

# 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