

Cowboy Junkies, Good Friday

Michael Timmins

Sat at my window watched the world
wake up this morning.
Purple sky slowly turning golden,
distant elms so orange you'd swear they're burning.

All this flowing water
has got my mind wandering.
Do you ever finally reach a point of knowing
or do you just wake up one day and say, "I am going"?

What will I tell you
when you ask me why I'm crying?
Will I point above at the Red Tail gracefully soaring
or down below where its' prey is quietly trembling?

Two thousand years ago Jesus is left there hanging.
Purple sky slowly turning golden.
Cowards at his feet loudly laughing.
Loved ones stumbling homeward their worlds reeling.
Red Tail above my head quietly soaring.
Waters turn from ice, creek is roaring.
He says, "enough of all this shit I am going".