

## Green Gardens, Cold Montreal

Sloan

Green gardens, cold Montreal  
Crooked picture that hang in the hall  
It's the golden days, golden day, gold, you recall on cue  
Ooh-ooh, it's old news

When the world revolved around you, yeah  
Faculty members agreed to a certain degree  
And the girl that followed the rules, yeah  
Looked good on paper, but lacked a central theme  
The coffee could use more cream

Friends blow away, blow away, blow like a cloud  
Kids go away, go away, go it's allowed  
And all of the days spent close to your crowd were few

To the girl that followed the rules, yeah  
It looked good on paper and gave it a college try  
Now the ink and her humour is dry

Friends blow away, blow away, blow like a cloud  
Kids go away, go away, go it's allowed  
And all of the days spent close to her crowd are through  
Ooh-ooh, it's the truth

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