

There is a path by Lake Bras d'Or  
I never go there anymore  
It's not the same, since you and I  
The path is narrow, over-grown  
The few that thread there, thread alone

A patch of land, I call my own  
I planted seeds, some have grown  
But weeds have choked the few remains  
My crop has withered in the sun  
Doomed before it had begun

I thought I read the writing on the wall  
Turned out that it was just a bit of scrawl  
I walked along, tasting my defeat -  
There was a time when what was writ  
Seemed to me clear, and full of wit

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