

Rheostatics, Canadian Dream

Tim Vesely

I am saving up my mind, and my money, and my sex.
When this winter freeze is done, come the springtime, I'll be gone.
Traverse the grand prairies on a Greyhound bus.

I know that I have said this before:
It's been awhile since 1974.
This time I'm really serious,
I might not ever be home again.
Oh Vancouver--far west as we go--just a stone's throw from L.A.

Oh, my home, I know
You are somewhere near
On the crust of this planet;
Perhaps next year.

I'll show my friends, I'll be the first
Making money with my guitar on my back.
"Youthful optimists!" is that all that you can say?
I'll send you postcards when I'm far away.
Back east in an ebb tide of history, to refind and old found land.