

Martina Sorbara**"Cherry road"**

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Fall fell in Ontario
And it seems like so few days
That the poplar blossoms fell like snow
On the beach at the end of
Cherry Road

That sand is coarse
And the water's cold
There's no one here
No lifeguard on patrol
But I woke up and just had to go
To the beach at the end of
Cherry Road

'Cause in it's wreckage and rubble
And all that broken glass
I'll find a stone that I can throw
And I'll find some peace and take
A handful home
Of the beach at the end of
Cherry Road

There's no news here
There are no radios
They've got no idea
These few sea gulls
That's why I came here I suppose
To the beach at the end of
Cherry Road

Fall fell in Ontario
And I've found myself
A skipping stone
That I will throw then work my way
Way back home
From the beach at the end of
Cherry Road

'Cause in its wreckage and rubble
And all that broken glass
I'll find a stone that I can throw

And I'll find some peace and take
A handful home
Of the beach at the end of
Cherry Road

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