

The Weakerthans, Leash

Had one of those days
When you wanna try heroin,
Drunk driving,
Some form of soft suicide
Sitting in silence and
Staring at ceilings
Or peeling the paint off
Of things to confide

Maybe someday
The lies we've led around
Will crawl under our beds
And sleep off the years

Teach me to wiggle
My ears like that,
Show me the scar
That you got when you
Fell off your bike
Ask me the questions
You never want answers to
We can re-write them
However we like

Maybe someday
The lies we've led around
Will crawl under our beds
And sleep off the years

Stop the hardwood floor's lopsided grin
Leave the dirt and dead flowers
In a brown coffee tin
Let your hand melt a hole in the frost
Peer out under a sky that looks
Just like a shirt I lost.

Someday
The lies we've led around
Will crawl under our beds
And sleep off the years