

## Bicycle Trip

Bruce Cockburn

Drift along  
Hear the gravel crackle  
Butterflies  
Shades of the eternal dancer  
God has buttered the land with sunlight  
Sunlight

Corn grows high  
Like a tall watusi  
Katydid  
Hums a monotonous tune  
Rather hypnotically  
Hmmmmmm  
Overhead there's a parrot with boxing gloves  
Singing like me  
What a clever bird  
Even knows the words  
But he doesn't seem to see  
Me  
Making my great escape

You can just take so much of your own advice  
Who needs a king  
Sitting in a tree  
So loquaciously  
Pigeonholing everything  
Pigeons have a way of taking wing

Back again  
Purple thistles bristle  
All around  
Bane of the Eternal Dancer  
Hmmmmmm

Home is just around the bend...  
The end