Chasing Ghosts, Chasing Dreams

DEAD END

Come downtown, get downtown, but where has downtown gone? I hear the music of long gone days.
Look for the rhythm of our yesterdays. What are we constructing? What are we constricting?
The Ghosts we are chasing, what is new, what's missing? Do you remember Victoria Park
before they dug the fountain? Do you remember City Hall standing tall looking up
from its tower? Condos going up, higher by the hour, who will live there I wonder.
Independent businesses shutting down, empty storefronts over downtown. Ghosts of
meat packers long gone, ghosts of furry animals hibernation innovation. No longer
Hell's Gate, underground open space, the 90s, Volcano, The Lyric, T-H-O-S-E D-A-Y-S.

Come downtown, get downtown, cuz downtown's coming up. I hear the music to come
and flow, finding the rhythm of tomorrows. What are we constructing, what are we
constricting? The dreams we are chasing, what is new, what's missing? In the summer,
the people come into the Centre. Civic Park, there's a spark, friends get together. Kids
running laughing, parents sitting chilling by the splash pad yeah. Close King
your street. It's bluesy, groove, move your feet. Sit down with the Yeti,
Frankie, Marina, and Bobby. Keep cool, Ketchup, take it easy, make haste get home
on the G.R.T. Detour, you can be sure, takes time to unearth a New City.

Come downtown, get downtown, cuz downtown's coming up.
Under Summer Lights, I feel a Night shift.
Go in, all out, my home, this is it.
Fill the empty space, fill up your soul.
Kitchener's alive, the past let it go.

Poem: Janice Lee
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