

# The Weakerthans, Night Windows

In the stick count for the song with knowing you're gone  
Glancing up at where you lived when you lived here  
I see you suddenly alive and nearly smiling  
Stop and hold my breath and watch the way we used to be

The full moon makes our faces shine like over-ironed polyester  
Then disappears behind the clouds  
And leaves me under empty rows of night windows

We could walk to where these streets get pulled together  
Blinking, lined with gravel, shoulders squared towards an end  
Where the radio resounds from doppling traffic  
Where the power lines steal S's from the hourly news

Depluralize our casualties, drown the generals out in static  
We turn and watch our city sprawl and send us signals in the glow  
Of night windows

Night windows

Night windows

But you're not coming home again, and I won't ever get to say,  
Remember how, I'm sorry that, I miss the way it could be  
Remember how, I'm sorry that, I miss the way it could be