

None of the Above

The Weakerthans

All night restaurant, North Kildonan
Luke warm coffee tastes like soap
I trace your outline in spilled sugar
Killing time and killing hope This brand new strip mall chews on farmland
As we fish for someone to blame
We communicate in questions
And all our answers sound the same Under sputtering fluorescents
After re-fills are re-filled
Negotiations at a stand-still
Spoon and rolling saucer stilled If you ask how I got so bitter
I'll ask how you got so vain
And all our questions blur together
The answers always sound the same We can't look at one another
I'll say something thoughtful soon
But I can't listen to the quiet
So I hum this mindless tune I stole from some dumb country-rock star
And I don't even know his name
It's like my stupid little questions
The answers always sound the same Tell me why I have to miss you so
Tell me why we sound so lame
Why we communicate in questions
And all our answers sound the same

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