

Patty Larkin

"Letter from Vancouver"

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Letter from Vancouver
by Patty Larkin
Don't expect I'll apologize
Don't expect I'll change the color of my eyes
Hold on the roots of religion
The crowned king will soon be forgiving me
You call out for honesty
And then you cry out when you look at me
Face to face now it's you and me
In an open boat
On an open sea

And I dream
Of a better day
And I dream
Of a better day
And I'm sending my dreams tonight
Cross English Bay, cross English Bay
English Bay

Torn up, tongue tied
Standing silent in our pride
Don't expect me to run and hide
It'll only push me to the farthest side
'Cause all I wanted to be
Was someone you could believe
Face to face now it's you and me
Trying to survive the open sea

And I dream
Of a better day
And I dream
Of a better day
And I'm sending my dreams tonight
Cross English Bay, cross English Bay
English Bay

Who knows, in another time
It won't matter who loses or wins
Who knows, in another time
It'll be

Tell me again how you've been

These four walls hold me close at night
I open the blind to the morning light
Out on the water the rain pours down
Like a curtain of tears drawn tight round the town
I pray for the wind to change
Storms blow beyond the mountain range
I pray when I pass through here again
The season of rain will have come to an end
'Cause all I wanted to be
Was someone you could believe
Face to face, now it's you and me
Waiting it out on the open sea

And I dream
Of a better day
And I dream
Of a better day
And I'm sending my dreams tonight
Cross English Bay, cross English Bay
English Bay

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