

Tie Me At the Crossroads

Bruce Cockburn

Tie me at the crossroads when I die
Hang me in the wind 'til I get good and dry
And the kids that pass can scratch their heads
And say 'who was that guy?'
Tie me at the crossroads when I die
Looking outward see what you can see
By the time you look at something it's already history
As the echoes of our passing fade, all there is to say
Is, 'You know I loved you all in my particular way'
Tie me at the crossroads when I die
Hang me in the wind 'til I get good and dry
And the kids that pass can scratch their heads
And say 'who was that guy?'
Tie me at the crossroads when I die
It's more blessed to give than it is to receive
Except when it comes to free advice I believe
Here I go anyway, back seat driving tonight
Move fast, stay cool, keep your eye on the front sight

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