

And This Is What We Call Progress

The Besnard Lakes

Sunshine seems so bright
Lonely days, cold nights
No light

Old ghosts in a line
Evil in the mine

Ageless Indian
Will you cast an offering?
'Cause some of us have to hide
All night

Spanish and Indian
Can you make the people reign?
'Cause some of us built too high
Oh why?

Dim the lights