

# 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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