnal and the radio a sermon,

He feels closer now, but I haven't earned him.

Taxi driver, there's a cavern in my chest.

It gapes and burns and it just won't rest.

The organ doesn't fill it anymore, the pews are all run-down,

And my words lost signal from town to town. .

The headlights wash over us, we lost place in His graces,

His eyes illuminating our blank faces.

The light blinks red, we miss our turn, and for a moment,

I think the signal made it through.

A few more red lights, and my confessional is nearing its end.

I thank the driver and pay, my redemption costing more than I can spend.

The door clicks closed and he leaves to find another patron,

his congregation spread across street corners, sidewalks, and empty stations.

I still plead with the man behind the wheel, absolve me.

Let me be free of this guilt I so deserve.

I paid my fare, now cast me out into the asphalt sea,

let me be free of the sentence I can’t serve.