

## All's Quiet On The Inner City Front

Bruce Cockburn

Blue billboard on the roof next door  
makes a square of light on the kitchen floor  
smokes rises from a cigarette  
there's a dull glisten where the table's wet  
soft breath rises from the bed  
a thousand question marks over my head

Turn on the tube but there's nothing new  
the usual panic in red, white and blue  
"military advisors" marching in the square  
knife-sharp trouser creases slicing air  
private armies on suburban lawns  
shoulders braced against the tidal dawn  
all's quiet on the inner city front  
I don't know why I should but I feel content

Bell in the fire station tower  
rings out the measure of the racing hours  
I slip through the door to the roof outside  
to gaze at the sign hanging in the sky  
that sailor on the billboard looks so self-possessed  
doesn't have a thing to forgive or forget  
all's quiet on the inner city front.