

## Doing Good

he boards the bus/ diseased filled lungs  
screams obscenities at everyone  
sick or just ill at heart  
can barely stand the crowd parts

he sits right next to someone young  
coughs uncovered tries to bum  
a cigarette or some spare change  
driver stops gets in the way

he yells mind your business/ do your job  
the driver calmly says, I am  
protect the public from your harm  
protect us from a dangerous man

that's what's hard to do these days  
help each other, make our way  
though each day, it seems harder  
hard to care, hard to bother

the driver waits the man gives up  
rises walks to the open door  
yelling prepares to spit, trips  
falls to the floor (onto the sidewalk)

doors close the madman outside/  
rises hammers on the door  
doesn't matter anymore/  
bus moves on a gentle ride

it's hard to care, stand for good/  
that's the hard lesson learned/  
catch the flame don't fear the burn  
if we can do good, and then/  
we can do it again.

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