

# The Iris of the World

Bruce Cockburn

Crossed the border laughing  
Never know what to expect  
They wanted to know what church I'm in  
And what things I collect

They're trying to plug holes in the hull  
While flames eat up the deck  
The captain and his crew  
Don't seem to get the disconnect

Passing through the iris of the world  
Passing through the iris of the world

I will always love you  
On a boulder by the shoulder  
The paint will likely outlive  
Both the feeling and the holder

In the age of global warming  
When all things are growing colder  
It's beautiful the writer  
Opened up his heart and told her

Passing through the iris of the world  
Passing through the iris of the world

I'm good at catching rainbows  
Not so good at catching trout  
I'm good at blowing holes in things  
And ranting in self doubt

I've got a way with time and space  
But numbers freak me out  
I've mostly dodged the dogmas  
Of what life is all about

Passing through the iris of the world  
I'm passing through the iris of the world

I'm talking in strange voices  
To myself the way I do  
The road under the half moon sky  
Rolls out in shades of blue

I'm raw anticipation  
Of our rhythmic rendezvous  
Loving the gift of the loving I get  
And the loving I give to you

Passing through the iris of the world  
Passing through the iris of the world