

Cockburn Bruce

"And We Dance 445"

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Midnight flight

Fullmoon light

Laughter in the air

It's a party all right

Slate-blue clouds

Iridescent sea

I'm heading for you

And you're headed for me

and we dance and we dance

and we dance...

Down there in the realm of power

Somebody's manicured hands

Play the Ace of Influence

Against the Jack of Demands

I reach of the deck --

Draw the seven of hearts --

Doesn't mean the world

But it's a better place to start

and we dance and we dance

and we dance...

Paradox and contrast

Variety and change

History repeats

But it's never the same

We've got this time

We've got this rhythm

Till the whole thing comes apart

Like light through a prism

and we dance and we dance

and we dance

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