

# You've Never Seen Everything

Bruce Cockburn

Nobodys making me say this  
Im talking to you  
Been traveling 17 hours  
Irradiated by signals, by images  
of viruses, of virtues  
like everyone  
Like exiled angels we swing out of the clouds  
Above night city  
Fields of light broken by the curve of dark waterways  
On the other side of the world  
an unhappy teenage girl sets fire  
to herself, her house, her neighbourhood and some that dwell therein  
Sorry simulacrum of sad dawn  
Youve never seen everything  
Sleep of the just, sleep of reason, any damn kind of sleep please!  
Im trying to balance on a sloping bed in Naples  
or is it Skopje? I forget  
Through the thin hotel wall a man groans in his dreams  
And on the other side of the world  
the drug squad busts a childs birthday party  
Put bullets in the family dog and the blood goes all over the baby  
And the Mounties are strip-searching schoolgirls  
because they can  
And a car crashes and burns on an offramp from the Gardiner  
Two dogs in the back seat die, and in the front  
a man and his mother  
Forensics reveals the lady has pitchfork wounds in her chest  
Pitchfork!  
And that the same or a similar instrument has been screwed to the dash  
to make sure the driver goes too  
Youve never seen everything  
I see:  
A leader of the people with a ring in his nose  
And the leaders of business tell him which way to go  
With thugs on the golden chain which once led the golden calf  
And were supposed to be impressed with their success  
But my mind goes blank before the unbelievable indifference  
shown life  
spirit  
the future  
anything green  
anything just  
Bad pressure coming down  
Tears what we really traffic in  
ride the ride