

Speaking Confidentially

Cowboy Junkies

Speaking confidentially
The fire that burnt inside of me
Has turned to ash the tortured tree
That grows beside the anguished seaSpeaking confidentiallySpeaking metaphorically
The earth I trust beneath my feet
Is moving now ever so slightly
I shift my feet but feel no reliefSpeaking metaphoricallySpeaking hypothetically
If the air you breathe was so unique
Would you use it up to idly speak
Or horde it for a rainy weekSpeaking hypotheticallySpeaking kind of cryptically
The sea that raged beside the tree
Burning bright for all to see
It just might mean the most to meSpeaking kind of crypticallySpeaking confidentially
The fire that burnt inside of me
Has turned to ash the tortured tree
That grows beside the anguishedSpeaking confidentially

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