

The Secret Ocean

of Montreal

Secret ocean and its coast
Spills out into the room
And it made me think
Of how you float away
To another distant room
Embracing the unknown
And I wonder what
You're doing there today

Because I'm always thinking of you
Your invisible rays slice me in two
You crush me every day
You made me change my shape
I could be anything you want me to

Drifting along
Your golden doorway
You tried to duck your head
But the ceiling sinks along
And lifts you up
Into a place where you
Can be anything you want to

An old dead branch
A big red ant
A singing clown

It might be impossible
To reach into the sky
And send you out a greeting
On the telepathic line
Another selfish scheme
For entering your dream
Across the secret ocean
In the broad unending time

I'm always thinking of you
Your invisible rays slice me in two
You crush me every day
You made me change my shape
I could be anything you want me to
I could be anything you want me to
I could be anything you want me to