

Sounds Familiar

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

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