

Don't Feel Your Touch

Bruce Cockburn

In front of a newborn moon pushing up its glistening dome
I kiss these departing companions, take the next step alone
I just said goodnight to the closest thing I have to home
Oh, and the night grows sharp and hollow
As a junkie's craving vein
And I don't feel your touch, again

To be held in the heart of a friend is to be a king
But the magic of a lover's touch is what makes my spirit sing
When you're caught up in this longing all the beauties of the earth don't mean a thing
Oh, and the night grows clear and empty
As a lake of acid rain
And I don't feel your touch, again

The last light of day crept away like a drunkard after gin
A hint of chanted prayer now whispers from the fresh night wind
To this shattered heart and soul held together by habit and skin
And this half-gnawed bone of apprehension
Buried in my brain
As I don't feel your touch, again