

Rheostatics, King Of The Past

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Check your watch;
You're fourteen and more.
Here lies a road not travelled before.
Down in the cellar,
There's beer on your breath.
And up off the floor,
Did you let him explore?

Check your map.
You're Louis Riel.
He rode a horse before you were born.
Out in the flatland,
The money's all spent.
And out in the field,
Your fate has been sealed.

I'm the King of the Past, but still I walk forward.
Won't close my eyes to the passing of time.
I'm in Fredericton Northern where the rivers make borders,
But planes fly right over them.

Check your map,
'Cause you've lost your watch.
It's buried under snow; its time does not stop.
Find your way homeward.
The rivers are freezing.
And under the ice,
The borders are changing.

I'm the King of the Past, but still I walk forward.
I step over hundreds of years yet to come,
While the eyes in the back of my head draw no borders,
Just rivers that channel the rain.

(Chase them away.)