

The Weakerthans, Plea From A Cat Named Virtute

Why don't you ever wanna play?
I'm tired of this piece of string.
You sleep as much as I do now,
and you don't eat much of anything.
I don't know who you're talking to,
I made a search through every room,
but all I found was dust that moved
in shadows of the afternoon

And listen, about those bitter songs you sing;
they're not helping anything,
they won't make you strong.

So we should open up the house,
invite the tabby two doors down.
You could ask your sister if,
she doesn't bring her basset hound.
Ask the things you shouldn't miss:
tape hiss and the modern man,
cold war and card catalogues
to come join us if they can.

Girly drinks and parlor games,
we'll pass around the easy lie
of absolutely no regrets,
and later maybe you could try.
To let your losses dangle off,
the sharp edge of a century.
We'll talk about the weather,
or how the weather use to be.

And I'll cater, with all the birds that I can kill,
let their tiny feathers fill disappointment.
Lie down, and lick the sorrow from your skin
Scratch the terror and begin to believe you're strong.

All you ever want to do is drink and watch TV,
frankly that thing doesn't really interest me.
I swear I'm going to bite you hard and taste your tinny blood
if you don't stop the self-defeating lies you've been repeating
since the day you brought me home.
I know you're strong.