

Manitoba

Paula Cole

Falling North, of the Arctic Circle inside of you,
The bleakness, the cold eye of ice in you.
Tundra-heart, you banish all memories, all feeling,
You're a distant cold-shoulder, I'm reeling.

Oh, we're as dead as doors, we're as dead as ashes,
Walking through your Manitoba, walking through your Manitoba.

(oh, oh, oh, oh)

Therapy, that big trigger-word that changes you,
And touches the bulls-eye of rage in you.
What's your fear?
Remembering the abandoned little child,
Retreating in books while your father's wild,

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Walking through your Manitoba, walking through your Manitoba
Oh, we're as dead as doors, we're as dead as ashes,
Walking through your Manitoba, walking through your Manitoba.
(oh, oh, oh, oh)

Right by your side, naked and wide,
I feel my insides, start to come up inside my mouth.
It's what I give, into this sieve,
It's worse than lonely,
It's hot tar on my innocence.

We're as dead as doors, we're as dead as ashes,
Walking through your Manitoba, walking through your Manitoba,
We're as dead as doors, we're as dead as ashes,
Walking through your Manitoba, walking through your Manitoba,
We're as dead as doors, we're as dead as ashes,
Walking through your Manitoba, walking through your Manitoba.

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