

# When You Give It Away

Bruce Cockburn

Slid out of my dreams like a baby out of the nurse's hands  
Onto the hard floor of day  
I'd been wearing OJ's gloves and I couldn't get them off  
It was too early but I couldn't sleep  
Showered and dressed, stepped out into the heat  
The parrot things on the porch next door  
Announced my arrival on Chartres Street  
With their finest rendition of squealing brakes

Down in Kaldi's caf the newspaper headlines promised new revelations  
Concerning Prince Charles' Amex account  
A morose young man in old-tim Austrian drag  
Stares past his long mustache at the ground  
And last night's punks and fetish kids  
All tattoos and metal bits  
And in the other corner (wearing the white trunks)  
Today's tourists already sweating

Deep in the city of the saints and fools  
Pearls before pigs and dung become jewels  
I sit down with tigers, I sit down with lambs  
None of them know who exactly I am

I've got this thing in my heart  
I must give you today  
It only lives when you  
Give it away  
Languid mandalla of the ceiling fan  
Teases the air like a slow stroking hand  
Study the faces, study the cards  
Study the shadow creeping over the yard

I've got this thing in my heart  
I must give you today  
It only lives when you  
Give it away  
Trouble with the nations, trouble with relations  
Where you going to go to find illumination?  
Too much to carry, too much to let go  
Time goes fast - learning goes slow

But I've got this thing in my heart  
I must give you today  
It only lives when you  
Give it away