

# Dust And Diesel

Bruce Cockburn

Battered buses jammed up to the roof Dust and diesel the prevailing themes Farmer sleeping on the truck in front Feet trailing over like he's trolling for dreams Smiling girl directing traffic flow .45 strapped over cotton print dress Marimba-brown and graceful limbs Give me a moment of loneliness

Dust and diesel Rise like incense from the road Smoke of offering For the revolution morning

Headlights pick out fallen sack of corn One lone tarantula standing guard We pull up and stop and she ambles off Discretion much the better part of cars Rodrigo the government driver jumps out He's got chickens who can use the feed We sweep the asphalt on our hands and knees Fill up his trunk with dusty yellow seeds

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Guitars and rifles in blue moonlight Soldiers stretched out on sparkling grass Engine broke down -- they took us in now we make music for the time to pass Tired men and women raise their voice to the night Hope the fragile bloom they've grown will last Pride and passion and love and fear Burning hearts burning boats of the past

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