

## Comet

Blue Rodeo

There is a comet  
Floating through this endless night  
Embraced with perfect symmetry  
Through the teardrop of infinity  
In a window call the universe with no map  
Or intention  
Towards some floating destination  
It will find  
It will be found  
no pride  
No guilt  
No hate  
No ending  
it sings its song  
Sings with a crooked tongue  
Looking off into a crooked sky  
Wondering what a mortal hand or eye  
Could carve this comet on its course  
Like a blind man riding on a crooked horse  
Returning to the source with no thought  
Has ever happened  
In time  
Won't be imagined  
no pride  
No guilt  
No hate  
No ending  
no pride  
No guilt  
No hate  
No ending