

Rheostatics, Father's Sad Song

Gord Downie

The concert was today. I heard the wild crowd moan.
It's not that life's distasteful to me. It's just that I am all alone.
If I should hear a bird, or when I'm making toast.
It's in the smallest moments. When I expect the least, I think of you the most.

It's not that it's a mystery, this newly-found malaise.
The trouble is, the mystery has taken your place.

I turn my head away. Now everything is gone.
It's taken this catastrophe to see what you mean to me.
If I could have my way, I'd turn and start again.
We'd sing and dance and laugh and be exactly the same as we were then.