

## Shipwrecked At The Stable Door

Bruce Cockburn

The man who twirled with rose in teeth  
Has his tongue tied up in thorns  
His once expanded sense of time and  
Space all shot and torn  
See him wander hat in hand  
Look at me, I'm so forlorn  
Ask anyone who can recall  
It's horrible to be born!

Big Circumstance comes looming  
Like a darkly roaring train  
Rushes like a sucking wound  
Across a winter plain  
Recognizing neither polished shine  
Nor spot nor stain  
And wherever you are on the compass rose  
You'll never be again

Left like a shadow on the step  
Where the body was before  
Shipwrecked at the Stable Door

Big Circumstance has brought me here  
Wish it would send me home  
Never was clear where home is  
But it's nothing you can own  
It can't be bought with cigarettes  
Or nylons or perfume  
And all the highest bidder gets  
Is a voucher for a tomb

Blessed are the poor in spirit  
Blessed are the meek  
For theirs shall be the kingdom  
That the power mongers seek  
Blessed are the dead for love  
And those who cry for peace  
And those who love the gift of earth  
May their gene pool increase

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