

Middle of the Race (In Media Res)

March-April 2012
Budapest-Salzburg-Manchester

Some got a dollar and some got a dime
Everybody's looking for a little more time
Some say works and some say grace
But everybody's down in the middle of the race

Em
Am C Em

Man in a white shirt middle of the stair
Climbing up fast but he don't know where
Rich man playing with a silver pen
Calls his shots but he don't say when

White bird singing a blackbird tune
Circling down gonna be home soon
Run for the river reach for the sky
Sweet dreams coming on by and by

G D
Am Em
G D
Am C Em

Sleep in a featherbed sleep in the lane
Everybody's slipping in the same dark rain
Dust in the valley mist on the hill
Flood coming soon you can drink your fill

Tip for the tillerman penny for your eyes
See what your luck and labor buys
Some sing mercy some sing blame
But everybody's down in the middle of the game

Chorus

In the midst of life's fragility, we remember how brief and unpredictable is our short sojourn here: Whatever we do, we are all still down in the "middle of the race," or—as the Romans would have said, in medias res, in the "middle of things." This lyric also contrasts the Catholic approach to salvation by works with the Calvinist notion of salvation by grace alone. This song is Track 3 on the "Waters Wide Between" CD, with vocals by me and our daughter India.