Lake Bras D'or

Crash Test Dummies

There is a path by Lake Bras d'Or
I never go there anymore
It's not the same, since you and I
The path is narrow, over-grown
The few that thread there, thread alone
A patch of land, I call my own
I planted seeds, some have grown
But weeds have choked the few remains
My crop has withered in the sun
Doomed before it had begun
I thought I read the writing on the wall
Turned out that it was just a bit of scrawl
I walked along, tasting my defeat -
There was a time when what was writ
Seemed to me clear, and full of wit
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