

# Blue Rodeo, Comet

There is a comet floating thru this endless night  
Embraced with perfect symmetry  
Thru the tear drop of infinity  
In a window called the universe  
With no map or intention  
Towards some floating destination  
It will find or it will be found  
No pride, no guilt, no hate, no envy  
Who sings this song  
Sings with a crooked tongue  
Looking off into a crooked sky  
Wondering  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could carve this comet  
On it's course  
Like a blind man riding on a crooked horse  
Returning to the source  
Where no thought has ever happened  
And time can't be imaged  
No pride, no guilt, no hate, no envy  
No pride, no guilt, no hate, no envy