

Bruce Cockburn

"Rumours Of Glory"

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Above the dark town
After the sun's gone down
Two vapour trails cross the sky
Catching the day's last slow goodbye
Black skyline looks rich as velvet
Something is shining
Like gold but better
Rumours of glory
Smiles mixed with curses
The crowd disperses
About whom no details are known
Each one alone yet not alone
Behind the painfear
Etched on the faces
Something is shining
Like gold but better
Rumours of glory
You see the extremes
Of what humans can be?
In that distance some tension's born
Energy surging like a storm
You plunge your hand in
And draw it back scorched
Beneath it's shining like
Gold but better
Rumours of glory

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