

# The Weakerthans, History To The Defeated

There's blood in the sink, and he's plunging his wrists in.  
A hangover halo is washing away.  
Mechanic-school dropout stares into the mirror,  
stands up in his derelict daydreams.  
Always too tall,  
always walked around wearing a smile that was never quite sure of itself.  
Planning a future of failures inflicted in phone calls  
from strip clubs and bail bonds.  
Don't give me that look,  
I looked harder than most did,  
let details like sharp nails punch holes in my shoes.  
Soft-traced to frown as I put the receiver down.  
Where do I go for a pardon?  
There's a light left on.  
There's a pace to our direction.  
There's a movie-still of a heart I'd like to mention.  
We're listing what's left: a signed Slayer t-shirt,  
a car up on blocks in his mother's back yard.