

Weakerthans

"Wellington's Wednesdays"

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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.

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

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 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.

We've got blue eyes, we've got green eyes, we've got
gray eyes.
We've got blue eyes, we've got green eyes, we've got
gray eyes.
We've got blue eyes, we've got green eyes, we've got
gray eyes.
We've got blue eyes, we've got green eyes, they've got
gray eyes.

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