

## I Move On

Cowboy Junkies

A drift of wild turkeys  
in the field across the way.  
I'm standing, staring, waiting  
for those coyotes to make a play  
but they never do.  
So I move on.

A pack of wild children  
in the field across the street  
I'm standing, staring, waiting  
for the bell to set them free  
but it never does.  
So I move on.

51 years, a child upon the Earth,  
trying to find the answers  
without digging in the dirt  
so I'll never know.  
And I'll move on.