# History to the Defeated

## The Weakerthans

There's blood in the sink and he's plunging his wrists in
A hangover halo is washing away
Mechanic school dropout stares into the mirror
Stands up in his derelict daydreamsAlways too tall, always walked around wearing a smile
That was never quite sure of itself
Planning a future of failures inflicted in phone calls
From strip clubs and bail bondsThere's a light left on, there's a pace to our direction
There's a movie-still of a heart I'd like to mentionDon't give me that look, I looked harder than most did
Let details like sharp nails punch holes in my shoes
Soft-traced to frown as I put the receiver down
Where do I go for a pardon?There's a light left on, there's a pace to our direction
There's a movie-still of a heart I'd like to mentionWe're listing what's left, a signed Slayer T-shirt
A car upon blocks in his mother's backyard

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