

Never So Free

Bruce Cockburn

Wind across the quay-side
Grit in my eyes and fish in my nose
White as whalebone, wheeling seagulls cry

Outside the bar in the high street
Blind fingers spin an accordion reel
Shoes and sedan wheels grudgingly keeping time

Fishing boat stretched out at low tide
Dog and a black man work on the deck
Bright as a bottle, sunlight skips wave to wave

Part of a map of somewhere
Teases my foot like a haunting dream
Never so free, I'm lost in the seagulls' flight