

# I Paddle My Canoe

Jane Siberry

Oh, I don't like the look of the look of today  
A great gray cloud is coming our way  
So I move through the streets on my own  
A-huffing and a-puffing and feeling so alone

O grandfather, grandfather  
Will you wake up?  
Will you take up these threads?

O grandmother, grandmother  
I am walking on such thin ice  
I wonder how you feel?  
And a fire is burning in the fireplace  
And the windows crackle with rain

Feels so part of my place  
So I leave my sleeping ancients  
And I walk down the steps  
And I move to the edge of the forest  
Where I lay my heaviness

Oh, where is my sweet puppy?  
Oh, there you are  
You're never far behind  
Sometimes he seems like a little lamb  
So I push off from the shore

I press my face against the watery place  
I push off from the shore  
My sweet dog and you  
I paddle my canoe  
Across the water and home to you

Way back then, way back then  
My grandfather sleeping by the fire  
Way back then, way back then  
My grandmother dreaming of desire  
Way back then, way back there

My sweet family  
I will return someday  
But on this gray afternoon  
There's something that I must obey

So I paddle my canoe out across the bay  
The end of an endless day  
My puppy and me  
Across the water and home to thee