

Melissa McClelland

"Goodbye to You"

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The crooked view from your window on Shoreacres
avenue
The first think of when I think of you
Four o'clock, three small words, a pair of unsure hands
I place one on your face, a sacred place

And now you are convinced that I am from Mars
So I should never leave this second floor room
That screams out cold, Canadian punk rock beneath
the closed door
That keeps them all away and holds us in

Now I'm too tired to let you go, but you won't let me
stay
Because the numbers on the clock say tomorrow's on
its way
I'd sooner turn the night sky blue
Before I'd say goodbye to you

The shadows kill the last remaining breath of life
Creates a map across your face and I'm floating out to
see
And if I dare to fall asleep in Never Neverland
I'll remember it's just a dream

Now we are the crowned alumni of our past
Leave it behind, close your eyes before the future
disappears
Only fools find consolation in old nostalgic keepsakes
Buried treasures, staid illusions

Now I'm too tired to let you go, so I'll pretend to stay
Just imagine that I'm here and I'll never go awqay
I'd hypnotize the waning moon
Before I'd say goodbye to you

As the credits roll you find me dreaming beside you
Begrudgingly you take my hand and lead me up to bed
The upside down beachfront of Quebec avenue
The stereo whispers some wheat rock balladeer

I sleepwalk my way to the edge of the park
A sliver of moon to remind me of my uneven path
Frozen feet scratch pavement, paint it a heartbroken
red
I'll take the second bus home, you'll be none the wiser

Now I'm too tired to let you go, but I won't let you stay
'Cause if I look you in the eye there are things I'll have
to say
And believe me, I would lie to you
Before I'd say goodbye to you
Before I'd say goodbye to you

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