

Boundless

Bruce Cockburn

Horses in the meadow by the highway side
And a Church of Christ in a double-wide
Clouds overhead are ghostly gray
It snowed a little but it didn't stay

Red-winged blackbird on a mileage sign
Ghost town gutted like a dried-up mine
Stark faces in the windows of a speeding train
We love our blindness and we love our pain

Standing by the lake sucking poison mist
Lungs clenched tight like an angry fist
Picking at sores in the hope they heal
Hungry and harrowed and caught in the wheel

I feel these serpents of desire
Ripple my skin like ropes of fire
All I ever wanted, all along
Was to be the "you" in somebody's song

Seven dances for the spirits
Running a race, running a race
Seven dances for the saints
Running a race, running a race
Looking for the stillness in the womb of space
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The howling wind, it sings to me
The sky looks troubled but I feel free
Visions and feeling and ink on my hands
You can travel forever and never land

In the crashing chaos where stars are born
The strong get fed and the weak get torn
Look at that cosmos eating its tail
Circled like the lip of the holy grail

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