

Tropic Moon

Bruce Cockburn

Away from the river
Away from the smoke of the burning
 Fearful survivors
 Subject of government directives
 One sad guitar note
 Echoes of the wall of the jungle
Seen from the air they're just targets with nowhere to run to
 Children of rape
 Raised on malnutrition
 Men in camouflage
 Filled with a sense of mission
 And the light through the wire mesh
 Plays on the president's pistol
Like the gleam of a bead of sweat in the flow of a candle
 Hear the cry in the tropic night
Should be the cry of love but it's a cry of fright
 Some people never see the light
 Till it shines through bullet holes
Till it shines through bullet holes
 The tropic moon
 Bathing a beach fringed with palms
 Glitters on shells
 And beach tar and coke cans
 And on the night-coloured boat
 And on the barrels of guns
In the rage in the hearts of these men is the seed of a wind they call kingdom
 Come
 Hear the cry in the tropic night
Should be the cry of love but it's a cry of fright
 Some people never see the light
 Till it shines through bullet holes
 Till it shines through bullet holes

Songwriters

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