

Fallow

The Weakerthans

Wait until the day says, it's closing
And public is put away
Write by the light of a pay phone
Your list of "I meant to say"
Like "Winter comes too soon"
Or "Radiators hum out of tune" Out under the Disraeli
With rusty train track ties
We'll carve new streets and sidewalks
A city for small lives
And say that we'll stay
For one more year Wait near the end of September
Wait for some stars to show
Try so hard not to remember
What all empty playgrounds know
That sympathy is cruel
Reluctant jester or simpering fool But six feet off the highway
Our bare legs stung with wheat
We'll dig a hole and bury
All we could not defeat
And say that we'll stay
For one more year

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