

Those Final Feet

Cowboy Junkies

INTRO:

Place my body on the funeral pyre,
cut it loose to float downstream.
Leave it frozen on a mountain top,
suspend it high to be picked clean.

CHORUS:

You said never to grow old,
but you forgot to tell me how.
You said never to grow old
and then sank your teeth into those final feet.

Last night I dreamt of owls at my window.
I knew that time was winding down.
Turned to tell you of my premonition,
changed my mind and lay back down.

CHORUS...

No sense wasting the time you got,
you got to walk down every road.
No sense pretending that you're what you're not,
when you got to shoulder every load.

CHORUS...

Cut it loose, cut it loose, cut it loose

CHORUS...