

Bruce Cockburn

"Born In '58"

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Born in a mining town in '58
When black and white t.v. was up to date
And men were still around
Who fought for freedom - stood their ground and died
That I could be alive
And see the damage that we've managed since
In this sceptred isle
Is nothing sacred - just the one square mile?

Justice and liberty
You can buy - but you don't get free
In a world of steel and glass
We bury our past

On and on - we slept till dawn
When we awoke - we hardly spoke

My grandfather taught me how to fight
Old-fashioned stuff like wrong and right
But all around, I see his morals
Buried in a mess of money troubles
Born in a mining town in '58
When black and white t.v. was up to date
And men were still around
Who fought for freedom - stood their ground and died

Justice and liberty
You can buy - but you don't get free
In a world of steel and glass
We bury our past

On and on - we slept till dawn
On and on and on

Justice and liberty
You can buy - but you don't get free
In a world of steel and glass
We bury our past

Justice and liberty
You can buy - but you don't get free

In a world of steel and glass
We bury our past

On and on - we slept till dawn
When we awoke - it was - all the same

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