

# Planet of the Clowns

Bruce Cockburn

Stare into the moonlight  
Silver fingers press my eyes  
Probing in my heart with longing

These footprints by the sea's edge  
Disappearing grain by grain  
Lose their form but keep their substance

As the waves roar on the beach like a squadron of F16's  
Ebb and flow like the better days they say this world has seen

Government by outrage  
Hunger camps and shanty towns  
Dignity and love still holding

This bluegreen ball in black space  
Filled with beauty even now  
Battered and abused and lovely

And the waves roar on the beach like a squadron of F16's  
Ebb and flow like the better days they say this world has seen

Each one in our own heart  
Desperate to know where we stand  
Planet of the clowns in wet shoes