

All Our Dark Tomorrows

Bruce Cockburn

The village idiot takes the throne
His the wind in which all must sway
All sane people, die now
Be lifted up and carried away
Youve got no home in this world of sorrows'

Theres a parasite feeding on
Everybodys bag of rage
What goes out returns again
To smite the mouth and burn the page
Under the rain of all our dark tomorrows

I can see in the dark its where I used to live
I see excess and the gaping need
Follow the money see where it leads
Its to shrunken men stuffed up with greed
They meet and make plans in strange half-lit tableaux

Under the rain of all our dark tomorrows

Youve got no home in this world of sorrows