

Ataxia, Montreal

I'm trying to get to you
To the cold and glass and pain
Cutting back on everything
Never on a passing train

Sentence scraps the paper
Could not be there to you
And built-in conversation
What we would never lose

I'm going to Montreal

I won't do what they tell me
No I stay just the same
Tunneled all the pine trees
Still play a wasting game

I'm going, I'm going
I'm going to Montreal

I was looking for an answer
I would never find in you
I was looking for an answer

I'm going, I'm going away
I'm going to Montreal

I was looking for an answer
I would never find in you
Sold all my records
What a stupid thing to do

Going to Montreal
I never had a clue
No, I never had a clue