

Number One Fan, Left And Leaving

(Originally by The Weakerthans)

My city's still breathing (but barely it's true)
through buildings gone missing like teeth.
The sidewalks are watching me think about you,
all sparkled with broken glass.
I'm back with scars to show.
Back with the streets I know.
They never take me anywhere but here.
Those stains in the carpet, this drink in my hand,
these strangers whose faces I know.
We meet here for our dress-rehearsal to say "I wanted it this way"
and wait for the year to drown.
Spring forward, fall back down.
I'm trying not to wonder where you are.
All this time lingers, undefined.
Someone choose who's left and who's leaving.
Memory will rust and erode into lists of all that you gave me:
a blanket, some matches, this pain in my chest,
the best parts of Lonely, duct-tape and soldered wires,
new words for old desires,
and every birthday card I threw away.
I wait in 4/4 time.
Count yellow highway lines that you're relying on to lead you home.