

Weakerthans, The

"Aside"

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Measure me in metered lines
And one decisive stare
The time it takes to get from here to there
My ribs that show through t-shirts
And these shoes I got for free
I'm unconsolated
I'm lonely
I am so much better than I used to be
Terrified of telephones
And shopping malls and knives
Drowning in the pools of other lives
Rely a bit too heavily
On alcohol and irony
Get clobbered on by courtesy
And love with love and lousy poetry
And I'm leaning on this broken fence
Between past and present tense
And I'm losing all those stupid games
That I swore I'd never play
But it almost feels okay
Circumnavigate this body
Of wonder and uncertainty
Armed with every precious failure
And amateur cartography
I'm breathing deep before
I spread those maps out on my bedroom floor
And I'm leaning on this broken fence
Between past and present tense
And I'm losing all those stupid games
That I swore I'd never play
But it feels okay
And I'm leaving with goodbye
And I'm losing but I'll try
With the last ways left
To remember sing
My imperfect offering

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