

# Alberta Breeze

Justin Rutledge

all my city is dressed in skin  
her lips are dark  
her ankles thin  
oh my dizzy ballerina, won't you give us a spin?  
my country's cold in autumn's chains  
every time I think of her it rains  
when she breathes upon the morning  
she shakes all the weather vanes now I try to keep a steady hand  
because I'm living in a shaky land  
lord I try to be an honest man  
but it's tougher than I ever planned  
in the westbound air tonight are those centuries  
my tongue-tied beheaded bride  
the Alberta breeze oh David drive like you've never done  
oh Sarah sing like you've never sung  
oh my dizzy ballerina spin like you've never spun  
now I'm sending you a telegram  
about my days in the caravan  
with the steers and the bleating lambs  
took the money and away I ran  
I recall how the dress you wore rose above your knees  
as the thrush flew from the mouth of the Alberta breeze the summer's turned it's back on me with a sorrow-laden  
symmetry  
with a highway kind of robbery  
like my life was an apology  
now I don't think about you all the time  
only when the trees sway somehow slaughtered by the Alberta breeze

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