

# Montreal

## of Montreal

One, two, three, fourMontreal is where I began to feel inside  
The gray sadness of winter  
You told me that this isn't it and I drove awayWalking to the statue in the park  
Through snow drifts up over our knees  
And every street sign written in French  
We sat by the statue, you looked in my eyes  
And then said, "I'm so sorry"Later, laying on your bed  
Wondering what's going wrong  
Every time I'd ask, you'd start crying  
And whisper, "I don't know why  
I only know what I feel, what a voice says to me"I may be here now  
But I've never left Montreal

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