

Everything Must Go

The Weakerthans

Garage sale, Saturday, I need to pay
My heart's outstanding bills
A cracked-up compass and a pocket watch
Some plastic daffodilsThe cutlery and coffee cups I stole
From all night restaurants
A sense of wonder only slightly used
A year or two to haunt you in the darkFor a phone call from far away
With a, "Hi, how are you today?"
And a sign, recovery comes
To the broken onesA wage slave, forty hour work week
Weighs a thousand kilograms
So bend your knees, comes with a free fake smile
For all your dumb demandsThe cordless razor that my father bought
When I turned 17
A puke-green sofa and the outline too
A complicated dream of dignityFor a laugh, too loud and too long
Or a place where awkward belong
And a sign, recovery comes
To the broken onesTo the broken ones
To the broken ones
For the broken ones
Best offer

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