

Northern Lights

Bruce Cockburn

Sunday night and it's half past nine
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I'm leaving one more town behind

Mirrors are showing the day's last glow
Mirrors are showing the day's last glow
Mirrors are showing the day's last glow
As we're spit out into the jigsaw flow

Ahead where there should be the thickness of night
Stars are pinned on a shimmering curtain of light
Sky full of rippling cliffs and chasms
That shine like signs on the road to heaven...

I've been cut by the beauty of jagged mountains
And cut by the love that flows like a fountain from God.

So I carry these scars, precious and rare,
And tonight I feel like I'm made of air...