

Weakerthans

"Wellington's wednesday"

Visit "[Wellington's wednesday](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

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 cutains 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 then one last call calling you.

Visit [Weakerthans](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.