

John McDermott, No Change In Me

You could shoot off a cannon
down the middle of Bond
and attract no attention in downtown St. John's
This getting nowhere is getting to me
Wondering where can you go
to be all you can be
No regular Joe wants to pull up and go
And wind up homesick
Where there's no one you know
Just a smoke and a beer
And the sports on TV
Being sorry you left
With no choice but to leave
(Chorus)
No change in the weather
No change in me
I don't want to leave
but I can't live for free
Can't eat the air, can't drink the sea
No change in the weather
No change in me
You could shoot off a cannon
From the top of Long's Hill
And a Gulliver's taxi might be all that you'd kill
We were promised the sun
and the moon and the stars
We got weathered old clapboard and salt-rusted cars
So I'll join in the leaving like all of the rest
Montreal, Calgary, Vancouver West
Lay down on the sidewalk
Kick off and die
And watch people not looking
As they hurry by