

See How I Miss You

Bruce Cockburn

Rays of the moon make magic in the streets of the city
all the people get strange but their faces look so pretty
the walking graffiti; survivalist bums;
even the secret police shout that you're the one
see how I miss you

Every psychopath gets his own magazine these days
I just read about how I can kill in a hundred ways
but I don't want to cause anybody pain
I only want to hold you in my arms again
see how I miss you

I watch this woman in a tight sequined lizard dress --
tosses her scarlet hair like a sly caress
she got midnight voice like some beckoning saint
she got something special but you she ain't
see how I miss you