Caleb

Nathan Caswell

Caleb sat on a park bench
On a little piece of grass downtown
Singing to the pigeons
â€˜Til the sun went down

If youâ€™dâ€™ve sat beside him
Careful not to disturb Calebâ€™s pigeons
And youâ€™ll lean in
You mightâ€™ve heard of the words

He sang
â€œNo more talk of separation
No more western tax revolts
I donâ€™t wanna hear no more
Arguments against or for gun control
Or the young offenders act
I want love and compassion
Sunshine on my face
No more turning from our neighbours
Like they were strangers
From some distant placeâ€•

Weâ€™ve got plenty to be proud of
And equal to be ashamed
A beer commercial donâ€™t make a nation
Culture wonâ€™t be bought or framed

Sure, Leonard Cohen,
He was born here
But so was Shatner
Heâ€™s not as often claimed

We clear land mines,
But also sometimes,
Beat up Somali teens
And keep the Polaroidsâ€™

One day, they found Caleb
Frozen statue in the snow
Eyes fixed on the horizon

Arms outstretched to the morning glow

And itâ€™s been years now
Since that morning
Still today I swear I heard the strangest thing
From a playground
Children laughing
I thought I heard them sing

They sang:
â€œNo more talk of separation
No more western tax revolts
We donâ€™t wanna hear no more
Arguments against or for gun control
Or the young offenders act
We want love and compassion
Sunshine on our faces
No more turning from our neighbours
Like they were strangers
From some distant placeâ€•

Lyrics Submitted by Georji

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