

Bone In My Ear

Bruce Cockburn

There's a bone in my ear
Keeps singing your name
Sometimes it's like pleasure
Sometimes it's like pain
It's a small voice and quiet
But I hear it plain
There's a bone in my ear
Keeps singing your name

In my heart there's a an image
Like looking through glass
Could be looking at me
Could be looking right past
I don't like it when
I can't tell which is true
But I wouldn't trade the world
For that picture of you

Moon in the water
Cold light in the streets
Warmth in your fingers
Sweat in your sheets
Laid out like an offering
Where two currents meet
The river is dark
But the water is sweet

Wailing on the mountain
Smoke on the wind
Can't drown out the whisper
Or the scent of your skin
Don't know where it came from
But I know where it came
There's a bone in my ear
Keeps singing your name