

Clocks Don't Bring Tomorrow - Knives Don't Bring Good News

Bruce Cockburn

You tell me tomorrow may be coming
Sometimes I wonder if it hasn't already been
But like the firebreathing rebel
I'm not sure what I mean
All I know is you're not me and that you'll never be

He tells me the future is not to be believed in
"Don't waste your wishes on what hasn't already been"
But like the strong arm policeman

He's not sure what he means
All he knows is he can't see what he will come to be

He says if we burn up the roof from above us
We surely will see the light and maybe more
But like the burnt out hooker
We'll only see down to the floor
All we know is that we're here until we are set free