

i remember you
do you remember me
there's no way to the heart better than awkwardly
in canada on new year's eve
you said you'd never seen someone bleed like i bleed
perhaps i was on

the shaking hands
the hands we'll shake
there's nothing that we've done you could call a mistake
we wore ourselves into the ground
the humming of the traffic on st. catherine's
breaks the slow fall down

the truth is behind the hotel
the body's underneath the maple tree
the leaves turned red when you killed me
startled by the saint's river
i won't reduce the complications to the warmer nights
when i did not know you

the truth is under the water
finally silent i could hear you speak
about the leaves and killing me
shaken by the saint's river
there's nothing that we've done that could be wrong
it's the only way we'll ever understand