

Good Friday

Cowboy Junkies

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 it's prey is quietly trembling?
Two thousand years ago Jesus is left there hanging
Purple sky slowly turning golden
The cowards at His feet loudly laughing
Loved ones stumbling homeward their words reeling
Red tail above my head quietly soaring
Waters turn from ice, creak is roaring
He says, "Enough of all this shit I am going"

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