Canadian Rose

Blues Traveler

Autumn air it carries me there
Less than an hour to go
Six hundred miles an hour
And still it feels so slowI'm trying to get back to Burlington
To a square in the center of town
To a spot on a wooden table
Where her feet didn't reach the groundAnd when she kisses me it tasted like cinnamon
And her skin smells of cider and rose
And when she looked at me we'd both got quiet
And my heart beats so hard we were in so close
Once for such a beautiful while that still makes me smileAnd she called me her ugly American
And I would call her my Canadian flower
And I don't think that we'll ever get there again
We had such powerAnd she would call me her ugly American
And I'll remember my Canadian rose
Especially when the fall comes to Burlington
We were in so closeI finally made it this town looks rearranged
I don't know these people anymore
But in the best ways not much else has changed
From the way it was beforeAt least they still have this certain table
Where I once carved a particular name
I run my fingers through the weathered carving
And I almost can feel the sameAnd my mouth it almost tastes just like cinnamon
As I ponder what my pilgrimage means
And I try to figure out where Vancouver is from here
And I listen to the leaves
If only for a beautiful while that still makes me smileAnd she called me her ugly American
And I would call her my Canadian flower
And I don't think that we'll ever get there again
We had such powerAnd she would call me her ugly American
And I'll remember my Canadian rose
Especially when the fall comes to Burlington
We were in so closeEvery single hope and dream I could ever conjure up
Passionately springs in me and all things are possible
Plausible and perfectly both of ours forever after and every day
At least it seemed that way
Once for such a beautiful while that still makes me smileAnd she called me her ugly American
And I would call her my Canadian flower
And I don't think that we'll ever get there again

We had such powerAnd she would call me her ugly American
And I'll remember my Canadian rose
Especially when the fall comes to Burlington
We were in so close

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