

Night Train

Bruce Cockburn

Not a knife throw from here you can hear the night train passing
that's the sound somebody makes when they're getting away
leaving next weeks hanging jury far behind them
prisoner only of the choices they have made

Night Train
Night Train

Ice cube in a dark drink shines like star light
the moon is floating somewhere out at sea
on an island in the blur of noise and color
Alcatraz, St. Alina, Patmos and the Chateau D'if

Night Train
Night Train

And everyone's an island edged with sand
a temporary refuge where somebody else can stand
till the sea that binds us like the forced tie of a blood oath
will wear it down, dissolve it, recombine it

Anyone can die here they do it every day
it doesn't take much effort though it goes against the grain
and the ultimate forgetfulness of violence
sweeps the landscape like a headlight of a train

Night Train

Ice cube in a dark drink shines like star light
starlight shines like glass shards in dark hair
and the mind's eye tumbles out along the steel track
fixing every shadow with its stare

Night Train
Night Train

And in the absence of a vision there are nightmares
and in the absence of compassion there is cancer
whose banner waves over palaces and mean streets
and the rhythm of the night train is a mantra