

Sloan

"Green Gardens, Cold Montreal"

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Green gardens, cold Montreal
Crooked pictures that hang in the hall
It's the golden day, golden day, gold, you recall on cue
Ooh, it's old news.

When the world revolved around you, yeah
Faculty members agreed to a certain degree
And the girl that followed the rules, yeah
Looked good on paper, but lacked a central theme
The coffee could use more cream

Friends blow away, blow away, blow like a cloud

Kids go away, go away, go, it's allowed
And all of the days spent close to your crowd were few

To the girl that followed the rules, yeah
It looked good on paper, and gave it a college try
Now the ink and her humour is dry

Friends blow away, blow away, blow like a cloud
Kids go away, go away, go, it's allowed
And all of the days spent close to her crowd are
through
Ooh, it's the truth

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