

Cockburn Bruce

"Bright Sky 401"

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Geese come rushing on a river of wind
in the bright sky, bright sky
Wild music ripples like a wake behind
in the bright sky, bright sky
Go higher, go higher where the wind is all
in the bright sky, bright sky
Where the bullets get tired and fall
in the bright sky, bright sky
They fly out of vision taking part of my soul
in the bright sky, bright sky
Well, maybe together we can touch down whole
in the bright sky, bright sky
I never saw the colours in the northern dark
in the bright sky, bright sky
But there were all those people floating like Noah's Ark
in the bright sky, bright sky
And we all rush away on a river of wind
in the bright sky, bright sky
But if i live i'll be coming back again
in the bright sky, bright sky
(Fort Saint John YT. Sept 18 77

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