

Slipstream

Cowboy Junkies

It was easy
To be bold
In his slipstream
Transformed
From hand me down
Tag along
To brother
Cuban missiles
90 miles
13 days
Apocalypse with style
In his slipstream
Annihilation
Was a firefly
Clipped in the headlights
Of a joy ride
Buy an election
Get the girl
While the girls are gone
Have more than one
In his slipstream
Cap a mobster
Have a bombshell
Moan Happy Birthday
And the earth of his grave
Has the scent of hubris
That weighs
On your conscience
Out of his slipstream
There is no shelter
Fixed, dilated as
A starlet's eyes
Out of the slipstream
Her dream provides
The future murdered
With cameras rolling
A moment caught in time
That was not caught in time
Trapped in the fallout
Of the storm
That Irish eyes
Couldn't charm
Head in the mouth
Of the Cold War tiger
You had by the tail
In the kitchen
Of a hotel
In California
You as well
Like your brother
In your wife's arms
Bullet behind your eyes
And it is easy
To be bold
Into starlight
Transformed..
"In my slipstream

Tag along
Brother..."