

Cockburn Bruce

"Get Up Jonah"

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I woke up thinking about Turkish drummers

It didn't take long: I don't know much about Turkish drummers

But it made me think of Germany

And the guy who sold me cigarettes

Who'd been in the Afghan secret police

Who made the observation

That it's hard... to live

Then I was reminded of the proprietor of a Vietnamese restaurant in Quebec

Who used to be head of the secret police in Danang

And it occurred to me I was thinking about all this stuff to keep from

thinking about something else

Isn't that just what secret police are all about now?

Somebody stands at a window

Watches the river roll

Trains rumble in the foreground

With the weight of approaching dawn

Flames from the refinery

Rise broken-red and riveting

And the high vault of heaven

Looks far away and cold

There's a howling in the factory yard

There's a pounding in my head

I'm swollen up with unshed tears

Bloated like the dead

(Instrumental break)

Blood and ashes

Time burning

On the skyline dark against the stars

A solitary horseman

Waiting

Lashed to the wheel

Ripping in the storm

Get up, Jonah

It's your time to be born

Get up Jonah

It's your time to be born

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