

## Expecting to Fly

of Montreal

There you stood on the edge of your feather,  
Expecting to fly.  
While I laughed, I wondered whether  
I should wave bye,  
Knowing that you've gone.  
By the summer it was healing,  
We had said goodbye.  
All the years we'd spent with feeling  
Ended with a cry,  
Babe, ended with a cry,  
Babe, ended with a cry.

I tried so hard to stand  
As I stumbled and fell to the ground.  
So hard to laugh as I fumbled  
And reached for the love I found,  
Knowin' it was gone.  
If I never lived without you,  
Now you know I'd die.  
If I never said I loved you,  
Now you know I'd try,  
Babe, now you know I'd try.  
Babe, now you know I'd try,  
Babe.