

Hindsight's giving me  
Too much memory  
There's too much never seen  
But it's always there 'cause it's everywhere

Taking my own advice  
Worked out for me nice  
But now I come to find  
The tricks we play with human brains

They don't want to think about the other side  
Is that grass just greener 'cause it's fake?  
'Cause that's all that we've been told since we were five years  
old  
Is that all we'll ever know?

Hindsight brings me down  
It keeps me on the ground  
And though I'm never proud  
I wouldn't dare if you weren't there

The thing with getting up  
Feelings like giving up  
Feels like not enough  
You eat a crumb and waste a loaf

They don't want to talk about the other side  
Where the grass was greener than they said  
'Cause this doesn't bring to mind what I'd expect to find  
They must be colorblind

What about Canada?  
What about Canada?  
This paradise  
Of pines and ice

Morning comes in freight ships while you're sleeping  
Bad into ideas was no surprise  
We'll wait 'till the wild has rights, then never lock doors at  
night  
And kiss all those wars goodbye