

## **Weakerthans, The "The Pamphleteer"**

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I'm standing on this corner.  
Can't get their attention.  
Facing rush hour faces turned around.  
I clutch my stack of paper, press one to a chest,  
then watch it swoop and stutter to the ground.  
I'm weary with right-angles, abbreviated daylight,  
and waiting for a winter to be done.  
Why do I still see you in every mirrored window,  
in all that I could never overcome?  
How I don't know what I should do with my hands when  
I talk to you.  
How you don't know where you should look, so you look  
at my hands.  
How movements rise and then dissolve, melted by our  
shallow breath.  
How causes dance away from me.  
I am your pamphleteer.  
I walk this room in time to the beat of the Gestetner,  
contemplate my next communique.  
The rhetoric and treason of saying that I'll miss you.  
Of saying

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