

Bruce Cockburn

"Night Train"

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Not a knife throw from here you can hear the night train
passing
That's the sound somebody makes when they're
getting away
Leaving next week's hanging jury far behind them
Prisoner only of the choices they have made
Night Train...
Night Train...
Ice cube in a dark drink shines like starlight
The moon is floating somewhere out at sea
On an island in the blur of noise and color
Alcatraz, St. Alina, Patmos and the Chateau D'if
Night Train...
Night Train...
And everyone's an island edged with sand
A temporary refuge where somebody else can stand
Till the sea that binds us like the forced tie of a blood
oath
Will wear it down, dissolve it, recombine it
Anyone can die here they do it every day
It doesn't take much effort though it goes against the
grain
And the ultimate forgetfulness of violence
Sweeps the landscape like a headlight of a train
Night Train...
Ice cube in a dark drink shines like starlight
Starlight shines like glass shards in dark hair
And the mind's eye tumbles out along the steel track
Fixing every shadow with it's stare
Night Train...
Night Train...
And in the absence of a vision there are nightmares
And in the absence of compassion there is cancer
Whose banner waves over palaces and mean streets
And the rhythm of the night train is a mantra

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