

## **Bruce Cockburn**

# **"Dialogue With The Devil"**

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Standing on a rock in a river Staring at the splintered  
sun You could drown yourself in jewels Like a thousand  
other fools While you stand there looking down at what  
you've won

Sitting on a mountain of ashes Face to face with past  
regrets You could roll down to the canyon Piss away  
this incarnation But remember that you pay for what  
you get

And he says, "But don't you know How hard it is To hit  
the ground and mean it. And mean it?"

Walk the jangling streets of the city Trying to find the  
buried sun You could drown yourself in jewels Like a  
thousand other fools While you wander waiting for it to  
be done

And he cries, "Why don't we celebrate? Why don't we  
celebrate? Love can make you sad. Come on, let's  
drive ourselves mad."

And he's aware How hard it is To kiss the sun and  
mean it. And mean it.

And he screams, "Why don't we celebrate? Why don't  
we celebrate? Life can make you sad. Come on, let's  
drive ourselves mad."

Standing on a rock in a river Staring at the rain made  
one On the surface flashing diamonds Rolling down the  
twilight canyon And we shall kiss the sun in spite of him  
So why don't we celebrate? Why don't we celebrate?  
Why don't we celebrate?

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