

## Cockburn Bruce

### "Bright Sky"

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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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