

Benediction

The Weakerthans

So you don't get to be a saint
Martyrs never last this long
Guess I'll never be the one to defeat desire in song
Here's a marker, here's my naked skin, our Exhibit A
Put a small x where I lost my way
All the actors broke their legs
And it's too late to postpone
The producer's getting high
And the audience went home
Smile and take your awkward bow
Turn and stumble off the stage
Let the rain be your applause
Every encore soothe your rage
Squint with one eye, hum a show-tune
And wait for your ride to say
"Oh, that's where you must have lost your way"
Megaphones in helicopters squeal, "Hey, are you okay?"
As searchlights circle where we lost our way
All our accidents went purposeful and fell
Stripped of providence or any way to tell
That our intentions were intangible and sweet
Sick with simple math and shy discoveries
Piled up against our impending defeat

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