

The Coming Rains

Bruce Cockburn

All day the mountains rose behind
the veil of smoke from burning fields
And road dust dyeing black skin bronze
and the road rolling like a rough sea

It's quiet now, just crickets and
a dog fight somewhere in the far away
In my heart I hold your photograph
and the thought of you comes on like the feel
of the coming rains...

Hot breeze ran its fingers through
the long grass of the thatched roof eave
They stuck me in the only chair
while they cooked casaba and a luckless hen
They asked for one well, three lanterns and
200 litres of fuel and I said, "Who, me?"

And the time for planting's coming soon
and the thought of you comes on like the feel
of the coming rains

In the town neon flickers in the ruins
Seven crows swoop past a luscious moon
If I had wings like those there'd be no waiting
I'd come panting to your door,
slide like smoke into your room

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