

## My Beat

Bruce Cockburn

Past the derelict mattress  
and the overgrown pavement  
over the tracks  
and through the hole in the fence  
Past graffiti-bright buildings  
and the junkyard alarm bell  
and the screaming police cars  
and it's all present tense  
It's my beat  
In my new town  
Past the drunk woman reeling  
with her bag of provisions  
Down through the tunnel  
with the stink-fuming bus  
On to the bike path  
where it's something like freedom  
and the wind in my earring whispers  
Trust what you must  
It's my beat  
In my new town  
Ancient and always  
The wheel's ever whirling  
Today I'm riding  
Tomorrow I walk  
Step through forever  
into this very moment  
The heart is pumping  
and the heart rocks  
It's my beat  
In my new town