

City and Colour

"Goodbye Laurelie"

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The grass is overgrowing on the garden rail.
And crickets call a chorus I remember.well,
Calling me, that old familiar thunder. Writing
Letters I always meant to send you.
When every second feature showed Niagara Falls We
were
Sitting pretty, feeling twice as tall. Making faces at the
madman
In the alleyway. We laughed at every cowboy who
stopped to
Fill his glass.
(Chorus)
Calling, Goodbye Laurelie, dirty town lullabye.
Goodbye Laurelie, goodbye.
Goodbye Laurelie, dirty town lullabye.
Goodbye Laurelie . . .
When all the city papers say you're doing well You're
Still a small town story that the neighbours tell When
You smile and say hello to strangers You're still the
Foolish boy they all remember.
The crazy Jane I chased every other night. Has
Reappeared in white like a virgin bride. I'm the
Face in the comer of the photograph A wild man
At the weddding, fixing his tie.
(Chorus)
Calling, Goodbye Laurelie dirty town lullabye.
Goodbye Laurelie, goodbye.
Goodbye Laurelie, dirty town lullabye.
Goodbye Laurelie . . .

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