

## 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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