

When We Arrive

Cowboy Junkies

Welcome
To the age of dissolution
To the days of death and anger
Old ideas becoming stronger
Welcome
Welcome to the days of wine and roses
To the time of lost pursuits
New ideas are taking root
Welcome
Welcome

Everything unsure
Everything unstable
Above all else
Keep your actions faithful
But above all else
Keep your actions faithful

But what if they cast us seaward
To find new land
What if we lose each other
Will we be holding hands
When we arrive
What if they cast us seaward
In search of land
We may lose each other
But let's be holding hands
When we arrive

Welcome
To the world of self delusion
Where the pain stays sealed inside
Fearing what might lie inside
Welcome
To the days of death and anger
Old ideas becoming stronger
To the age of lost pursuits
New ideas taking root
To this place unsure, unstable
You must keep your actions fateful
To search for common ground
Where our love will be found
Welcome
Welcome
And let's be holding hands
When we arrive