

Under dormant trees  
Under bright lit skies  
Mountains of maple leaves  
Standing side by side

The phone lines  
The street lights  
Led me to you  
And if you  
Just sit tight  
I'll be there soon

All those wasted miles  
All those aimless drives  
Through green aisles  
Our careless life style  
It was not so unwise  
No

I rode right pass  
The train tracks on  
Ancient as the stone  
Blacked out on a bicycle  
I made my way back home

The houses were humming  
All through the night  
And winter was coming  
But that was alright

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