

## **Corb Lund**

### **"Short Native Grasses"**

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You can fail to achieve what you'd always believed  
You were capable of from the start  
You can lose all you have on the gambling avenue  
An' you'll know nothing true of your heart  
You can see and be seen with those holes in your jeans  
But the prairies won't know what it means

CHORUS:

The prairies of Alberta, they ain't never hearda  
The things that are keepin' you down  
And the short native grasses don't care that the ashes  
Of your dreams match their dry shade of brown

You can follow the call out to olde Montreal  
It may feel like you'll never get back  
You can do what you want on Boulevard St. Laurent  
It may feel like you've slipped through the crack  
You can see and be seen with those holes in your jeans  
And the prairies won't know what it means

CHORUS

When you fail to remember the gifts of September  
And all that's left's a manila, grass rope  
And that clean, country wedding that you thought you'd  
be getting  
Seems delayed beyond reasonable hope  
You can see and be seen with those holes in your jeans  
And the prairies won't know what it means

You can see and be seen  
With those holes in your jeans  
And the prairies won't know what it means

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