

# Propagandhi, Anchorless

They called here to tell me  
that you're finally dying,  
through a veil of childish cries.  
Southern Manitoba  
prairie's pulling at the  
pantleg of your bad disguise.  
So why were you so...

Anchorless?  
A boat abandoned in some backyard.  
Anchorless  
in the small town that you lived and died in.

I've got an armchair from your family home.  
Got your P.G. Wodehouse novels  
and your telephone.  
I've got your plates and stainless steel.  
Got that way of never saying what you really feel.  
I don't want to live and die here where we're...

Anchorless.  
A boat abandoned in some backyard  
Anchorless  
in the small town that you lived and died in.