

Weakerthans

"None Of The Above"

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All night restaurant, North Kildonan. Luke warm coffee
tastes like soap. I
Trace your outline in spilled sugar, killing time and
killing hope. This brand
New strip mall chews on farmland as we fish for
someone to blame. But we
Communicate in questions, and all our answers sound
the same. Under sputtering
Flourescents, after re-fills are re-filled. Negotiations at
a stand-still,
Spoon and rolling saucer stilled. If you ask how I got so
bitter, I'll ask how
You got so vain. And all our questions blur together.
The answers always sound
The same. We can't look at one another. I'll say
something thoughtful soon, but
I can't listen to the quiet so I hum this mindless tune I
stole from some dumb
Country-rock star. I don't even know his name. It's like
my stupid little
Questions: the answers always sound the same. Tell me
why I have to miss you so.
Tell me why we sound so lame. Why we communicate
in questions and all our
Answers sound the same.

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