

Cockburn Bruce**"Southland Of The Heart 450"**

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When the wild-eyed dogs of day to day
Come snapping at your heels
And there's so much coming at you
That you don't know how to feel
When they've taken all your money
And then come back for your clothes
When your hands are full of thorns
But you can't quit groping for the rose

In the southland of the heart
Where night blooms perfume the breeze
Lie down
Take your rest with me

When thoughts you've tried to leave behind
Keep sniping from the dark
When the fire burns inside you but
You jump from every spark
When your heart's beset by memories
You wish you'd never made
When the sun comes up an enemy
And nothing gives you shade

In the southland of the heart
Where the saints go lazily
Lie down
Take your rest with me

When the preacher lays his insight down
And claims to lead the blind
When those you trust just get you hooked
And trifle with your mind
When the nightmare's creeping closer
And your wheels are in the mud
When everything's ambiguous
Except the taste of blood

In the southland of the heart
There's no question of degree
Lie down
Take your rest with me

In the southland of the heart
Everyone was always free
Lie down
Take your rest with me

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