

## Trans Canada

The Constantines

There's no short cut  
And no straight line  
How am i to find the sleeping country?  
Ghost horse in my head keeping time  
Wandering lines

Trans Canada

Hot dice keep rolling  
Try to lose our nothin'  
Now familiar, now forgotten  
To get the prize  
Forget the song  
We're here and gone

Trans Canada

I had that vision, brother  
The one about you, brother  
We did ride, ride on the shining path together  
The black angel  
I was on his side  
Burn our deep river  
Looking into the night  
No vacancy  
So long

Trans Canada  
Hell and gone