

Bruce Cockburn

"Grim Travellers"

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Ministers meet -- work on the movement of goods
Also work on the movement of capital
Also work on the movement of human beings
As if we were so many cattle
Grim travellers in dawn skies
See the beauty -- makes you cry inside
Makes you angry and you don't know why
Grim travellers in dawn skies
Twelve mercenaries got weapons primed
Gonna take that African nation in record time
You wonder why they bother, why not leave it alone
They say, "Every man wants to retire to a place he can
call his own"
Those grim travellers in dawn skies
See the beauty -- makes them cry inside
Makes them angry and they don't know why
Grim travellers in dawn skies
Redness, richer than a rose
Blooms against the backdrop of somebody's white
clothes
Bitter little girls and boys from the Red Army
Underground
They'd blow away Karl Marx if he had the nerve to come
around
They're just grim travellers in dawn skies
See the beauty -- makes them cry inside
Makes them angry and they don't know why
They're grim travellers in dawn skies
Down on the plain of 10,000 smokestacks
Trucks butt each other to establish dominance
The newspaper next to me leans over and says matter-
of-factly
"Sacred mountains towers above meadows" - uh huh -
and above us
Grim travellers in dawn skies
I see the beauty -- makes me cry inside
It makes me angry and I don't know why
We're grim travellers in dawn skies

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