

We Are the Selfish Ones

Cowboy Junkies

He sits alone in his perfect shack
the lake beside him freezing
the sun no longer shining
much past four oclock. We are the selfish ones
We are the lucky ones
We are the needed ones She falls asleep, the book on her lap,
all things change to something new,
something strange. We are the selfish ones
We are the lucky ones
We are the needed ones We walk along with my hand on your back,
the days behind receding
forward to a day when all we love will pass. We are the selfish ones
We are the lucky ones
We are the needed ones He sits alone in his perfect shack
the lake beside him freezing
the sun no longer shining
much past four oclock.

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