

## A Long-Time Love Song

Bruce Cockburn

Can't trace this conversation --  
Words fragment and fall  
Into blue shadows by a white-baked wall.  
Through shimmering spaces a single thrush calls --  
A song when it's over is no song at all

And you know I long to feel that sail  
Leaping in the wind  
And i long to see what lies beyond that rim  
Oh, ever-new lover and friend  
Sing me that love song again.

Time measured in summersaults  
And flickering kids' play --  
Cross-world and southward it's a fine summer day  
Translucent life-span evaporates away  
To bead on the cool grass in a cyclic ballet