

## Weakerthans

### "Last Last One"

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You always stole all my last words. Here's no exception  
then,  
one more for me to send. And nothing happens in the  
end.  
I'm thinking of you less, more concerned... and more is  
less,  
I guess it doesn't matter now. Maybe we'll never go  
insane.  
You always said we would, sometimes I wished we  
could with  
you lying naked in the rain and singing Boney M,  
cutting down  
all our old friends. I talk to them again now. So here's  
the last  
one I have left. We fell a little deep, I watched you fall  
asleep. And nothing happens in the end, but I  
remember  
when I could remember when. Seems like a long time  
ago.  
The night's a spill, a permanent stain; the city soaks in  
silence, salt and dirty snow. A blue glow from the tv  
again,  
the curtains never open, faces never show. And every  
time a  
light is turned on there's a light that's turned off  
somewhere.  
For every failing feeling that's lost there's a perfect  
cost,  
there's a debt you can't share. And every night they  
play the  
same song to the same offbeat believers. And  
everyone is  
singing along wearing blueblack eyes, wearing dead  
men's  
neck-ties. Clocks stopped at the corner of Albert will  
show  
your last bus left an hour ago, so stumble down the  
stairs  
again, pretend you're not too proud to understand and  
still  
know when your voice cuts through the crowd that

lonely  
people talk too loud. Numbers on a washroom stall.  
There's  
always more than one last call calling you.

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