

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.