

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

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