Waiting For Your Love

Gill Landry

With the future in your arms
In a cold embrace
And all your southern charm
Full of northern graceYou find yourself on bended knees
Praying down on Robson Street
In an old hotel
You wear your hands just like a thief
A ghost of you used to be
Before you fell
Waiting for your love to take you homeFrom your old Montana home
You travel down until
From the pavement of your sorrow roads
The flowers of your wealthYou cross the line and seldom speak
Kissing bluebirds on the cheek
In the morning rain
The pictures sing to a callused spell
Every time you lose yourself
The stranger you became
Waiting for your love to take you homeAfter all these crooked miles
With sorrow deep and wide
We're here for just a while
I'll see you on the other sideUnderneath some piece of roof
Down on Culfax Avenue
We'll walk alone
We'll talk of things that never die
With your filthy hand in mine
Cold as a stone
Waiting for our love to take us home

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