

# The Gift

Bruce Cockburn

These shoes have walked some strange streets  
Stranger still to come  
Sometimes the prayers of strangers  
Are all that keeps them from  
Trying to stay static  
Something even death can't do  
Everything is motion  
To the motion be true

In this cold commodity culture  
Where you lay your money down  
It's hard to even notice  
That all this earth is hallowed ground  
Harder still to feel it  
Basic as a breath  
Love is stronger than darkness  
Love is stronger than death

The gift  
Keeps moving  
Never know  
Where it's going to land  
You must stand  
Back and let it  
Keep on changing hands

Hackles rise in anger  
Heat waves rise in sex  
The gift moves on regardless  
Tying this world to the next  
May you never tire of waiting  
Never feel that life is cheap  
May your life be filled with light  
Except for when you're trying to sleep

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Keeps moving  
Never know  
Where it's going to land  
You must stand  
Back and let it  
Keep on changing hands