

River Waltz

Cowboy Junkies

I'm going to find me a dying river
and strike a deal with her I'll say.
"I'll fold you in two and I'll carry you away
to a place where your headwaters will flow
clean through to your mouth".
in return I'll request a small sanctuary
by her banks where we will live
with our small family
she will water our garden
and clean the dirt from our skin.
While the word clamours at our door
we will dance and not let them in.

and if one day we wake up to a bed dry as a bone
find our river stolen, find our sanctuary gone
we will stand and take stock and be grateful
for what we've not lost.
we will pack up our bags, pack our small family
head across the valley to where the aspen trees
shiver as they ascend-
the green hills rising to blue.
at the edge of the shopping we will turn
and bid fond adieu".

All that I know to be true
is the touch of your hand on my skin.
one look from you can so easily soothe
all this turmoil within.
as we dance cheek to cheek
with our feet so completely
locked in a time all our own.
I stop to speak
but you gently keep me
moving in time to the song.
and in a voice that is sloppy with gin
you say, "let the world spin".

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