

Hindsight's giving me
Too much memory
There's too much never seen
But it's always there 'cause it's everywhere

Taking my own advice
Worked out for me nice
But now I come to find
The tricks we play with human brains

They don't want to think about the other side
Is that grass just greener 'cause it's fake?
'Cause that's all that we've been told since we were five years
old
Is that all we'll ever know?

Hindsight brings me down
It keeps me on the ground
And though I'm never proud
I wouldn't dare if you weren't there

The thing with getting up
Feelings like giving up
Feels like not enough
You eat a crumb and waste a loaf

They don't want to talk about the other side
Where the grass was greener than they said
'Cause this doesn't bring to mind what I'd expect to find
They must be colorblind

What about Canada?
What about Canada?
This paradise
Of pines and ice

Morning comes in freight ships while you're sleeping
Bad into ideas was no surprise
We'll wait 'till the wild has rights, then never lock doors at
night
And kiss all those wars goodbye