

## January In The Halifax Airport Lounge

Bruce Cockburn

Distant times in distant lands  
Worthless money changing hands  
'Changing them to what?' -- I wonder  
As in the dust the jet plane thunders  
Carries every feeling into gloom  
I miss you like I miss the flowers in bloom

There's a crisis in the outer world  
In the sky the smoke trails curl  
Some Winnipeg boys are Cyprus-bound  
I hope they live to touch home ground  
I hope we live to touch, if just once more  
I need you like the river needs the shore

In life so delicate and strange  
Understanding seldom comes in range  
We stumble through familiar scenes  
Never thinking what it means,  
In this cluttered landscape to be loved  
I need you like I need the stars above