

# Pacing The Cage

**Bruce Cockburn**

Sunset is an angel weeping  
Holding out a bloody sword  
No matter how I squint I cannot  
Make out what it's pointing toward  
Sometimes you feel like you live too long  
Days drip slowly on the page  
You catch yourself  
Pacing the cage I've proven who I am so many times  
The magnetic strip's worn thin  
And each time I was someone else  
And every one was taken in  
Hours chatter in high places  
Stir up eddies in the dust of rage  
Set me to pacing the cage I never knew what you all wanted  
So I gave you everything  
All that I could pillage  
All the spells that I could sing  
It's as if the thing were written  
In the constitution of the age  
Sooner or later you'll wind up  
Pacing the cage Sometimes the best map will not guide you  
You can't see what's round the bend  
Sometimes the road leads through dark places  
Sometimes the darkness is your friend  
Today these eyes scan bleached-out land  
For the coming of the outbound stage.  
Pacing the cage.  
Pacing the cage.

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