Montreal

Of Montreal

One, two, three, four
Montreal is where I began to feel inside
The gray sadness of winter
You told me that this isn't it and I drove away
Walking to the statue in the park
Through snow drifts up over our knees
And every street sign written in French
We sat by the statue, you looked in my eyes
And then said, "I'm so sorry"

Later, laying on your bed
Wondering what's going wrong
Every time I'd ask, you'd start crying
And whisper, "I don't know why
I only know what I feel, what a voice says to me"
I may be here now
But I've never left Montreal

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