

Bobcaygeon

Damhnait Doyle

I left your house this morning about a quarter after nine
coulda been the Willie Nelson coulda been the wine
when I left your house this morning
it was a little after nine
it was in Bobcaygeon I saw the constellations
reveal themselves one star at a time

Drove back to town this morning with working on my mind
I thought of maybe quitting
thought of leaving it behind
went back to bed this morning
and as I'm pulling down the blind
the sky was dull and hypothetical
and falling one cloud at a time

That night in Toronto with its checkerboard floors
riding on horseback and keeping order restored
til the men they couldn't hang
stepped to the mic and sang
and their voices rang with that Aryan twang

I got to your house this morning just a little after nine
in the middle of that riot
couldn't get you off my mind
so I'm at your house this morning
just a little after nine
cause it was in Bobcaygeon where I saw the constellations
reveal themselves one star at a time