

Bright Sky

Bruce Cockburn

Geese come rushing on a river of wind
In the bright sky, bright sky

Wild music ripples like a wake behind
In the bright sky, bright sky

Go higher, go higher where the wind is all
In the bright sky, bright sky

Where the bullets get tired and fall
In the bright sky, bright sky

They fly out of vision taking part of my soul
In the bright sky, bright sky

Well, maybe together we can touch down whole
In the bright sky, bright sky

I never saw the colours in the northern dark
In the bright sky, bright sky

But there were all those people floating like Noah's Ark
In the bright sky, bright sky

And we all rush away on a river of wind
In the bright sky, bright sky

But if I live I'll be coming back again
In the bright sky, bright sky