

# Montreal

## Ataxia

I'm trying to get to you  
To the cold and glass and pain  
Cutting back on everything  
Never on a passing train  
Sentence scraps the paper  
Could not be there to you  
And built-in conversation  
What we would never lose  
I'm going to Montreal  
I won't do what they tell me  
No I stay just the same  
Tunneled all the pine trees  
Still play a wasting game  
I'm going, I'm going  
I'm going to Montreal  
I was looking for an answer  
I would never find in you  
I was looking for an answer  
I'm going, I'm going away  
I'm going to Montreal  
I was looking for an answer  
I would never find in you  
Sold all my records  
What a stupid thing to do  
Going to Montreal  
I never had a clue  
No, I never had a clue

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