

## LYRICS / PATRICK COURTEMANCHE

### Praying Tonight

By Patrick Courtemanche  
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I bow my head and I draw a breath  
Go to clasp my hands but they make a  
fist  
All those shooting stars fade as they hit  
the mist  
I'll do my part, but not like this

You made your play for paradise  
You won the game you thought you'd win  
it twice  
Believed that we all wanted your advice  
You won the game but you payed the  
price

Salvation feels so far away to you  
Like you need some miracle to pull you  
through  
I want to do for you, and I don't know  
what to do  
But I'm tired, and I've been down this  
road before  
And I don't feel like praying tonight

Heading east down this desert road  
I take my time, this rig's a heavy load  
I follow signs, and a simple code  
Say my piece and get on down the road

Salvation feels so far away to you  
Like you need some miracle to pull you  
through  
I want to do for you, and I don't know  
what to do  
But I'm tired, and I've been down this  
road before  
And I don't feel like praying tonight

I bow my head and I draw a breath

Try to clasp my hands but they make a  
fist  
All those shooting stars fade as they hit  
the mist  
I go to sleep, man I need some rest

### I Don't Live in Colorado (Anymore)

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I heard that you were calling around  
To some of my old haunts  
To tell me about Angel, that news had  
got around  
Got around, so tell me about Angel  
Got around, I still don't understand

For every time she'd fallen down  
This earth had propped her up  
And every scar that marred her face  
Her laughter covered up

Covered up, so tell me about Angel  
Covered up, I'll never understand

Haven't you heard?  
I don't live in Colorado anymore  
I got the word, from this cat in Lacombe  
About Angel  
No I don't live in Colorado anymore  
Leave it up to Angel, to put us together

Leave it up to Angel, to put us together

So you and Angel had lost touch?  
Did it ever dawn on you?  
That Angel asked much more  
Than either one of us could do

Than we could do, I'll tell you about  
Angel

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What could we do? She'd walked away  
before

Haven't you heard?  
I don't live in Colorado anymore  
I got the word, from this cat in Lacombe  
About Angel  
No I don't live in Colorado anymore  
Leave it up to Angel, to put us together

### Rain Drenched Sparrow

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Rain drenched sparrow, how do you fly  
like that?  
Fly like you'll never come down  
Rain drenched sparrow, sing me to  
Halifax  
Sing me to Queen Charlotte Sound  
Sing like the rain coming down

Yonge Street late night, I was in full flight  
Making my way to the door  
You were off to the bar for one more

The Irish goodbye, the final hello  
I heard that your comeback is going on  
the road

Rain drenched sparrow, how do you fly  
like that?  
Fly like you'll never come down  
Rain drenched sparrow, sing me to  
Halifax  
Sing me to Queen Charlotte Sound  
Sing like the rain coming down

Sheltered by canopies, ember-red maple  
trees  
Sail on to open skies  
Seek refuge in flight

With people like me, who worship you so  
Who light up the skies where you go

It moves through my gait  
That cadence of struggle  
That will to go on  
Like fog at dawn

It stirs memories, of failure and hope  
Of wondering if I'll ever get home

A sage, a sailor  
A Thunder Bay pier poet  
Driftwood on the shore

He curses in rhythm  
Drinking in rhymes  
A sage, a sailor, a merchant of lore

Rain drenched sparrow, how do you fly  
like that?  
Fly like you'll never come down  
Rain drenched sparrow, sing me to  
Halifax  
Sing me to Queen Charlotte Sound  
Sing like the rain coming down

### Up on the Street (Swede Hollow)

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It's humble, as humble, as grey old  
snow  
A tough humble village, nestled below  
A city that bustles, above the deep soul  
Of a hollow as humble, as grey old snow

The French and the Germans, and the  
Irish made do  
Up on the street, where a boomtown  
grew

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On land that was sacred, and stripped  
from the Sioux  
On land that was taken, a boomtown  
grew

The boomtown life  
Was an immigrant dream  
Down in Swede Hollow  
Where hard times seem  
To flow down the hillside  
And freeze in the creek  
And try to keep you from making it  
Up on the street

From the shoreline of Phalen to the ridge  
of the bluffs  
The East Side is gritty and proud  
The pride just ran deeper, down where  
times were tougher  
The hollow, as gritty, as gritty allows

Now the hollow is empty, but the dream's  
still on hold  
From the Midway to the West Bank  
They shoulder the load

The boomtown life  
Was an immigrant dream  
Down in Swede Hollow  
Where hard times seem  
To flow down the hillside  
And freeze in the creek  
And try to keep you from making it  
Up on the street