

Traveler Blues

"Canadian Rose"

Visit "[Canadian Rose](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Autumn air it carries me there
Less than an hour to go
Six hundred miles an hour
And still it feels so slow
I'm trying to get back to Burlington
To a square in the center of town
To a spot on a wooden table
Where her feet didn't reach the ground
And shen she kisses me it tasted like cinnamon
And her skin smells of cider and rose
And when she looked at me we both got quiet
And my heart beats so hard we were in so close
Once for such a beautiful while that still makes me
smile
And she called me her ugly American
And I would call her my Canadian flower
And I don't think that we'll ever get there again
We had such power
And she would call me her ugly American
And I'll remember my Canadian rose
Especially when the fall comes to Burlington

We were in so close

I finally made it this town looks rearranged

I don't know these people anymore

But in the best ways not much else has changed

From the way it was before

And at least they still have this certain table

Where I once carved a particular name

I run my finger through the weathered carving

And I almost can feel the same

And my mouth it almost tastes just like cinnamon

As I ponder what my pilgrimage means

And I try to figure out where Vancouver is from here

And I listen to the leaves

If only for a beautiful while that still makes me smile

And she called me her ugly American

And I would call her my Canadian flower

And I don't think that we'll ever get there again

We had such power

And she would call me her ugly American

And I'll remember my Canadian rose

Especially when the fall comes to Burlington

We were in so close

And every single hope and dream I could ever conjure
up

Passionately springs in me and all things are possible

Plausible and perfectly both of ours forever after and
every day

At least it seemed that way

Once for such a beautiful while that still makes me
smile

And she called me her ugly American

And I would call her my Canadian flower

And I don't think that we'll ever get there again

We had such power

And she would call me her ugly American

And I'll remember my Canadian rose

Especially when the fall comes to Burlington

We were in so close

Visit [Traveler Blues](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.