Bruce Cockburn- Bone On Bone Lyrics

STATES I'M IN

Seen rose gold haze at the end of the day

Ragged-winged hawk swooping down on prey

Curtain going up on the night time shadow play.

Seen sun going down set the sea fire

Black smoke boiling from burning tires

And bones in the mud – was the blood sacrifice required?

Oo-ee all the sights I've seen

In the depth of the world and the heart of a dream

Oo-ee all the places I've been

Each one reflected in the states I'm in, uh huh

States I'm in

One day fit and one day fat

One day flush and one day flat

reality distorted like a sat-on hat.

One day I feel like I'm in control

The next I'm suspended in a bottomless hole

A drunk trying to shinny up a greased pole

Oo-ee all the sights I've seen

In the depth of the world and the heart of a dream

Oo-ee all the places I've been

Each one reflected in the states I'm in, uh huh

States I'm in

I'm slick as a dealer in a green eyeshade

Aces up his sleeve and he's not afraid

The mayor and his uniformed monkeys have been well paid.

Climbing up the ivy to the balcony above

Where pines the heart of my one true love

Obsession, delusion – all that waits is the fateful shove

Oo-ee all the sights I've seen

In the depth of the world and the heart of a dream

Oo-ee all the places I've been

Each one reflected in the states I'm in, uh huh

States I'm in

crows in the treetops motors in the road

Structures of darkness that the dawn corrodes

Into the title montage of a new episode.

Whisper wells up from the deeps untrod

Overflows its channel and spreads abroad

Gathers in power like a lightning rod

Oo-ee all the sights I've seen

In the depth of the world and the heart of a dream

Oo-ee all the places I've been

Each one reflected in the states I'm in, uh huh

States I'm in

STAB AT MATTER

You got lamentation

You got dislocation

Sirens wailing and the walls come down

You got revelation

You got felt relation

Door creaks open and the trumpet sounds

We're taking a stab at matter

Taking a stab matter

Taking a stab matter

Set the spirit free

You got incantation

You got quantum vibration

Temple trembles as the lord draws nigh

You got transformation

Thunder shaking

Seal is broken and the spirit flies

We're taking a stab at matter

Taking a stab matter

Taking a stab matter

Set the spirit free

TWELVE GATES TO THE CITY

(Chorus)

O – what a beautiful city

O – what a beautiful city god knows

What a beautiful city

Twelve gates to the city, hallelu

Three gates in the east, three gates in the west

Three gates in the north, three gates in the south

Which should make twelve gates to the city, hallelu

(Chorus)

City on the hilltop – I'm gonna make it mine

Gonna be a citizen of a world of love divine

Twelve gates to the city, hallelu

(Chorus)

No matter which tribe you're born to there's a way in for you

Come from any quarter – you can be a citizen too

'cause there's twelve gates to the city, hallelu

(Chorus)

JESUS TRAIN

I'm on the Jesus train

I'm on the Jesus train

I'm on the Jesus train

Headed for

Headed for

Headed for the city of god

Standing on the platform

Awed by the power

I feel the fire of love

Feel the hand upon my shoulder saying "brother climb aboard"

I'm on the Jesus train…

Standing on the platform

Locomotive throbbing

I'm drawn to that open door

In the wonder of a child's heart I'm stepping up the stair

I'm on the Jesus train…

FORTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS

Forty years in the wilderness getting to know the beasts

Projected and reflected on the greatest and the least

Forty years of days and nights – angels hovering near

Kept me moving forward though the way was far from clear

And they said

Take up your load

Run south to the road

Turn to the setting sun

Sun going down

Got to cover some ground

Before everything comes undone

Comes undone

Forty years in the wilderness dancing with the flies

Dazzled by the visions rolling out before my eyes

Angel-made graffiti, demons in disguise

You could trade away your birthright for another day's supplies

Or you could

Take up your load

Run south to the road

Turn to the setting sun

Sun going down

Got to cover some ground

Before everything comes undone

Comes undone

Rising with the height of land, falling with the crowd

spirits in the scouring wind called my name out loud

Said you could go to heaven, you could go to hell

You could hang out in between in the place you know so well

Or you could

Take up your load

Run south to the road

Turn to the setting sun

Sun going down

Got to cover some ground

Before everything comes undone

Comes undone

CAFE SOCIETY

Cafe society meets in front of Peet's

Goes on about the goings on up and down the street

Talk about evictions, talk about dogs

The drunkards in the dog park and the once and future fog

The caliphate of perverts and the flight of refugees

The growing ranks of homeless and the disappearing bees

Cafe society – a sip of community

Cafe society – misery loves company

Hey – it's a way

To start the day

Café society talking up a storm

Talk about the Nasdaq and the Racing Form

Talk about the opera, talk about cars

Talk about the desert and the colonies on Mars

Talk about tsunamis and the crazies with their guns

And the crazy-ass policemen shooting everything that runs

Cafe society – a sip of community

Cafe society – misery loves company

Hey – it's a way

To start the day

Talk about beauty, talk about disease

The supersize container ships that ply the swelling seas

Somebody went to heaven, left some parts in the bay

But he's a friending of a friending – I don't know him anyway

Flapping lips of flatulence bellow "vote for ME"

Everything is spinning in the looming entropy

Cafe society – a sip of community

Cafe society – misery loves company

Hey – it's a way

To start the day

3 AL PURDYS

Stand in the swaying boxcar doorway

Moving east away from the sunset and

After a while the eyes digest a country and

The belly perceives a mapmaker's vision

In dust and dirt on the face and hands here

Its smell drawn deep through the nostrils down

To the lungs and spurts through the bloodstream

Campaigns in the lower intestine and

Chants love songs to the kidneys

After a while there is no arrival and

No departure possible any more

You are where you were always going

And the shape of home is under your fingernails…

I'm a product of some parents of the sort that shouldn't breed

Didn't get much schooling past learning how to read

Got the poetry bug in some forgotten institution

When first I did embark on my career of destitution

the beauty of language set a hook in my soul

Me like a breadcrust soaking soup from a bowl

You can call this a rant but I declare I declaim

Al Purdy's poems are the name of the game

The winds of fate blow where they will

I'll give you 3 Al Purdys for a twenty dollar bill

Porkers in the counting house counting out the bacon

matter's getting darker in the universe they're making

they love the little guy until they get a better offer

With the dollar getting smaller they can fit more in their coffers

And the doings on the corner neither sung nor seen

They're circling the shopping carts at Sherbourne and Queen

I resemble that assembly but I'm not the same

Al Purdy's poems are the name of my game

The winds of fate blow where they will

I'll give you 3 Al Purdys for a twenty dollar bill

You can spit on the prophet but respect the word

I've got some lines I want to spin you that you ought to have heard

The winds of fate blow where they will

I'll give you 3 Al Purdys for a twenty dollar bill

And after the essence of everything

Had exchanged itself for words and became

another being and could even be summoned

From the far distance we chanted a spell of names

And we said "mountain be our friend"

And we said "River guard us from enemies"

And we said what it seemed the gods themselves

Might say if we had dreamed them and they

Had dreamed us from their high places

And they spoke to us in the forest

From the river and the mountain

And the mouths of the ochre-painted dead

Had speech again and the waters

Spoke and the speech had words

And our children remembered

FALSE RIVER

On the coastline

Where the trees shine

In the unexpected rain

There's the carcass

Of a tanker

In the centre of a stain

And the waves of

Dead sea things

Slide slick on to the stones

And the flux

Thicker than water

From the planets pierced bones

In a jeweler's

armoured window

You can just cast your eyes on

A diamond-crusted

Pendant

In the shape of Bart Simpson

Through mirrored

Cops in armour

And the drift of gas clouds

Drones the

Size of horseflies

Scrutinizing the crowds

And the horsemen

On a high ridge

They wheel and they ride

Their work all

Done for them

By the turgid black tide

False river, dark flow

How far do we have to go?

Torrent tumbles to the sea

This ain’t the way its supposed to be

False river

Life blood

Of the land

Consort of our earth

Pulse to the

Pull of moonrise

Can you tally what its worth?

We can spend it

Till we end it

While the heat climbs up the graph

Till we’re painting

Like a salmon

With its gill hooked on a gaff

And the dark blood

Keeps flowing

Like a hemorrhage from the womb

That birthed us

Gave us substance

On our own heads be our doom

False river, dark flow

How far do we have to go?

Torrent tumbles to the sea this

ain’t the way its supposed to be

False river

MY ROAD

Who knows

Where my

Road would be,

If not here

Iron road

Road of earth

Road of the air

Road of light

Sometimes lighting

By night by day

Always these crossroads

Fucking detours

Still I'm running

Always running

Who knows

Where my

Road would be,

If not here

By day by night

The road blooms

Flowers of spirit

Flowers of madness

You cry, you laugh

You cry, you laugh

Chaos expands

Not much shelter…

Its no paradise

This road of my life

Who knows

Where my

Road would be,

If not here

LOOKING AND WAITING

Looking and waiting – its what I do

Scanning the skies for a beacon from you

Shapes on the curtain, but no clear view

Of you

You’re a warm bright window lighting up the rain

I catch a glimpse of the glow but I still remain

Outside where the shadows pool and bleed

Chimney silhouettes semaphore in a code I cannot read

Looking and waiting – its what I do

Scanning the skies for a beacon from you

Shapes on the curtain, but no clear view

Of you

You’re like the leaves that come down from the trees

A suggestion of a springtime to be

Crouching underfoot outlined in frost

Full of promise for the return of something lost

Looking and waiting – its what I do

Scanning the skies for a beacon from you

Shapes on the curtain, but no clear view

Of you

Looking and waiting – its what I do