Montreal

Ataxia

I'm trying to get to you
To the cold and glass and pain
Cutting back on everything
Never on a passing trainSentence scraps the paper
Could not be there to you
And built-in conversation
What we would never loseI'm going to MontrealI won't do what they tell me
No I stay just the same
Tunneled all the pine trees
Still play a wasting gameI'm going, I'm going
I'm going to MontrealI was looking for an answer
I would never find in you
I was looking for an answerI'm going, I'm going away
I'm going to MontrealI was looking for an answer
I would never find in you
Sold all my records
What a stupid thing to doGoing to Montreal
I never had a clue
No, I never had a clue

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