Montreal

Craig Cardiff

montreal road side flare third floor walkup in your underwear
framed just like a painting hung the sadness grew and it dulled the love
cigaretted and coffee kissed you'd gone down for less than this
whole town weighed half a tonne, so tired of talking yourself onall the friends flew back
all to pay respects
christmas time montreal
all friends flew backhands and lips, teeth and tongues, split on the tip and smoke on the lungs
letters thinned, callbacks too, didn't make any sense to make dueand the papers they will read December 1993
old guitar case singalongs, you and me
and late night cbc jazz music dance slowly
car lights paint the walls white and erase you and me

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