

The Sainte Catherines

"The Shape Of Drunks To Come"

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This body feels better now than ever before
Like a boy playing drums on rusty garbage cans
I really know how to smile now without laughing out
loud
I just need to learn how to act in one place at a time

Tomorrow you'll be gone
Montreal's still singing our song
Can you teach me how to breathe?
Montreal is still bleeding

I'm sure that you know that I did my best for you
Like this evening without wine, without you I'm not me
I'm sure that you know now I'll be the best for you
Like this bottle without gin, without you I'm not me

Kids singing, cats running and the colour of your nails
I remember how cool I was when I turned 17
Sitting here on this bench with someone I know from
songs
Makes me dream of a day without hours in our house
Tomorrow you'll be gone
Montreal's still singing our song
Can you teach me how to breathe?
Montreal is still bleeding

I'm sure that you know that I did my best for you
Like this evening without wine, without you I'm not me
I'm sure that you know now I'll be the best for you
Like this bottle without gin, without you I'm not me

Tonight all this feels right

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