

# Exiles Among You

## The Weakerthans

Body is a difficult sister  
And she loves her  
And hides her somewhere in herself  
Safe from harmShe's barely coasting into a paycheck  
Stuck on empty  
Her blue eyes frozen green  
In the low-lit ATM I need a way  
To measure the distance  
I need a way to say why  
Out of breath or out of key  
Her voice resonated in meWish on everything  
Pray that she remains  
Proud and strange  
And so hopelessly hopefulHer body is a difficult sister  
And she loves her  
And hides her somewhere in herself  
Safe from harmHer night shift is over  
She's writing  
You a postcard  
To say that she's okay  
And it's raining there againMy fury's rising faster  
Than bus-fares  
Could someone clarify why  
There's no structured narrative?No neat story-line to explain?  
Wish on everything  
Pray that she remains  
Proud and strange  
And so hopelessly hopefulWishes and prayers are the way  
Wish on everything  
Pray that she remains  
Proud and strange  
And so hopelessly hopefulShe shoplifts some Christmas gifts  
And a bracelet for herself  
And considers phoning homeHas some quarters in her hand  
But she sits down on the sidewalk  
And bites her bottom lipAnd spends the afternoon  
Willing traffic-lights  
To change

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