

# Waiting For The Moon

Bruce Cockburn

Body lines fluid in static heat  
Thoughts buzzing like flies around meat  
land here -- land there --  
Quick circles in the air  
I'm riding smooth but just a little slow  
Waiting for the moon to show

Leather-faced old men by the cafe wall  
Kids in the surf splashing with a soccer ball  
I gaze through curved lens  
Trying to identify the sky's end  
Little spots on the horizon into gunboats grow  
Waiting for the moon to show

Might be a party -- might be a war  
When those faceless sailors come ashore  
Speculation is a waste of time  
You want to go have a glass of wine?  
Whatever's coming, there's no place else to go  
Waiting for the moon to show