

Paris or Amsterdam

Basia Bulat

Yesterday I thought I saw you
Crossing at the corner light
Voices ringing through Royal York station
Run down the stairs, it happens often
Every time I feel myself unraveling
I can tell myself that you've been travelling
All this time
Now anytime I hear a laugh as bright
You come to mind
Borrowing your coat
Your courage walking
They're always asking
If I mind it, I just tell myself that
You're still travelling
You could be in Paris, or in Amsterdam
All this time
Come to my mind, come to my mind
Come to my mind, come to my mind
The camera we found
I know where it is now
And your Sunday best clothing
Oh, anytime I need to, I can say it
Come to my mind
I can stand for hours at the station
Or on the stairs
If I don't find you
I just tell myself that you're still travelling
You could be in Paris or in Amsterdam
Standing on the corner to remember it
Talking to myself come to my mind again
To my mind, come to my mind
Come to my mind
Come to my mind