

## Bruce Cockburn

# "Outside A Broken Phone Booth With Money In My Hands"

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I've got planets in my palm -- there's a red smear on  
the sky  
A star has just exploded somewhere behind my eyes  
In the dead of night the city seems to break down into  
tribes  
You stare at too much concrete -- you forget the earth's  
alive

Young men see visions and old men dream dreams  
See them pluck bright pebbles out of circles in the  
stream  
Life's not always like they tell you in the fashion  
magazines  
When I set eyes on wonders, I've got to wonder what  
they mean

Outside in the starshine you can see beyond the wall  
So take a look and tell me, can you hear those black  
holes call?  
Everything is thunder under the celestial waterfall  
You get close enough to real things -- you don't need  
your self at all

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