

# Let Us Go Laughing

Bruce Cockburn

My canoe lies on the water  
Evening holds the bones of day  
The sun like gold dust slips away

One by one antique stars  
Herald the arrival of  
Their pale protectress moon

Ragged branches vibrate  
Strummed by winds from o'er the hill  
Singing tales of ancient days

Far and silent lightning  
Stirs the cauldron of the sky  
I turn my bow towards the shore

As we grow out of stones  
On and on and on  
So we'll all go to bones  
On and on for many a year

But let us go laughing -- O  
Let us go

And may the holy hermit's staff  
On and on and on  
Guide you to the shortest path  
On and on for many a year

And let us go laughing -- O  
Let us go  
Let us go laughing -- O  
Let us go