

Bruce Cockburn

"Little Seahorse"

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Little seahorse
Swimming in a primal sea
Heartbeat like a
Leaf quaking in the breeze
I feel magic as coyote
In the middle of the moon-wild night
In the forge-fire time
Your mother glowed so bright
You were like a
Voice calling in the night
And I'm watching the curtain
Rising on a whole new set of dreams
The world is waiting
Like a Lake Superior gale
A locomotive
Racing along the rail.
It'll sweep you away
But you know that you're never alone
Little seahorse
Floating on a primal tide
Quickening like a
Spark in a haystack side
I already love you
And I don't even know who you are

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