

Of Montreal, Montreal

Montreal is
Where I began to feel inside
the gray sadness of winter.
When you told me that this isn't it,
And I drove away.

Walking to the statue in the park,
Through snow drifts up over our knees,
And every street sign written in French.
We sat by the statue.
You looked in my eyes,
Then said, "I'm so sorry."

Later, laying on your bed,
Wondering what's going wrong.
Every time I'd ask you'd start crying,
And whisper, "I don't know why,
I only know what I feel,
what a voice says to me"

I may be here now
but I've never left Montreal