Highway 1 East

John K. Samson

Oh, wait for me, I fell behind three signs for services ago
Some sarcastic satellite says I'm not anywhere
Spent every cent of your good will
On fossil fuels and magazines
So let this field of flax foreclose on everything I owe
And scratch Saskatchewan away
Make Manitoba paper dolls
Lift up a lie from Highway 1
To tie Ontario
Oh, wait for me

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