

Pamphleteer

The Weakerthans

I'm standing on this corner, can't get their attention
Facing rush hour faces turned around
I clutch my stack of paper, press one to a chest
Then watch it swoop and stutter to the ground I'm weary with right-angles, abbreviated daylight
Waiting for a winter to be done
Why do I still see you in every mirrored window
In all that I could never overcome? How I don't know what I should do with my hands when I talk to you
How you don't know where you should look so you look at my hands
How movements rise and then dissolve, melted by our shallow breath
How causes dance away from me, I am your pamphleteer I walk this room in time to the beat of the Gestetner
Contemplate my next communicate
The rhetoric and treason of saying that I'll miss you
Of saying hey, well maybe you should stay Sing, what force on earth could be
Weaker than the feeble strength
Of one like me remembering way it could have been
So help me with this barricade, no surrender, no defeat
A spectre's haunting Albert Street, I am your pamphleteer I am your pamphleteer, I am your pamphleteer

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