Canadian Rose

Blues Traveler

Autumn air it carries me there Less than an hour to go Six hundred miles an hour And still it feels so slow

I'm trying to get back to Burlington
To a square in the center of town
To a spot on a wooden table
Where her feet didn't reach the ground

And when she kisses me it tasted like cinnamon
And her skin smells of cider and rose
And when she looked at me we'd both got quiet
And my heart beats so hard we were in so close
Once for such a beautiful while that still makes me smile

And she called me her ugly American
And I would call her my Canadian flower
And I don't think that we'll ever get there again
We had such power

And she would call me her ugly American And I'll remember my Canadian rose Especially when the fall comes to Burlington We were in so close

I finally made it this town looks rearranged I don't know these people anymore But in the best ways not much else has changed From the way it was before

At least they still have this certain table Where I once carved a particular name I run my fingers through the weathered carving And I almost can feel the same

And my mouth it almost tastes just like cinnamon
As I ponder what my pilgrimage means
And I try to figure out where Vancouver is from here
And I listen to the leaves
If only for a beautiful while that still makes me smile

And she called me her ugly American And I would call her my Canadian flower And I don't think that we'll ever get there again We had such power

And she would call me her ugly American And I'll remember my Canadian rose Especially when the fall comes to Burlington We were in so close

Every single hope and dream I could ever conjure up
Passionately springs in me and all things are possible
Plausible and perfectly both of ours forever after and every day
At least it seemed that way
Once for such a beautiful while that still makes me smile

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