

# 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