

# Isn't That What Friends Are For?

Bruce Cockburn

Heavy northern autumn sky  
Mist-hung forest -- Dark spruce, bright maple --  
And the great lake rolling forever to the narrow gray beach

I look west along the red road of the frail sun  
Where it hovers between shelf of cloud and spiky trees,  
Receding shore;

The world is full of seasons; of anguish, of laughter  
And it comes to mind to write you this:

Nothing is sure  
Nothing is pure  
And no matter who we think we are  
Everyone gets his chance to be nothing

Love's supposed to heal, but it breaks my heart to feel  
The pain in your voice --  
But you know, it's all going somewhere  
And I would crush my heart and throw it in the street  
If I could pay for your choice

Isn't that what friends are for?  
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We're the insect life of paradise:  
Crawl across leaf or among towering blades of grass  
Glimpse only sometimes the amazing breadth of heaven

You're as loved as you were  
Before the strangeness swept through  
Our bodies, our houses, our streets --  
When we could speak without codes  
And light swirled around like  
Wind-blown petals,  
Our feet

I've been scraping little shavings off my ration of light  
And I've formed it into a ball, and each time I pack a bit more onto  
it  
I make a bowl of my hands and I scoop it from its secret cache  
Under a loose board in the floor  
And I blow across it and I send it to you  
Against those moments when  
The darkness blows under your door

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