(Past-Due)

The Weakerthans

February always finds you folding
Local papers open to the faces
Who past away to wonder what they're holding
In those hands were never shown the placesFormal photographs refuse to mention
His tiny feet that birthmark on her knee
The tyranny of framing our attention
All the eyes, their eyes no longer seeAnd darkness comes too early, you won't find
The many things you owe these latest dead
A borrowed book, that check you didn't sign
Tools to be believed with be belovedGive what you can to keep to comfort this
Plain fear you can't extinguish or dismiss
Give what you can to keep to comfort this
Plain fear you can't extinguish or dismiss

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