

## The Busy

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The busy, dizzy bustle in this lonely, lonely world.  
Traffic moving forward. People moving back.  
More lights—the world's a brighter place but look...  
Progressing dimness here in *my* soul.  
Hide the dimness—up the lights.  
Yell, at this world—yell at myself.  
Float my deepest feelings on national air waves  
Alone, I stay in the shallows.

The busy, dizzy bustle in this growing, lonely world.  
Turn up the music—drown out the sound.  
Get louder the voices speaking from my soul.  
Sincere regrets brake my code of silence.  
Always talking, Yapping but my words never touching.  
Searching for friend, looking for a family,  
Glancing for a lover—someone just to see  
My soul, petrified in the crowd.

The busy, dizzy dullness in this lonely, lonely world.  
Waiting in a garden. Waiting on a friend.  
Save me from the madness. Save me in a heartbeat.  
Send love untainted. Send it on down.  
Rain on my soul warm drops of blood.  
Cut to the heart my Ancient Lover.  
Flood the dryness—hold me under  
Move me, or slay me with your sound.

Sunday morning. Wednesday night. Silence in the noise.  
Loudness in the silence. Is anybody home?  
Is something even there? Someone coming near?  
Pine tree bird singing on a branch.  
Little friend—what's the message today?  
Lover of my soul has found a place of rest.  
Can't get in the building of this busy, dizzy place?  
Friend is still living, here, see here in me?