

# Blue Rodeo, Sad Nights

Walked you to the corner  
stood beside the bus  
and tears rolled down our faces  
as the driver stared at us  
typical summer  
that time of year  
when you go back to toronto  
and i stay here  
and i miss the way you wake up  
and the way you sigh  
and i miss the way you turn your head away when you cry  
i dont think this time will fly

here comes sad nights again  
here comes  
sad nights again

around about midnight  
when its still too hot to think  
we'll go back down to the neighbourhood  
and get ourselves a drink  
every day working  
not getting far  
no, this town aint much for starting off  
its only made for stars  
and later when i'm walking underneath the starless sky  
there's a couple in a doorway  
and i think i hear them cry  
but they turn their heads  
when i go by

here comes sad nights again  
here comes  
sad nights again

Last days of summer  
San Janelle feast  
there's music hanging in the air  
and dancing in the streets  
people line the corners  
and they stand beside the fires  
and i'm watching from my window  
as the sparks go by  
and somewhere there's a gunshot  
people scatter everywhere  
and it happens every day  
so there's still laughter in the air  
and as i lay down  
i wish you were here

and here comes sad nights again  
here comes  
sad nights again

here comes sad nights again