Time's Arrow

The Weakerthans

So you watch the sunrise sinking and she's talking in her sleep
A dream of how alone she was tomorrow
When you keep all those promises to someone
In a mirror you will find at your parents' house in 1989Terrorized by the ruling party, calenders and commas
Small request, could we please turn around?
So you whisper your arrival walking backwards to the door
Wonder briefly what it is you're hesitating forAll the streets lie down, deserted in the darkest part of night
To lead you through the evening to the light
Pulled along in tender grip of watched and ellipses
Small request, could we please turn around?

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