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Cowboy Junkies "Strange Language"

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Up on the bluff, where I wish I was Twistin' up the pages of history My cold feet danglin', my bony arms gesturin' To summon up little chunk of that history

In the corridor the shadows are long And it messes with my equilibrium And there's strains of a strange language

Up on the bluff, where the hardwood's jut Out toward the gusts of history My crusty mind cracks, my restless heart tracks The fractal lines of history

In the corridor the shadows are long And it messes with my equilibrium And there's strains of a strange language

In the corridor the shadows are long
And it messes with my equilibrium
And there's strains of a strange language

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