

The Weakerthans, (Past-Due)

February always finds you folding
Local papers open to the faces
Passed away to wonder what they're holding
In those hands we're never shown the places
Formal photographs refuse to mention
His tiny feet, that birthmark on her knee
The tyranny of framing our attention
With all the eyes their eyes no longer see

And darkness comes too early you won't find
The many things you owe these latest dead
A borrowed book, that check you didn't sign
The tools to be believed with be beloved
Give what you can to keep to comfort this
Plain fear you can't extinguish or dismiss