

Dust And Diesel

Bruce Cockburn

Battered buses jammed up to the roof
Dust and diesel the prevailing themes
Farmer sleeping on the truck in front
Feet trailing over like he's trolling for dreams
Smiling girl directing traffic flow
.45 strapped over cotton print dress
Marimba-brown and graceful limbs
Give me a moment of loneliness

Dust and diesel Rise like incense from the road
Smoke of offering For the revolution morning

Headlights pick out fallen sack of corn
One lone tarantula standing guard
We pull up and stop and she ambles off
Discretion much the better part of cars
Rodrigo the government driver jumps out
He's got chickens who can use the feed
We sweep the asphalt on our hands and knees
Fill up his trunk with dusty yellow seeds

Dust and diesel Rise like incense from the road
Smoke of offering For the revolution morning

Guitars and rifles in blue moonlight
Soldiers stretched out on sparkling grass
Engine broke down -- they took us in
now we make music for the time to pass
Tired men and women raise their voice
to the night Hope the fragile bloom they've grown
will last Pride and passion and love and fear
Burning hearts burning boats of the past

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