

# Child Of The Wind

Bruce Cockburn

I love the pounding of hooves  
I love engines that roar  
I love the wild music of waves on the shore  
And the spiral perfection of a hawk when it soars  
Love my sweet woman down to the core

There's roads and there's roads  
And they call, can't you hear it?  
Roads of the earth  
And roads of the spirit  
The best roads of all  
Are the ones that aren't certain  
One of those is where you'll find me  
Till they drop the big curtain

Hear the wind moan  
In the bright diamond sky  
These mountains are waiting  
Brown-green and dry  
I'm too old for the term  
But I'll use it anyway  
I'll be a child of the wind  
Till the end of my days

Little round planet  
In a big universe  
Sometimes it looks blessed  
Sometimes it looks cursed  
Depends on what you look at obviously  
But even more it depends on the way that you see

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