

Bruce Cockburn

"Let Us Go Laughing"

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My canoe lies on the water
Evening holds the bones of day
The sun like gold dust slips away
One by one antique stars
Herald the arrival of
Their pale protectress moon
Ragged branches vibrate
Strummed by winds from o'er the hill
Singing tales of ancient days
Far and silent lightning
Stirs the cauldron of the sky
I turn my bow towards the shore
As we grow out of stones
On and on and on
So we'll all go to bones
On and on for many a year
But let us go laughing -- O
Let us go
And may the holy hermit's staff
On and on and on
Guide you to the shortest path
On and on for many a year
And let us go laughing -- O
Let us go
Let us go laughing -- O
Let us go

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