

The Coldest Night of the Year

Bruce Cockburn

I was up all night, socializing
Trying to keep the latent depression from crystalizing
Now the sun is lurking just behind the Scarborough horizon

And you're not even here
On the coldest night of the year

I took in Yonge Street at a glance
Heard the punkers playing
Watched the bikers dance
Everybody wishing they could go to the south of France

And you're not even here
On the coldest night of the year

Hey look at me now
See the shape I'm in
It's taken me so long to catch on to what's going on
Inside this skin
When two lovers really love there's nothing there
But this suddenly compact universe
Skin and breath and hair

I watched the all night TV show
In the all night bar
I drove all the people home
I was the one with the car

Now I'm sitting here alone and sleepless
And wondering where you are
And wishing you were here
On the coldest night of the year