

Bruce Cockburn

"In The Falling Dark"

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And the lights lie tumbled out like gems
The moon is nothing but a toothless grin
Floating out on the evening wind
The smell of sweat and lube oil pervades the night
And the rush of life in flight at the speed of light
A million footsteps whispering
A guitar sounds -- some voices sing
Smoke on the breeze -- eyes that sting
Far in the east a yellow cloud bank climbs
Stretching away to be part of tomorrow's time
Earthbound while everything expands
So many grains of sand
Slipping from hand to hand
Catching the light and falling into dark
The world fades out like an overheard remark
In the falling dark
Light pours from a million radiant lives
Off of kids and dogs and the hard-shelled husbands
and wives
All that glory shining around and we're all caught
taking a dive
And all the beasts of the hills around shout, "such a
waste!"
Don't you know that from the first to the last we're all
one in the gift of grace!"

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