

Bruce Cockburn

"Dust And Diesel"

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Battered buses jammed up to the roof
Dust and diesel the prevailing themes
Farmer sleeping on the truck in front,
Feet trailing over like he's trolling for dreams.
Smiling girl directing traffic flow
.45 strapped over cotton print dress.
Marimba-brown and graceful limbs
Give me a moment of loneliness
Dust and diesel
Rise like incense from the road --
Smoke of offering
For the revolution morning
Headlights pick out fallen sack of corn
One lone tarantula standing guard.
We pull up and stop and she ambles off --
Discretion much the better part of cars
Rodrigo the government driver jumps out --
He's got chickens who can use the feed.
We sweep the asphalt on our hands and knees --
Fill up his trunk with dusty yellow seeds.
Dust and diesel
Rise like incense from the road --
Smoke of offering
For the revolution morning
Guitars and rifles in blue moonlight
Soldiers stretched out on sparkling grass.
Engine broke down -- they took us in --
Now we make music for the time to pass
Tired men and women raise their voice to the night --
Hope the fragile bloom they've grown will last.
Pride and passion and love and fear --
Burning hearts burning boats of the past.
Dust and diesel
Rise like incense from the road --
Smoke of offering
For the revolution morning
Interamerican Highway
Nicaragua March 1983
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