

January In The Halifax Airport Lounge

Bruce Cockburn

Distant times in distant lands
Worthless money changing hands
'Changing them to what?' -- I wonder
As in the dust the jet plane thunders
Carries every feeling into gloom
I miss you like I miss the flowers in bloom

There's a crisis in the outer world
In the sky the smoke trails curl
Some Winnipeg boys are Cyprus-bound
I hope they live to touch home ground
I hope we live to touch, if just once more
I need you like the river needs the shore

In life so delicate and strange
Understanding seldom comes in range
We stumble through familiar scenes
Never thinking what it means,
In this cluttered landscape to be loved
I need you like I need the stars above