

## The Mines Of Mozambique

Bruce Cockburn

There's a broad river winding  
through this African lowland  
The moon is held up orange and big  
See it raise its hand  
And the last ferry's pulling out  
with no place left to stand  
for the mines of Mozambique

There's a wealth of amputation  
waiting in the ground  
But no one can remember  
where they put it down  
If you're the child that finds it there  
You will rise upon the sound  
of the mines of Mozambique

Some men rob the passersby  
for a bit of cash to spend  
Some men rob whole countries dry  
and still get called their friend  
And under the feeding frenzy  
There's a wound that will not mend  
in the mines of Mozambique

Night, like peace, is a state of suspension. Tomorrow the heat  
will  
rise and mist will hide the marshy fields, the mango and the ca  
shew  
trees, which only now they're clearing brush from under. Rusted  
husks  
of blown up trucks line the roadway north of town, like passing  
through a sculpture gallery. War is the artist, but he's sleepi  
ng now.  
And somebody will be peddling vials of penicillin stolen out of  
all  
the medical kits sent to the countryside. And in the bare works  
hop  
they'll be molding plastic into little prosthetic legs for the  
children of this artist and for those who farm the soil that re  
ceived  
his bitter seed.

The all night stragglers stagger home  
Cocks begin to crow  
And singing birds are starting up  
telling what they know  
And after awhile the sun will come

and we'll see what it will show  
of the mines of Mozambique