

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