

Waiting in Canada

Jann Arden

Every tear you cry
every doubt you have
all of these things will pass away
All of your big mistakes
your little old heart would break
wishing that I would take them back
Write down the things you don't want,
burn them in a glass
Write down the things you dream of,
make a paper plane that flies to heaven

And buy a ticket for a plane,
and come and see me, baby.
Or drive your car all night,
by just starlight,
to Canada
That's where I'll be waiting.

All of the empty rooms,
All of the silent space,
every warm embrace is you.
Nothing is like it was,
there's nobody here but us,
I have been filled right up with this

Write down the words of sadness,
burn them in a cup
Write down the things you've wanted,
throw them to the wind that's soaring up to heaven

And buy a ticket for a plane,
and come and see me, baby.
Or drive your car all night,
By just starlight,
to Canada
Oh, buy a ticket for a plane,
and come and see me, baby
Or drive your car all night,
by just starlight, to Canada
That's where I'll be waiting.