

# Plea from a Cat Named Virtue

## The Weakerthans

Why don't you ever wanna play?  
Tired of this piece of string  
You sleep as much as I do now and you  
Don't eat much of anything I don't know who you're talking to  
I made a search through every room  
But all I found was dust that moved  
In shadows of the afternoon And listen  
About those bitter songs you sing?  
They're not helping anything  
They won't make you strong So, we should open up the house  
Invite the tabby two doors down  
You could ask your sister if  
She doesn't bring her Basset Hound Ask the things you shouldn't miss  
Tape-hiss and the Modern Man  
The Cold War and Card Catalogs  
To come and join us if they can For girly drinks and parlor games  
We'll pass around the easy lie  
Of absolutely no regrets  
And later maybe you could try To let your losses dangle off  
The sharp edge of a century  
And talk about the weather or  
How the weather used to be And I'll cater  
With all the birds that I can kill  
Let their tiny feathers fill  
Disappointment Lie down  
And lick the sorrow from your skin  
Scratch the terror and begin  
To believe you're strong All you ever want to do is drink and watch TV  
Frankly that thing doesn't really interest me  
I swear I'm going to bite you hard and taste your tinny blood  
If you don't stop the self-defeating lies you've been repeating  
Since the day you brought me home  
I know you're strong

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