

## Candy Man's Gone

Bruce Cockburn

Sun climbs toward high noon,  
Glints metallic off the bowl of the spoon  
Sliding through the air toward parted lips  
Watch the expression when the straight taste hits  
Face crumples, tongue's quickly withdrawn  
I hate to tell you but the candy man's gone

Oh sweet fantasia of the safe home  
Where nobody has to scrape for honey at the bottom of the comb  
Where every actor understands the scene  
And nobody ever means to be mean  
Catch it in a dream, catch it in a song  
Seek it on the street, you find the candy man's gone  
I hate to tell you but the candy man's gone

In the bar, in the senate, in the alley, in the study  
Pimping dreams of riches for everybody  
"Something for nothing, new lamps for old  
And the streets will be platinum, never mind gold"  
Well, hey, pass it on  
Misplaced your faith and the candy man's gone  
I hate to tell you but the candy man's gone