

## Get Up Jonah

Bruce Cockburn

I woke up thinking about Turkish drummers  
It didn't take long: I don't know much about Turkish drummers  
But it made me think of Germany  
And the guy who sold me cigarettes  
Who'd been in the Afghan secret police  
Who made the observation  
That it's hard... to live  
Then I was reminded of the proprietor of a Vietnamese restaurant in Quebec  
Who used to be head of the secret police in Danang  
And it occurred to me I was thinking about all this stuff to keep from  
thinking about something else  
Isn't that just what secret police are all about now?  
Somebody stands at a window  
Watches the river roll  
Trains rumble in the foreground  
With the weight of approaching dawn  
Flames from the refinery  
Rise broken-red and riveting  
And the high vault of heaven  
Looks far away and cold  
There's a howling in the factory yard  
There's a pounding in my head  
I'm swollen up with unshed tears  
Bloated like the dead

Blood and ashes  
Time burning  
On the skyline dark against the stars  
A solitary horseman  
Waiting  
Lashed to the wheel  
Ripping in the storm  
Get up, Jonah  
It's your time to be born  
Get up Jonah  
It's your time to be born