

North

Emm Gryner

The record's all done and life's moved on and I'm
A little bit wiser a little bit more tongue-tied
You got your girls and I got my boys
I don't think I'll ever make a better noise

I still remember the rain coming down like a eulogy
The last day we were together and the way you looked at me
But I got my wits and you got the cash
I don't need to be reliving all that

In my heart you're north of the border
Shining down like the aurora
I still dream of you like a restless explorer

The road to here's been a hail of empty bullet shells
I wonder if you hear the answers in your father's church bells
Echoing off of a mountainside
Vanishing like all the songs I write

In the chalice I see me in white
Giving up all the fights
One by one
In the name of love

In my heart you're back in Canada
With four seasons here to bandage ya
I still think of you
I know you might not understand it now

I drop the piano lid and let the sound go out
You got your thorn in my like a secret hideout
But you got your girls and I got my boys
I don't think I'll ever make a better noise.