

Forty years in the wilderness - Bruce Cockburn

G

Forty years in the wilderness getting to know the beasts

C

projected and reflected on the greatest and the least

G

forty years of days and nights — angels hovering near

C

kept me moving forward though the way was far from clear
and they said

G

C

Take up your load run south to the road, turn to the setting sun

Am

sun going down, got to cover some ground

G

D

before everything comes undone

G

C

Take up your load run south to the road, turn to the setting sun

Am

sun going down, got to cover some ground

G

D

C

G

before everything comes undone, comes undone

Forty years in the wilderness dancing with the flies
dazzled by the visions rolling out before my eyes
angel-made graffiti, demons in disguise
you could trade away your birthright for another day's supplies
or you could

CHORUS

Rising with the height of land, falling with the crowd
spirits in the scouring wind called my name out loud
said you could go to heaven, you could go to hell
you could hang out in between in the place you know so well
or you could

CHORUS