

# 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 on all 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 due and 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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