

Gordon Downie, Who By Rote

I'm here because you're here and when you go I'm going too
As neutral as snow covering up violence your mind was
Smashing its gear like The Who by rote at good ol Monterey
Where some people cheered and some looked away
And your best words the most economical and clear to
The ear are nullified and kept
By mum protectors of a suicide note but the best part of cold
Is faraway is close and the distant bark of a lone snow shovel
Digging out after the storm is a rhythmic whisper
I'm here because you're here and when you go I'm going too