One Great City!

The Weakerthans

Late afternoon another day is nearly done
A darker grey is breaking through a lighter one
A thousand sharpened elbows in the underground
That hollow hurried sound of feet on polished floor
And in the dollar store the clerk is closing up
And counting loonies trying not to say
I hate winnipegThe driver checks the mirror seven minutes late
Crowded riders' restlessness enunciates
The guess who suck, the jets were lousy anyway
The same mood every day
And in the turning lane
Someone's stalled again
He's talking to himself
And hears the price of gas repeat his phrase
I hate winnipegUp above us all
Leaning into sky
Our golden business boy
Will watch the north end die
And sing 'i love this town'
Then let his arching wrecking ball proclaim
"I hate winnipeg"

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