

# Virtute the Cat Explains Her Departure

## The Weakerthans

It had something to do with the rain  
Leaching, loamy dirt  
And the way the back lane came alive  
Half moon whispered, "Go"  
For a while I heard you missing steps in the street  
And your anger pleading in an uncertain key  
Singing the sound that you found for me  
When the winter took the tips of my ears  
Found this noisy home  
Full of pigeons and places to hide  
And when the voices die  
I emerged to watch abandoned machines  
Waiting for their men to return  
I remember the way I would wait for you  
To arrive with kibble and a box full of beer  
How I'd scratch the empties desperate to hear  
You make the sound that you found for me  
After scrapping with the ferals and the tabby  
I'd let you brush my matted fur  
How I'd knead into your chest while you were sleeping  
Shallow breathing made me purr  
But I can't remember the sound that you found for me  
I can't remember the sound that you found for me  
I can't remember the sound

Lyrics provided by

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