

Weakerthans

"Fallow"

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

Wait until the day says it's closing, and public is put away. Write by the light of a pay phone your list of "I meant to say". Like "Winter comes too soon", or "Radiators hum out of tune". Out under the Disraeli, with rusty train track ties, we'll carve new streets and sidewalks, a city for small lives, and say that we'll stay for one more year. Wait near the end of September. Wait for some stars to show. Try so hard not to remember what all empty playgrounds know: that sympathy is cruel. Reluctant jester or simpering fool. But six feet off the highway, our bare legs stung with wheat, we'll dig a hole and bury all we could not defeat, and say that we'll stay for one more year. Bend to tie a shoelace, or bend against your fear, and say that you'll stay for one more year. With so much left to seek, the lease runs out next week.

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