

## Cockburn Bruce

### "Scanning These Crowds"

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I was half asleep in the washroom when they came in  
Eyes like moonlight on barbed wire and veins showing  
under the skin

The uniforms made me nervous, I got ready for the  
chase

But they left me scanning these crowds for some sign  
of your face

Something fell on Saskatchewan in 1885  
Where is it now that we need it, in this century of jive?  
The axe falls as if through water -- never leaves a trace  
And I'm scanning these crowds for some sign of your  
face

The world shot down love as a spy, once upon a time  
ago  
Now people stand around here, like crows in the snow  
Like the shadow of the rope on Louis Riel, the look so  
clean out of place  
And I'm scanning these crowds for some sign of your  
face

Though storms may still kiss the grasslands with primal  
fire  
In the land of passive revolution, everything's for hire  
Are they demons, are they lemmings, or just the  
humans in this place?  
Lord, I'm scanning these crowds for some sign of your  
face

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