

You Point To The Sky

Bruce Cockburn

You point to the sky
The sky
Is reflected in your eyes
And I
Want to fly
On a carpet of brown leaves
We retrace the steps of change
Construct a tapestry of what will come

You point to the sea
I see
What seems to be so free
Bound by
Empty sky
On a tower of gray earth
Far above the spray-struck stone
We climb toward the melting point of time

Here we tumble down the path
Comic beggars trading laughs
For scraps from the tables of the wise