

Weakerthans

"Psalm For The Elk's Lodge Last Call (Alt.)"

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Let the waitress put the chairs up,

Let the glasses that you broke,
Form a picture of our leader
With a halo made of smoke.

Let the golden oldies station
Crackle and come through.
With a final benediction
We'll hum along to.
Before we say goodnight

Let our talk about the ball game
And the weather show we care.
Like a sound we didn't notice,
Until it stopped and left us there.

With the traffic and our heartbeats
Beating in straight time,
Let our hatred and affection
March in the same line,
Before we say goodnight.

Oh, protect our secret handshake
Once more with feeling.
Let the toast to absent members
Push through the ceiling.
Before we say goodnight.

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