

## Bruce Cockburn

### "The Coldest Night of the Year"

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I was up all night, socializing  
Trying to keep the latent depression from crystalizing  
Now the sun is lurking just behind the Scarborough  
horizon

And you're not even here  
On the coldest night of the year.

I took in Yonge Street at a glance  
Heard the punkers playing  
Watched the bikers dance  
Everybody wishing they could go to the south of France

And you're not even here  
On the coldest night of the year.

Hey look at me now  
See the shape I'm in  
It's taken me so long to catch on to what's going on  
Inside this skin  
When two lovers really love there's nothing there  
But this suddenly compact universe  
Skin and breath and hair

I watched the all night TV show  
In the all night bar  
I drove all the people home  
I was the one with the car

Now I'm sitting here alone and sleepless  
and wondering where you are  
And wishing you were here  
On the coldest night of the year

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