

Constantines, Trans Canada

There's no short cut
And no straight line
How am i to find the sleeping country?
Ghost horse in my head keeping time
Wandering lines

Trans Canada

Hot dice keep rolling
Try to lose our nothin'
Now familiar, now forgotten
To get the prize
Forget the song
We're here and gone

Trans Canada

I had that vision, brother
The one about you, brother
We did ride, ride on the shining path together
The black angel
I was on his side
Burn our deep river
Looking into the night
No vacancy
So long

Trans Canada
Hell and gone