

## Bruce Cockburn

### "Planet Of The Clowns"

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Stare into the moonlight Silver fingers press my eyes  
Probing in my heart with longing

These footprints by the sea's edge Disappearing grain  
by grain Lose their form but keep their substance

As the waves roar on the beach like a squadron of  
F16's Ebb and flow like the better days they say this  
world has seen

Government by outrage Hunger camps and shanty  
towns Dignity and love still holding

This bluegreen ball in black space Filled with beauty  
even now battered and abused and lovely

And the waves roar on the beach like a squadron of  
F16's Ebb and flow like the better days they say this  
world has seen

Each one in our own heart Desperate to know where we  
stand Planet of the clowns in wet shoes

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