

Propaghandi "Anchorless"

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They called here to tell me that you're finally dying,
through a veil of childish cries. Southern Manitoba
prairie's pulling at the pant-leg of your bad disguise.
So why were you so anchorless? A boat abandoned in
some backyard. Anchorless in the small town that you
lived and died in. I've got an armchair from your family
home. Got your P.G. Wodehouse novels and your
telephone. I've got your plates and stainless steel. Got
that way of never saying what you really feel. I don't
want to live and die here where we're anchorless.

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