

I Move On

Cowboy Junkies

A drift of wild turkeys
In the field across the way.
I'm standing, staring, waiting
For those coyotes to make a play
But they never do.
So I move on. A pack of wild children
In the field across the street
I'm standing, staring, waiting
For the bell to set them free
But it never does.
So I move on. 51 years, a child upon the Earth,
Trying to find the answers
Without digging in the dirt
So I'll never know.
And I'll move on.

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