

Jane Siberry "I Paddle My Canoe"

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Oh, I don't like the look of the look of today
A great gray cloud is coming our way
So I move through the streets on my own
A-huffing and a-puffing and feeling so alone

O grandfather, grandfather
Will you wake up?
Will you take up these threads?

O grandmother, grandmother
I am walking on such thin ice
I wonder how you feel?
And a fire is burning in the fireplace
And the windows crackle with rain

Feels so part of my place
So I leave my sleeping ancients
And I walk down the steps
And I move to the edge of the forest
Where I lay my heaviness

Oh, where is my sweet puppy?
Oh, there you are
You're never far behind
Sometimes he seems like a little lamb
So I push off from the shore

I press my face against the watery place
I push off from the shore
My sweet dog and you
I paddle my canoe
Across the water and home to you

Way back then, way back then
My grandfather sleeping by the fire
Way back then, way back then
My grandmother dreaming of desire
Way back then, way back there

My sweet family
I will return someday
But on this gray afternoon

There's something that I must obey

So I paddle my canoe out across the bay

The end of an endless day

My puppy and me

Across the water and home to thee

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