

Watching The Northern Lights

Barenaked Ladies

Floating like a dream cloud above the lake
Drifting in and out of sight
Forty miles above us
Watching the Northern Lights

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Watching the Northern Lights
Watching the Northern Lights

In the true northern darkness
Far from the sleeping towns
We lay there in silence
Young and free, half asleep, spellbound

We were watching the Northern Lights
Watching the Northern Lights
Watching the Northern Lights

In my mind after all this time
The memory is still clear
All I find I leave behind
The song is my souvenir

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