

# Sounds Familiar (Album Version)

## The Weakerthans

We emerged from youth all wide-eyed like the rest  
Shedding skin faster than skin can grow  
And armed with hammers, feathers, blunt knives  
Words to meet and to define and to, but you must know  
The same games that we played in dirt, in dusty school  
yards  
Have found a higher pitch and broader scale than we feared possible  
And someone must be picked last, and one must bruise and one must fail  
And that still twitching bird was so  
deceived by a window  
So we eulogized fondly, we dug deep  
And threw its elegant plumage and frantic black eyes in a hole  
And then rushed out to kill something new, so we could bury that too  
The first chapters of lives almost made us  
give up altogether  
Pushed towards tired forms of self immolation that seemed so original  
I must, we must never stop watching the sky with our hands in our pockets  
Stop peering in windows when we know doors are shut  
Stop yelling small stories and bad jokes and sorrows

Songwriters

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