

Five Fifty-One

Bruce Cockburn

Knots in my muscles, too much traffic in my mind
Traffic in my mind, traffic in my mind
Knots in my muscles, too much traffic in my mind
It was five fifty-one, gray light creeping through the blind

Small source of comfort, dawn was breaking in the air
Breaking in the air, breaking in the air
Small source of comfort, dawn was breaking in the air
You don't take these things for granted when you think of what's in need of repair

Out on the sidewalk there was diesel on the breeze
Diesel on the breeze, diesel on the breeze
Out on the sidewalk there was diesel on the breeze
They're always getting away with something when they think there's no one there to see

Middle of the night cops came knocking on my door
Knocking on my door, knocking at my door
Middle of the night cops come knocking at my door
I still don't know what my neighbor called them for

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