

# Murray McLauchlan, 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  
Just to wind up homesick  
Where there's no one you know  
Just a smoke and a beer  
And the sports on T.V.  
Being sorry you left  
With no chance but to leave

No change in the weather  
No change in me  
I don't want to leave  
But you can't live for free  
You can't eat the air  
And you 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  
And kick off and die  
Watch people not looking  
As they hurry by

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