Bruce Cockburn

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When you ride out of the shining sky
To claim the ones who love you
Can I go with you?
Can I go with you?

When the angel shouts from the heart of the sun
And the living water flows down
Can I go with you?
Can I go with you?

When the earth and stars melt like ice in the spring
And a million voices sing praise
Can I go with you?

Can I go with you?
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