

Cockburn Bruce**"Dialogue With The Devil (Or Why Don't We Celebrat"**

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standing on a rock in a river
staring at the splintered sun
you could drown yourself in jewels
like a thousand other fools
while you stand there looking down at what you've won.

sitting on a mountain of ashes
face to face with past regrets
you could roll down to the canyon
piss away this incarnation
but remember that you pay for what you get.

and he says "but don't you know
how hard it is
to hit the ground and mean it,
and mean it?"

walk the jangling streets of the city
trying to find the buried sun
you could drown yourself in jewels
like a thousand other fools
while you wander, waiting for it to be done.

and he cries "why don't we celebrate?
why don't we celebrate?
love can make you sad
come on, let's drive ourselves mad."

and he's aware
how hard it is
to kiss the sun and mean it,
and mean it.

and he screams "why don't we celebrate?
why don't we celebrate?
life can make you sad
come on, let's drive ourselves mad."

standing on a rock in a river
staring at the rain made one
on the surface flashing diamonds

rolling down the twilight canyon,
and we shall kiss the sun in spite of him

so why don't we celebrate?
why don't we celebrate? why don't we celebrate? ...

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