

Rheostatics, When Winter Comes

ave Bidini and Martin Tielli

I read about your band in the entertainment news.
Struck me how you sounded so cynical.
For every Ocean Ranger and penny-poor reserve,
You're wasted in a tavern with other wasted birds.
What about The Band? What about the Guess Who?
The day they made the charts in Billboard magazine...
All the Irish armies couldn't teach you
Of independence, peace, and brotherhood.

I hope I'm never bitter, and I hope I never change.
I hope I have a reason to be concerned.
For all the wounded divers and all the sunken crews
Wouldn't know the secrets of the deep had they waited on board.
Ah, someone wants a contract and someone wants a crumb,
Some will dress in greasepaint on Video Hits...
All the Irish armies couldn't keep you
From standing there, speaking sabre-toothed.
Do you get the urge when winter comes?

All the laughing scarecrows and all the cocaine dogs
Couldn't bark me down my fence into the middle of your yard.
Someone wants a contract and someone wants a crumb,
Some will sing in greasepaint on Video Hits.
All the Irish armies couldn't keep you
From hiking like an injured, aimless mule.
Do you get the urge when winter comes?

Cut.

In the blue Canadian winter, I'll follow your trail
Till your love becomes a snowbank hardened by gael.
When ice appears on matchsticks and the salt trucks fail,
And coalmen hibernate through their alarms.
In the blue Canadian winter an iceman roams,
Building railroads made of iron, sweat, and skin.
When you become thawed-out your love will swamp the tracks,
And my heart will be restored with virgin blood.

Warm, your warm, Victoria.