

The Bicycle Trip

Bruce Cockburn

Drift along
Hear the gravel crackle
Butterflies
Shades of the eternal dancer
God has buttered the land with sunlight
Sunlight

Corn grows high
Like a tall watusi
Katydid
Hums a monotonous tune
Rather hypnotically
Hmmmmmm
Overhead there's a parrot with boxing gloves
Singing like me
What a clever bird
Even knows the words
But he doesn't seem to see
Me
Making my great escape

You can just take so much of your own advice
Who needs a king
Sitting in a tree
So loquaciously
Pigeonholing everything
Pigeons have a way of taking wing

Back again
Purple thistles bristle
All around
Bane of the Eternal Dancer
Hmmmmmm

Home is just around the bend...
The end