

# Blue Rodeo, Outskirts

Lead Vocal by Greg

Here on the outskirts of life  
Dreams seldom come true  
Flippin' thru photographs emotional holographs  
Cutouts of all the figures you might've been  
Reflections of a life that you once lived

As the evening descends  
Your conscious of every breath  
And every moment is a crisis, I guess  
Starin' out the windows of your hotel room  
You lit one too many fires underneath that spoon  
Well I guess you deserve the chosen few  
Real life, just out of view

Well that's just here,  
On the outskirts  
Yea, that's here,  
On the outskirts of your life

And there's a picture we've all seen  
It was taken in the lobby of the L.A. Ambassador Hotel  
It's the silhouette of a man in another's arms  
So turn off your TVs, and let that train go home  
'Cause everyone warned you that California  
Wasn't goin' to be the end  
California wasn't gonna be the end.

And tell me where can you hide when  
the whole world is ugly and strange  
Yea tell me where you gonna turn when  
this whole world knows your name  
And these four walls are screamin'  
And all your friends were so deceiving  
Yea you forgot the lines of a part you rehearsed so well  
Lysin' awake in the Brazilian Court Hotel

But that's just here,  
On the outskirts  
Yea, that's here  
On the outskirts,  
Of your life...