

The Weakerthans, Reunion Tour

Rolling cables slick with beer
To hang up on the broken stands
The houselights lit our injuries
For crowds with plastic cups that clapped
Beneath our tender sleepy brooms
And boom boom boom boom
Went absent cases down the stairs
Into the parking lot out back
A burst of moon
A blast of air
An understanding somewhere
Between the turning signal clicks
The shiny food we found with gasoline
The daily prayers of set-lists tender jokes about
Retards and crashes and queers
I lost the chiming ring of keys to everything
I lost the chiming ring of keys to everything
I lost the chiming ring of keys to everything
Safe and safely locked away back home
Safe and safely locked away back home
Safe and safely locked away back home
Safe and safely locked away back home