

# Strange Language

## Cowboy Junkies

Up on the bluff, where I wish I was  
Twistin' up the pages of history  
My cold feet danglin', my bony arms gesturin'  
To summon up little chunk of that history In the corridor the shadows are long  
And it messes with my equilibrium  
And there's strains of a strange language Up on the bluff, where the hardwood's jut  
Out toward the gusts of history  
My crusty mind cracks, my restless heart tracks  
The fractal lines of history In the corridor the shadows are long  
And it messes with my equilibrium  
And there's strains of a strange language In the corridor the shadows are long  
And it messes with my equilibrium  
And there's strains of a strange language

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