

Cowboy Junkies, Speaking Confidentially

Speaking confidentially
The fire that burnt inside of me
Has turned to ash the tortured tree
That grows beside the anguished sea
Speaking confidentially

Speaking metaphorically
The earth I trust beneath my feet
Is moving now ever so slightly
I shift my feet but feel no relief
Speaking metaphorically

Speaking hypothetically
If the air you breathed was so unique
Would you use it up to idly speak
Or hoard it for a rainy week
Speaking hypothetically

Speaking kind of cryptically
The sea that raged beside the tree
Burning bright for all to see
It just might mean the most to me
Speaking kind of cryptically