

Tried And Tested

Bruce Cockburn

Tried and tested
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By the cries of birds
By the lies I've heard
By my own loose talk
By the way I walk

By the claws of beasts
By the laws of priests
By the glutton's feast
By the word police

By the planet's arc
By the falling dark
By the state of the art
By the beat of my heart

By dark finance
By the marketing dance
By the poverty trance
By the fateful glance

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By the pressure to rhyme
By the wages of crime
By the drop of a dime
By the ghost of the times

By the spurs of desire
By What does love require
By what I waited for
By what showed up at the door

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By the nation wide
By the tears I've cried
By the lure of false pride
By the need to take sides

By the weight of choice
By the still small voice
By things I forget
By what I haven't met yet

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Pierced by beauty's blade and skinned by wind
Begged for more, was given
Begged again
I'm still here
I'm still here

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