

# The Weakerthans, Aside

Measure me in metered lines  
And one decisive stare  
The time it takes to get from here to there  
My ribs that show through t-shirts  
And these shoes I got for free  
I'm unconsolated, I'm lonely  
I am so much better than I used to be

Terrified of telephones  
And shopping malls and knives  
Drowning in the pools of other lives  
Rely a bit too heavily  
On alcohol and irony  
Get clobbered on by courtesy  
In love with love and lousy poetry

And I'm leaning on this broken fence  
Between past and present tense  
And I'm losing all those stupid games  
That I swore I'd never play  
But it almost feels okay

Circumnavigate this body  
Of wonder and uncertainty  
Armed with every precious failure  
And amateur cartography  
I'm breathing deep before  
I spread those maps out on my bedroom floor

And I'm leaning on this broken fence  
Between past and present tense  
And I'm losing all those stupid games  
That I swore I'd never play  
But it feels okay

And I'm leaving with goodbye  
And I'm losing but I'll try  
With the last ways left  
To remember sing  
My imperfect offering