

## When We Arrive

Cowboy Junkies

Welcome  
To the age of dissolution  
To the days of death and anger  
Old ideas becoming stronger  
Welcome  
Welcome to the days of wine and roses  
To the time of lost pursuits  
New ideas are taking root  
Welcome  
Welcome

Everything unsure  
Everything unstable  
Above all else  
Keep your actions faithful  
But above all else  
Keep your actions faithful

But what if they cast us seaward  
To find new land  
What if we lose each other  
Will we be holding hands  
When we arrive  
What if they cast us seaward  
In search of land  
We may lose each other  
But let's be holding hands  
When we arrive

Welcome  
To the world of self delusion  
Where the pain stays sealed inside  
Fearing what might lie inside  
Welcome  
To the days of death and anger  
Old ideas becoming stronger  
To the age of lost pursuits  
New ideas taking root  
To this place unsure, unstable  
You must keep your actions fateful  
To search for common ground  
Where our love will be found  
Welcome  
Welcome  
And let's be holding hands  
When we arrive