

Life Short Call Now

Bruce Cockburn

Billboards promise paradise
And tattoos "done while you wait"
Possible futures all laid out
On the sweeping curve of the interstate

Got no city, got no land
Got no lover, got no wife
How many ways to say goodbye
Can one man fit in a nomad life?

Life short-call now

Lone car waves, then it wanes
Leaves only voices in the hall
And in the room next door to mine
The bed is banging on the wall

You've no idea how I long
For even one loving caress
For you to step into my heart
Without deception or duress

Life short-call now