

Old Familiar Way

of Montreal

Neither the flowers on the hill
or the moonlight on the sea
Have ever looked so blue
And everything looks new again
In that old familiar way

The view from my room
of the ships on the bay
Had come to bore me through and through
But they suddenly seem new again
In that old familiar way

The delicate ballet of blossoms falling off a tree
Had long gone unnoticed by me
I'm stunned by what now I finally see
It's amazing the wonders you can find
Just by stepping outside

There's a skip in my step a divine state of joy
In everything I do
Cause I am feeling new again
In that old familiar way

When I'm awoken from my dreams
by a cuckoo on the roof
I always join in too
And every sound sounds new again
In that old familiar way

The life I used to know
when I was busy always on the go
Left me with nothing to show
Now I feel that I can honestly say
I'm living a suitable life
I'm glad I finally got it right

Welcome to the Gay Parade