

Waiting For The Moon

Bruce Cockburn

Body lines fluid in static heat
Thoughts buzzing like flies around meat
land here -- land there --
Quick circles in the air
I'm riding smooth but just a little slow
Waiting for the moon to show

Leather-faced old men by the cafe wall
Kids in the surf splashing with a soccer ball
I gaze through curved lens
Trying to identify the sky's end
Little spots on the horizon into gunboats grow
Waiting for the moon to show

Might be a party -- might be a war
When those faceless sailors come ashore
Speculation is a waste of time
You want to go have a glass of wine?
Whatever's coming, there's no place else to go
Waiting for the moon to show