

I Move On

Cowboy Junkies

A drift of wild turkeys
in the field across the way.
I'm standing, staring, waiting
for those coyotes to make a play
but they never do.
So I move on.

A pack of wild children
in the field across the street
I'm standing, staring, waiting
for the bell to set them free
but it never does.
So I move on.

51 years, a child upon the Earth,
trying to find the answers
without digging in the dirt
so I'll never know.
And I'll move on.