

The Weakerthans, Wellington's Wednesdays

The night's a spill, a permanent stain;
the city soaks in silence, salt and dirty snow.
A blue glow from the tv again,
the curtains never open, faces never show.
And every time a light is turned on
there's a light that's turned off somewhere.
For every failing feeling that's lost
there's a perfect cost, there's a debt you can't share.
And every night they play the same song
to the same offbeat believers.
And everyone is singing along
wearing blue-black eyes, wearing dead men's neck-ties.

Clocks stopped at the corner of Albert will show
your last bus left an hour ago,
so stumble down the stairs again,
pretend you're not too proud
to understand and still know when your voice cuts through the crowd
that lonely people talk too loud.

Numbers on a washroom stall.
There's always more than one last call calling you.