

You've made me tired Montréal

Nobody stares into my eyes for more than thirty seconds

Except Barbara Streisand

In Sainte-Catherine Street

In Future Shop

When I go down those escalators

Her hand under her chin

Hiding herself in those old frames

She stares in to the very depth of my eyes

And only her

And only from the bottom of the escalators

To its top

Is this supposed to please me?

Or cause me pain?

You've made me tired Montréal...

From running after your mirages

From killing everything inside me

I built thousands of hopes

And killed them

Build them

And killed them

You've made me tired

From not looking at me

You were a nerveless shadow

In your own thoughts

You've made me tired
From seeing all your lonely women
And restless men
Where are all your beautiful stories?
Those that were whispers in my ears
For all these years
How do you hold all these cold and silent?
Look inside yourself?!

You've made me tired
From giving hope to myself
That you'll be my crying shoulders
You've turned all my hopes into stones
What did you do in your many years of long sleep?!
With the restless women
And your lover dogs...

What did you do with lonely men
And your lover dogs...
All these uselessness downpours
Is molten in you
And you make everyone
A small reminiscence of your own

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