

Wondering Where the Lions Are

Bruce Cockburn

Sun's up, uuh huh, looks okay
The world survives into another day
And I'm thinking about eternity
Some kind of ecstasy got a hold on me. I had another dream about lions at the door
They weren't half as frightening as they were before
But I'm thinking about eternity
Some kind of ecstasy got a hold on me. Walls windows trees, waves coming through
You be in me and I'll be in you
Together in eternity
Some kind of ecstasy got a hold on me Up among the furs where it smells so sweet
Or down in the valley where the river used to be
I got my mind on eternity
Some kind of ecstasy got a hold on me
And I'm wondering where the lions are
I'm wondering where the lions are Huge orange flying boat rises off a lake,
Thousand-year-old hieroglyphs doing a double take,
Pointing a finger at eternity
I'm sitting in the middle of this ecstasy Young men marching, helmets shining in the sun,
Polished and precise like the brain behind the gun
(Should be!) they got me thinking about eternity
Some kind of ecstasy got a hold on me
And I'm wondering where the lions are
I'm wondering where the lions are Freighters on the nod on the surface of the bay
One of these days we're going to sail away,
Going to sail into eternity
Some kind of ecstasy got a hold on me
And I'm wondering where the lions are
I'm wondering where the lions are

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