Green Gardens, Cold Montreal

Sloan

Green gardens, cold Montreal
Crooked pictures that hang in the hall
It's the golden day, golden day, gold, you recall on cue
Oooh, it's old news.When the world revolved around you, yeah
Faculty members agreed to a certain degree
And the girl that followed the rules, yeah
Looked good on paper, but lacked a central theme
The coffee could use more creamFriends blow away, blow away, blow like a cloud
Kids go away, go away, go, it's allowed
And all of the days spent close to your crowd were fewTo the girl that followed the rules, yeah
It looked good on paper, and gave it a college try
Now the ink and her humour is dryFriends blow away, blow away, blow like a cloud
Kids go away, go away, go, it's allowed
And all of the days spent close to her crowd are through
Oooh, it's the truthGreen gardens, cold Montreal

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