

Bruce Cockburn

"Candy Man's Gone"

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Sun climbs toward high noon,
Glints metallic off the bowl of the spoon
Sliding through the air toward parted lips
Watch the expression when the straight taste hits
Face crumples, tongue's quickly withdrawn
I hate to tell you but the candy man's gone

Oh sweet fantasia of the safe home
Where nobody has to scrape for honey at the bottom of
the comb
Where every actor understands the scene
And nobody ever means to be mean
Catch it in a dream, catch it in a song
Seek it on the street, you find the candy man's gone
I hate to tell you but the candy man's gone

In the bar, in the senate, in the alley, in the study
Pimping dreams of riches for everybody
"Something for nothing, new lamps for old
And the streets will be platinum, never mind gold"
Well, hey, pass it on
Misplaced your faith and the candy man's gone
I hate to tell you but the candy man's gone

(NYC, Boston 3/12/81)

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