

Cockburn Bruce**"Going Up Against Chaos 531"**

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Moon across the valley
Squatting on the roof
Of the dirty gray bank
Like a cop with no proof
We were lying in bliss
Love was cooling into sleep
There was a dream on the horizon
And a punch-up in the street
We were lying on the mountain
by the satellite dish
Humming with the tremors of
Every envy, rage and wish
Orchids and radar
In the dazzling night
The stars were all racing like satellites
Going up against chaos
Going up against chaos
Two hearts full of tough love
We were bodies of light
Like we'll be someday
The sirens and the curses

Were light years away

We were Lot on the mountain

We were Noah on the Ark

Flying hand in hand

From the doghowl dark

Going up against chaos...

(Toronto 8/8/81

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