

## Grenadine

I'm sipping on the grenadine at the bottom of the glass

The truth is that it's my favourite part

I know perfectly well where I slept last night and I know perfectly well that I'm doing just fine and I want to write a song about the death of Stuart McLean

### **I want to write a poem about the death of Stuart McLean**

The red of blood and the red of neon

Red as ink and red as oil

Grenadine

These days are freezing

The skies are gorgeous while the trees rest

Gorgeous shades of blue purple orange red reflected through the frozen trees

It's a culture of car crashes and the collision is the winter's wick

In my dreams I'm listening to frozen recordings of sunset diners dreaming frozen departed  
frozen wintertime bliss grenadine

"You've been starving for air ever since I found you"

**And if they wrote me a song and if it really felt so violent what would they expect**

**For me not to tell the difference or for me to tell a lie**

And on these nights you find yourself sitting before a wooden table

It's chipped and it's cracked

And on these nights you place your hands on the table

You feel stories you feel weight you feel life

A wooden breath

All the time in the world and a wooden breath

All the time in the world and a wooden breath and a frozen glass of grenadine

She dances along highways and she dances through deserts

She waits for me on the other side

I am here and you are there

But when we met you were here and I was there

We weren't always so distant what happened

You found love but the same couldn't be said of me

You found love

while I'm still here

What were you waiting

for back in those cold

winter days is it the same thing

I'm waiting for today

what might that be

hands of God

I'll raise my hands to God if it will help but I refuse to do more as we drive past yet another car crash

The generation before mine was  
one that was told that everything could change  
at any moment and yet in  
the year 2000 nothing changed and  
there they were and here  
we are a generation of cynics lost in time  
and afraid

The winter isn't bringing me down                      but it makes me wonder who will die first you or me  
Like the frozen trees showing frozen reflections of the sun blue purple orange red

Now imagine you sit on a barstool a cold wooden barstool a cold wooden barstool a cold wooden breath  
and all the time in the world

A thousand stories told through a thousand ice cubes as you sat on a cold wooden barstool alone  
sipping on the grenadine at the bottom of the glass