

# The Strong One

Bruce Cockburn

Isn't it hard  
To be the one who has to give advice?  
Isn't it hard  
To be the strong one?

I see the skyline blurred through the plastic on your back screen door  
Not unlike the faces of the people who keep turning up in the places we go  
The ones we'd never see if things weren't going so well  
When I was a torn jacket hanging on the barbed wire  
You cut me free  
And sewed me up and here I am

Isn't it hard  
To be the one whose phone rings all day everyday?  
Isn't it hard  
To be the strong one?

Mouths move without vision -- without regard for consequences  
Eyes fill with memories poisoned by intimate knowledge of failure to love  
Sometimes, sometimes, doesn't the light seem to move so far away?  
You help your sisters, you help your old lovers, you help me but who do you cry to?

Cause isn't it hard  
To be the one who gathers everybody's tears?  
Isn't it hard  
To be the strong one?