

The Weakerthans, Benediction

So you don't get to be a saint
Martyrs never last this long
Guess I'll never be the one
To defeat desire in song
Here's a marker
Here's my naked skin
Our 'exhibit A'
Put a small x where I lost my way

All the actors broke their legs
And it's too late to postpone
The producer's getting high
And the audience went home
Smile and take your awkward bow
Turn and stumble off the stage
Let the rain be your applause
Every encore soothe your rage
Squint with one eye
Hum a show-tune
wait for your right to say
oh that's where you must have lost your way

Megaphones in helicopters squeal hey are you okay?"
Searchlights circle, where we lost our way

All our accidents were purposeful and felt
Stripped of providence or any way to tell
But our intentions were intangible and sweet
Sick with simple math and shy discoveries
Piled up against our impending defeat.