

## And This Is What We Call Progress

The Besnard Lakes

Sunshine seems so bright  
Lonely days, cold nights  
No light

Old ghosts in a line  
Evil in the mine

Ageless Indian  
Will you cast an offering?  
'Cause some of us have to hide  
All night

Spanish and Indian  
Can you make the people reign?  
'Cause some of us built too high  
Oh why?

Dim the lights