

Fall

Bruce Cockburn

Cloud pillars clinging like vines to the sky
Don't cry
We'll walk down the meadow with sunrise inside
So dry your eyes
The winds of all kingdoms meet where we stand

The gray forest people cast off their old clothes
Good-bye
Everything's sleeping as winter draws near
So close your eyes
The mists of all twilights dance close at hand

The rust-coloured river is now slowing down
Going dry
Harvest has lifted the crown from the ground
But don't you cry
The song of the seasons brings life to the land