

# Of Montreal, Old Familiar Way

Neither the flowers on the hill  
or the moonlight on the sea  
Have ever looked so blue  
And everything looks new again  
In that old familiar way

The view from my room  
of the ships on the bay  
Had come to bore me through and through  
But they suddenly seem new again  
In that old familiar way

The delicate ballet of blossoms falling off a tree  
Had long gone unnoticed by me  
I'm stunned by what now I finally see  
It's amazing the wonders you can find  
Just by stepping outside

There's a skip in my step a divine state of joy  
In everything I do  
Cause I am feeling new again  
In that old familiar way

When I'm awoken from my dreams  
by a cuckoo on the roof  
I always join in too  
And every sound sounds new again  
In that old familiar way

The life I used to know  
when I was busy always on the go  
Left me with nothing to show  
Now I feel that I can honestly say  
I'm living a suitable life  
I'm glad I finally got it right

Welcome to the Gay Parade