

Weakerthans

"Greatest Hits Collection"

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Knock so I'll know you're still there, half listening,
interpreting the air. Full of failing foreign tongue, my
dialect of stammer come undone. I've got these
threads of you and I that I use to tie my doubts down,
and from four times-zones away, still yesterday, still
talking to the past: from the front seat of your car,
gravel road and falling, falling hands and falling star.

Start the engine up. I'd like a new identity. A
pseudonym. Some plastic surgery. Or just a way to
disappear. Someone to write me out of here. I hear you
hum an unfamiliar song. Thought maybe you would
come along. Perhaps you'd like to see some piece of
this; my new philosophy is that a crappy tape deck
somewhere plays a greatest hits collection of strange
and tender moments, lost, stranded, and forgotten. I'll
meet you there. (Something I forgot to say: can't find a
way to make this mark more clear. So crack your skull
before you weep, and I'll try to keep some part of me
sincere.)

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