

## Fred Eaglesmith

### "Codeine"

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Well, the codeine sure makes it hard to round up the  
cattle  
And the light sure does hurt your tortured eyes  
You keep falling in and out of your broken saddle  
There's so many knots you've forgotten how to tie  
And the winds willow softly like a funeral home  
And the dew sparkles like a baby's tear  
And your hands are softer than you've ever known  
There's nothing left for you to see or hear  
And that bloody barbed wire they've put it up  
everywhere  
And those summer storms they sure do make it shine  
The dust has changed the colour of your hair  
The wind has changed the lines around your eyes  
And you just can't drink whiskey anymore  
And there's nothing that'll kill your endless heartburn  
And that pickup truck is starting so much harder  
Lately, you've been taking some wrong turns  
And those survey stakes, they're on the horizon  
And they ain't staking out wells or mines  
And the sight of those machines could start you crying  
And the sounds keep you up in the night  
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