

# The Weakerthans, Exiles Among You

Her body is a difficult sister  
And she loves her  
And hides her somewhere in herself  
Safe from harm  
She's barely coasting into a paycheck  
Stuck on empty  
Her blue eyes frozen green in the low-lit ATM

I need a way to measure the distance  
I need a way to say why  
Out of breath or out of key  
Her voice resonated in me

Wish on everything  
Pray that she remains  
Proud and strange and so hopelessly hopeful

Her body is a difficult sister  
And she loves her  
And hides her somewhere in herself  
Safe from harm.  
Her night shift is over  
She's writing you a postcard to say that she's okay  
And it's raining there again

My fury's rising faster than bus-fares  
Could someone clarify why  
There's no structured narrative?  
No neat story-line to explain

Wish on everything  
Pray that she remains  
Proud and strange and so hopelessly hopeful

(Wishes and prayers are the way)  
Wish on everything  
(That we leave the lonely alone)  
Pray that she remains  
(And push the wounded away)  
Proud and strange and so hopelessly hopeful

She shoplifts some Christmas gifts  
And a bracelet for herself  
And considers phoning home  
Has some quarters in her hand  
But she sits down on the sidewalk  
And bites her bottom lip  
And spends the afternoon  
Willing traffic-lights to change