

# Night Train

Bruce Cockburn

Not a knife throw from here you can hear the night train passing  
that's the sound somebody makes when they're getting away  
leaving next weeks hanging jury far behind them  
prisoner only of the choices they have made

Night Train  
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Ice cube in a dark drink shines like star light  
the moon is floating somewhere out at sea  
on an island in the blur of noise and color  
Alcatraz, St. Alina, Patmos and the Chateau D'if

Night Train  
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And everyone's an island edged with sand  
a temporary refuge where somebody else can stand  
till the sea that binds us like the forced tie of a blood oath  
will wear it down, dissolve it, recombine it

Anyone can die here they do it every day  
it doesn't take much effort though it goes against the grain  
and the ultimate forgetfulness of violence  
sweeps the landscape like a headlight of a train

Night Train

Ice cube in a dark drink shines like star light  
starlight shines like glass shards in dark hair  
and the mind's eye tumbles out along the steel track  
fixing every shadow with its stare

Night Train  
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And in the absence of a vision there are nightmares  
and in the absence of compassion there is cancer  
whose banner waves over palaces and mean streets  
and the rhythm of the night train is a mantra