

Wheat Like Waves

Death Cab for Cutie

Wheat like waves
The Canadian plains were an ocean wide
Flowing to the sky
With prefab sprout
Echoing out of your '90s Accord
With the mismatched doors

Away from the wives
For just a few days traveling 'cross the divide
My delusions ablaze
But a homesteader's life
At 45 was just a fleeting dream
There's no way I'd survive

The winters in Saskatchewan are so cold

You talked of your kid
How frightened you'd been when she almost died
With tears in your eyes
But I could not pretend
To comprehend the depths of that kind of love
As a childless man

And there's so little time
So many miles to drive before the endless sleep
Eventually arrives
But I never would've thought
That life was so long that we'd be growing old
With stories untold

You were kindled by the dials on the dashboard
Your tattoos like the stamps upon your passport
Speeding like we thought we were escaping
From everything we feared that we were breaking
By trying to hold them in our hands

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