

Bruce Cockburn

"Waiting For The Moon"

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Waiting For The Moon

Body lines fluid in static heat Thoughts buzzing like
flies around meat Land here -- land there -- Quick
circles in the air I'm riding smooth but just a little slow
Waiting for the moon to show

Leather-faced old men by the cafe wall Kids in the surf
splashing with a soccer ball I gaze through curved lens
Trying to identify the sky's end Little spots on the
horizon into gunboats grow Waiting for the moon to
show

Might be a party -- might be a war When those faceless
sailors come ashore Speculation is a waste of time You
want to go have a glass of wine? Whatever's coming,
there's no place else to go Waiting for the moon to
show

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