

Bruce Cockburn

"A Long Time Love Song"

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can't trace this conversation --
words fragment and fall
into blue shadows by a white-baked wall.
through shimmering spaces a single thrush calls --
a song when it's over is no song at all.

(Chorus:)and you know I long to feel that sail
leaping in the wind
and i long to see what lies beyond that rim
oh, ever-new lover and friend
sing me that love song again.

time measured in summersaults
and flickering kids' play --
cross-world and southward it's a fine summer day
translucent life-span evaporates away
to bead on the cool grass in a cyclic ballet

(repeat chorus)

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