

Canola Fields

James McMurtry

I was thinking 'bout you, crossing Southern Alberta
Canola fields on a July day
Are about the same chartreuse as that sixty-nine bug
You used to drive around San Jose

You never knew where my old white Lincoln might take you
Party on wheels with suicide doors
Bring the kids and the dogs and your grandma too
We always had room for more
Til that white-knuckle ride back from Santa Cruz
Second-best surfer on the central coast
Had you wrapped up all the way back to Los Gatos
And I could've cut his throat
And it wasn't like we were an item to start with
It had no basis in fact
But the whiskey could push me to sudden extremes
I don't want to think about that, I don't want to think about that

Take my hand Marie
Take a death grip on some part of me
Keep me from drifting far out to sea
Or I'll be lost out there

We all drifted away with the days getting shorter
Seeking our place in the greater scheme
Kids and careers and a vague sense of order
Busting apart at the seams
I heard you switched coasts, moved in with your sister
I doubt you'd have called it familial bliss
We met up in Brooklyn before it went hipster
You carried your keys in your fist
In a way back corner of a cross-town bus
We were hiding out under my hat
Cashing in on a thirty-year crush
You can't be young and do that
You can't be young and do that

Take my hand Marie
Take a death grip on some part of me
Keep me from drifting far out to sea
Or I'll be lost out there
I'll be lost out there

I was thinking 'bout you crossing Southern Alberta
Canola fields at harvest time
Look like tumbleweeds all raked up into rows
Brown rusty contour lines
And there's not much moving on the romance radar
Not that I'm craving it all that much
But I still need to feel every once in a while
The warmth of a smile and a touch
And in a way back corner of a cross-town bus
We were hiding out under my hat
Cashing in on a thirty-year crush
You can't be young and do that
You can't be young and do that
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