

## **Weakerthans "Anchorless"**

Visit "[Anchorless](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

They called here to tell me that your're finally dying,  
through a veil of childish cries. Southern Manitoba  
prairie's pulling at the pant leg of your bad disguise. So  
why were you so anchorless? Shoebox full of photos;  
found a grainy mirror. Sunken cheeks and slender  
hands. Grocery lists and carbon-copied letters offer  
silence for my small demands. Hey how'd you get so  
anchorless? Got an armchair from your family home.  
Got your P.G. Wodehouse novels, and your telephone.  
Got your plates and stainless steel. Got that way of  
never saying what you really feel: so anchorless. A boat  
abandoned in some backyard. Anchorless in the small  
town that you lived and died in.

Visit [Weakerthans](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.