Birmingham Shadows

Bruce Cockburn

Birmingham Just behind the mountain Sparse streelamps glow in hot half-moon haze Shadows shorten into little black pools that elongate behind We walk, talk some, laugh some Worked hard, now wired, and hanging out I'm curious what you might be all about Curious, too, what that dark-shape in the hard shining cruiser might do And you have no idea what you're getting out of of your own curiosity and tense energy Tattoo on chest like the key to the puzzle of your pumping heart Wearing your shadows all over your sleeve Wearing the role of young upstart Birmingham shadows fall You show a little, I let something show too It's now or not at all Out on the road, it's always instant get-to-know-you Under velvet trees, towering like the sides of a well Before the empty two office blocks Which we're admonished not to enter Policeman studies us, finds us confusing More amusing than threat Moves on, bemused Pavement spirals down ahead like the fossil of a giant shell Along the kingdom's midnight marches I wear my shadows where they're harder to see But they follow me everywhere I guess that should tell me that I'm travelling toward light I guess something you sang made me remember that I guess I'm saying thanks for that Birmingham shadows fall You show a little, I let something show too It's now or not at all Out on the road, it's always instant get-to-know-you Got a head full of horrors and a heart full of night At home in the darkness, but hungry for dawn I only remember scenes, never the stories I live The good things about that is, it's easy to forgive Can't make assumptions about any of this We're nomads following our own songlines Who knows what could strike before we meet again? But if I fall down and die Without saying goodbye I give you this: you'll have lost a friend

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