Civil Twilight

The Weakerthans

My confusion corner commuters are cursing the cold away,
As December tries to dissemble the length of their working day,
And they bite their mitts off to show me transfers, deposit change,
and I can't stop finding your face in their faces, all rearranged,
and angry like you never were;

And I ease us back into traffic
dusk comes on and I wonder why
I'm always remembering you,
in civil twilight.

For the most part I think about golfing and constantly calculate
all the seconds left in the minutes, and so on, etcetera
Or recite the names of provinces and Hollywood actors;
Oh, Ontario! Oh, Jennifer Jason Leigh!
This part of the day bewilders me.

Streets slow down and ice over,
Dusk comes on and I struggle to stop,
To stop to stop thinking of you,
In civil twilight.

Hey, every other hour I pass that house,
Where you told me that you had to go.
I wonder if the landlord has fixed the crack,
That I stared at, instead of staring back at you;

My chance to say something seemed so frequent.
It wasn't. Now I know I had plenty of time.
Between the sunset and certified darkness.
Dusk comes on and I follow the exhaust from memory up to the end.

The civil twilight.
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The civil twilight.

Lyrics submitted by Guize.

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