

3 Mile Harbor

Thomas Dybdahl

Empty pools
I guess you're back in school
I don't mind staying on
But winter here is cruel

Bittersweet
Memories
Getting blown out east
On the tail of the summer breeze

Three mile harbour
Such a strange name
Just in case you don't remember me Jane

Three mile harbor
I'm your man

June to September
Please remember
I miss you my Canadian Jane

And now this town will never be the same
No this town will never be the same

Empty streets
Dead retreats
I've got one hand in my pocket
And the other one drums a Beat

Close my eyes (I close my eyes and I see)
Fading like the sun (Like the sun on your skin)
You left me your necklace
You let me breathe you in

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