

The Weakerthans, (Manifest)

I want to call a request through heating vents,
And hear them answered with a whispered no,
To crack the code of muscles slack and tense,
Let every second step in boots on snow,
Complete you name in accents I can't place,
That stumble where the syllables combine,
Take depositions from a strangers face,
Paint every insignificance a sign.

So tell me nothing matters less or more,
Say whatever we think actions are,
We'll never know what anything was for,
If near is just as far away as far,
And I'm permitted one act I can save,
I choose to sit here next to you and wave.