

Canadian Song

Matt Pond PA

turn home from bars and weaving closets full
of stuttered turns when pedals redden roads
we'd pass through farms, the orchards are aligned
it looks too slow as we lay against the floor

the green fury becomes a monument
slips off the road and new years become new lines
we didn't see the lights against the sky
we didn't see we were too far up the road

it's how canadians must feel
everything they see is real
my palms were made to match my eyes
it's how canadians watch days
in a million different ways
and i am for the northern side

watch the signs turn into lines