

## Joe Ontario "Black Creek"

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Where Finch is there goes a bridge  
There is a creek where all the kids  
They go down and they play there with the water.

Every day right after school  
I lied to mom, I promised and I told her  
I won't go down by the water.

I kissed her and ran, ran down by the water.  
I called out to Sam, Sam, Pino's by the water.  
Pino's by the water.

When winter came the frogs all died  
We slid down hills on carton rides  
Some friends got hurt, they cried down by the water.

Then when me and Sam went down

We went too fast, we spun around  
We started flying right across the water.

We held hands and flew, flew right above the water  
We laughed when we landed on the other side of the  
water,  
Side of the water.

The old Black Creek is still the same  
And now the kids have different names  
I used to play their same games in December.  
"Well my friend" it's time to go  
It's hard to turn my back you know  
It's been so nice to see and to remember.

For now just goodbye, bye, you've been such a good  
friend.  
Might see you again, again maybe in my sweet  
dreams.  
Maybe in my sweet dreams.

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