The Reasons

The Weakerthans

How I don't know how to sing
I can barely play this thing
But you never seem to mind
And you tell me to fuck offWhen I need somebody to
How you make me laugh so hard
How whole years refuse to stay
Where we told them to bad dogLocked up whining
In a word or a misplaced souvenir
How the past chews on your shoes
And these memories lick my earHow we waste our precious time
Marching in the picket lines
That surround those striking hearts
How the time is never nowAnd we know who we should love
But we're never certain how
I know you might roll your eyes at this
But I'm so glad that you exist

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