

The Weakerthans, None Of The Above

All night restaurant, North Kildonan. Luke warm coffee tastes like soap. I trace your outline in spilled sugar, killing time and killing hope. This brand new strip mall chews on farmland as we fish for someone to blame. But we communicate in questions, and all our answers sound the same. Under sputtering fluorescents, after re-fills are re-filled. Negotiations at a stand-still, spoon and rolling saucer stilled. If you ask how I got so bitter, I'll ask how you got so vain. And all our questions blur together. The answers always sound the same. We can't look at one another. I'll say something thoughtful soon, but I can't listen to the quiet so I hum this mindless tune I stole from some dumb country-rock star. I don't even know his name. It's like my stupid little questions: the answers always sound the same. Tell me why I have to miss you so. Tell me why we sound so lame. Why we communicate in questions and all our answers sound the same.