

Bruce Cockburn

"Don't Feel Your Touch"

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in front of a newborn moon pushing up its glistening
dome
I kiss these departing companions, take the next step
alone
I just said goodnight to the closest thing I have to home
oh, and the night grows sharp and hollow as a junky's
craving vein
and I don't feel your touch, again
to be held in the heart of a friend is to be a king
but the magic of a lover's touch is what makes my spirit
sing
when you're caught up in this longing all the beauties
of the earth don't mean
a thing
oh, and the night grows clear and empty as a lake of
acid rain
and I don't feel your touch, again
the last light of day crept away like a drunkard after gin
a hint of chanted prayer now whispers from the fresh
night wind
to this shattered heart and soul now held together by
habit and skin
and to this half-gnawed bone of apprehension buried
in my brain
as I don't feel your touch, again
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