

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

Songwriters

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