

No Redemption Song

Jason Collett

Staying stoned on Highway 401
In a band of southern Ontario bastard sons
I let my soul slip into the sun
and watched it sink just over Kingston

I left my heart in Old Montreal
ou les femme sont belle and their legs so long
I'm running on empty but still running on
Into the red flaming edges with no redemption song

Don't the houses all look haunted in every farm we pass
All the crumbling beauties each new division's trash
We don't pay for our sins, no god saves our souls
In the name of the daughters and sons of the holy smoke
And the holy smoke with no redemption song