

# Waiting For A Miracle

Bruce Cockburn

Look at them working in the hot sun  
The pilloried saints and the fallen ones  
Working and waiting for the night to come  
And waiting for a miracle

Somewhere out there is a place that's cool  
Where peace and balance are the rule  
Working toward a future like some kind of mystic jewel  
And waiting for a miracle

You rub your palm  
On the grimy pane  
In the hope that you can see  
You stand up proud  
You pretend you're strong  
In the hope that you can be  
Like the ones who've cried  
Like the ones who've died  
Trying to set the angel in us free  
While they're waiting for a miracle

Struggle for a dollar, scuffle for a dime  
Step out from the past and try to hold the line  
So how come history takes such a long, long time  
When you're waiting for a miracle

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