

More Not More

Bruce Cockburn

I don't mean to cling to you my friends
It's just I hate the day to have to end
Never enough time to spend
I haven't done enough for this to be the end

There must be more... more...
More songs more warmth
More love more life
Not more fear not more fame
Not more money not more games

There -- you -- coming through the crowd
Blue light silhouettes your head
I want to shout your name out loud
But I shout inside instead

There must be more... more...
More current more spark
More touch deep in the heart
Not more thoughtless cruelty
Not more being this lonely...

Don't I hear them talking?
Don't I know what they say?
I'm a fool for thinking
Things could be better than they were today

There must be more... more...
More growth more truth
More chains more loose
Not more pain not more walls
Not more living human voodoo dolls