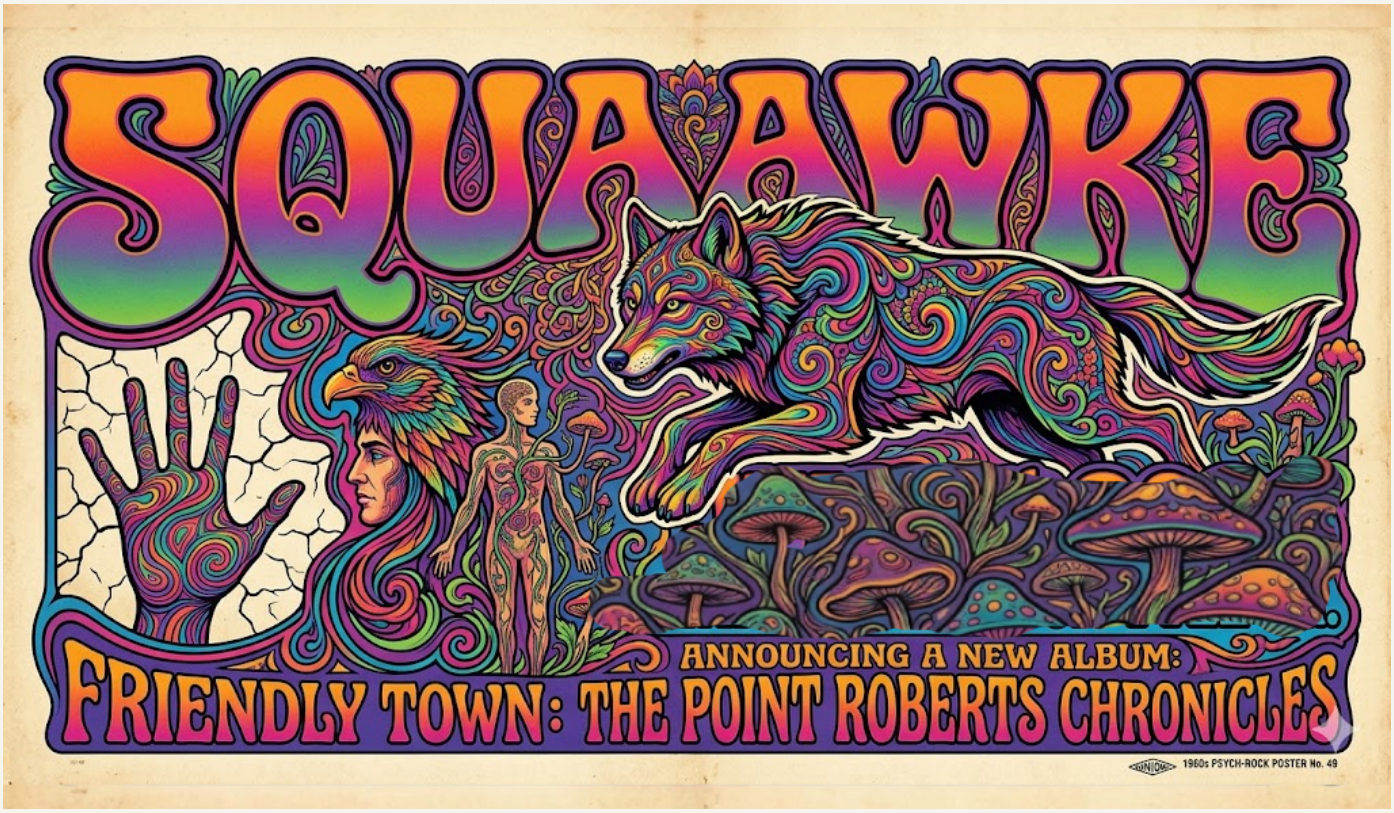
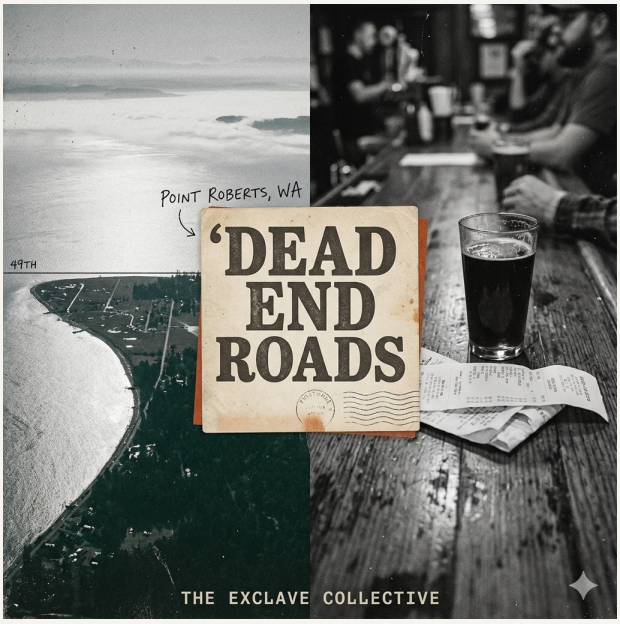


DEAD END ROADS

Original song and lyrics by Craig Ellenwood / Squaawke





CRAIG ELLENWOOD

30-year creative legacy

Point Roberts Historical Society / Display & archive copy

Includes original lyrics and images of Point Roberts.



DEAD END ROADS — LYRICS

Original lyrics by Craig Ellenwood · Squaawke

INTRO

[acoustic guitar - fingerpicked]

VERSE 1

Almost nowhere, called Point Roberts
49th cuts you off from the rest
One road in through Canadian land
Six square miles and it's all that we have

PRE-CHORUS

building energy

Life is old here, older than the roads
Everybody knows what everybody owes

CHORUS

anthemic

Dead end roads, take me home
To the place I belong
Point Roberts, dead-end peninsula
Take me home, dead end roads

VERSE 2

Canadians stopped crossing when the boycott hit hard
Half the businesses shuttered, the marina scarred
But the bar stools are full and the gossip flows free
(Over someone else's misery) and cheap grocery

PRE-CHORUS

Dark and rainy, wintertime is long
But the people here are kind enough to hold on strong

CHORUS

anthemic

Dead end roads, take me home
To the place I belong
Point Roberts, dead-end peninsula
Take me home, dead end roads

BRIDGE

melancholic · [pedal steel solo]

I hear her voice in the morning fog
Remind me of blue herons on the logs
Drive an hour through Peace Arch just to buy a bag of flour
Makes you question every choice that led you to this hour

VERSE 3

Nick Kiniski holds the bar like he held the wrestling ring
Pam brings every letter like it's something worth delivering
Erika cooks at midnight so nobody goes without
And Judson builds community so we don't lose our humanity

PRE-CHORUS

The library ladies know your name but not their hours, it's fine
The folks at Marketplace show up and keep us down the line

CHORUS

anthemic

Dead end roads, take me home
To the place I belong
Point Roberts, dead-end peninsula
Take me home, dead end roads

VERSE 4

low energy

Kind faces wave from across a gravel road
No one's in a hurry and no one's owed
The Salish Sea goes silver when the sun burns low
And the eagles don't care what the gossip says below

PRE-CHORUS

Strange and stubborn, beautiful and broke
There are worse things than being the punchline of a joke

CHORUS

anthemic

Dead end roads, take me home
To the place I belong
Point Roberts, dead-end peninsula
Take me home, dead end roads

CHORUS

harmonies

Dead end roads, take me home (take me home)
To the place I belong (where I belong)
Point Roberts, dead-end peninsula
Take me home, dead end roads

OUTRO

[acoustic guitar - fingerpicked fade]

Take me home (take me home)
Dead end roads