

# My Favourite Chords

## The Weakerthans

They're tearing up streets again they're building a new hotel  
The mayor's out killing kids to keep taxes down  
And me and my anger sit folding a paper bird  
Letting the curtains turn to beating wings Wish I had a socket-set to dismantle this morning  
Just one pair of clean socks and a photo of you  
When you get off work tonight meet me at the construction site  
And we'll write some notes to tape to the heavy machines Like we hope they treat you well, hope you don't  
work too hard  
We hope you get to be happy sometimes  
And bring your swiss-army knife and a bottle of something  
And I'll bring some spray paint and a new deck of cards Hey, I found the safest place to keep all our tenderness  
Keep all those bad ideas, keep all our hope  
It's here in the smallest bones, the feet and the inner ear  
It's such an enormous thing to walk, to listen And I'd like to fall asleep to the beat of you breathing  
In a room near a truck stop, on a highway somewhere  
You are a radio, you are an open door  
I am a faulty string of blue Christmas lights You swim through frequencies  
You let that stranger in, as I'm blinking off and on and off again  
We've got a lot of time  
Or maybe we don't but I'd like to think so, so let me pretend These are my favorite chords I know you like them  
too  
When I get a new guitar, you could have this one  
And sing me a lullaby, sing me the alphabet  
Sing me a story I haven't heard yet

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