

Weakerthans

"Letters of resignation"

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Takes a dried up ball-point, lemon juice and water,
keeps a
diary invisibly, In the kitchen corner of a basement
bachelor
suite there's a certain search for certainty, you know
we'll
never see her hands touch her childhood home in
photos that
she took. It's one more omission from a high school
history
book; how whole lives get knifed and pushed aside. To
whom
it may concern... (to whom it may concern) There's a
bus
that's leaving half an hour from now. (this is to inform) It
won't take her where she really wants to go. (yours
sincerely
yours) So she sits there with her luggage at her side.
(yours
sincerely yours) in the empty stations of our empty
lives.
Take a broken bottle. Take a rafter beam. Take a
needle and
a tarnished spoon. Or just words to kill off one more
unheard
statement of another dying afternoon. She says she's
leaving
soon. So so long to ten hour shifts and faking
sympathies.
Farewell to piles of bills, unpaid utilities. All rolled up
and
unfurled like a flag. Wake up and pack your bag. To
whom it
may concern... (to whom it may concern) There's a bus
that's
leaving half an hour from now. (this is to inform) It
won't take
her where she really wants to go. (yours sincerely
yours) So
she sits there with her luggage at her side. (yours
sincerely

yours) leaving empty stations, leaving empty lives.

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