

# Montreal

Marillion

200 Fates entwined inside the plane  
We watched as England dropped away from us again  
I wasn't waiting  
I wasn't sure what I would find  
I was prepared to let it happen on its own this time  
I had a feeling I was floating into time spent amongst friends  
Reintroduced from other strange and wonderful weekends  
As the seat belt signs announced the fall  
I realised I'd been falling for a while  
We'd been falling for some time into Montreal

I saw ice upon the river as the plane came in to land  
I heard Joni Mitchell singin' her poems of isolation  
The man at immigration said his friends all knew the band  
Bizarre to come so far to an outstretched hand and easy conversation

We were welcomed through "arrivals" without the usual transatlantic fuss  
And greeted by the fans who led us to the chilly street onto the bus

The snow had hung around on the corners of the vacant lots  
And France was singing in the air of High-Rise North America  
And as we made our way into the Hotel Hall  
The man behind the desk broke a knowing smile and said  
"Hello Sir! Welcome back to Montreal"

We hid away for the day in our identical rooms  
Like we usually do - another new bed - upside down in our heads  
And afternoon was morning and night was afternoon  
Only the jet-lagged know the way I sleep tonight

So I skipped home and said "It's me, how are you babe?"  
I can't be with you but I can see you on the screen  
Technology is wonderful when it isn't in the way  
The little one seems older now with every passing day

I hope the vibes are good I'm behaving as I should  
Going down to breakfast what time is it now there?  
I'll go shopping for shoes or whatever ensues  
Je T'aime my darling Je T'aime my darling  
See you soon

We were invited to the circus - Guests of honour if you please  
By a girl with an Eskimo name

And in the Café of the Cirque 'Soleil  
We bought easter eggs from outer space  
40 different languages are spoken in this place

And inside the steel-glass building I gazed up to the trapeze  
The building 30 metres tall, we watched the acrobat fall  
He was quite safe  
He was falling into Montreal

Down at the sports bar, the Ice Hockey never ends (2x)

So up in my room I discovered Leonard Cohen on TV  
Live in London, ain't that perfect symmetry?

It warmed the heart to watch him float around the hall  
Soaking up, reflecting, radiating  
Just as I would tomorrow night on the outstretched tender hands, tender hands,  
tender hands  
Of Montreal

The Fleur de Lis was always kind to me  
I'll make the time if ever you should call  
The Fleur de Lis was always kind to me  
I'll make the time if ever you should call

And so I shall