

## Little Seahorse

Bruce Cockburn

Little seahorse  
Swimming in a primal sea  
Heartbeat like a  
Leaf quaking in the breeze  
I feel magic as coyote  
In the middle of the moon-wild night

In the forge-fire time  
Your mother glowed so bright  
You were like a  
Voice calling in the night  
And I'm watching the curtain  
Rising on a whole new set of dreams

The world is waiting  
Like a Lake Superior gale  
A locomotive  
Racing along the rail.  
It'll sweep you away  
But you know that you're never alone

Little seahorse  
Floating on a primal tide  
Quickening like a  
Spark in a haystack side  
I already love you  
And I don't even know who you are