

D A G

There is a town in north Ontario,
With dream comfort memory to spare,
and in my mind I still need a place to go,
All my changes were there,

Blue, blue windows behind the stars,
Yellow moon on the rise,
Big birds flying across the sky,
Throwing shadows on our eyes.

Helpless, helpless, helpless

Baby can you hear me now?
The chains are locked and tied across the door,
Baby, sing with me some how.

Blue, blue windows behind the stars,
Yellow moon on the rise,
Big birds flying across the sky,
Throwing shadows on our eyes.

Helpless, helpless, helpless
Helpless, helpless, helpless
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