

**Brian Doerksen****"Footsteps"**

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I'm a man of many colours:  
Only yesterday I was blue.  
Ten days from now, I'll be different  
And so will you.  
Written there in capital letters  
So as not to be misunderstood  
Making sure I'm clear,  
Telling bad from good.  
Two weeks ago in tokyo,  
A man from islamabad:  
Selling shells back to the rebels,  
Shells they never had.  
All is clear: I can see for miles and miles.  
I can hear your footsteps in my heart.  
Somebody make me an offer  
I've got to get away from here, ooh, ooh, ooh.  
Driving hard through the snow-drift  
Like a moth to a naked light  
To keep an appointment in zurich  
With a man who hears footsteps in the night.  
Tired of what he's been doing,  
What it's done to his life...  
Getting most of what he needed  
Has left him with less than he had.  
All is clear: I can see for miles and miles.  
All I hear are your footsteps in my heart.

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