

The Weakerthans

"Greatest Hits Collection"

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Knock, so I'll know you're still there
Half listening, interpreting the air
Full of failing foreign tongue
My dialect of stammer come undone

I've got these threads of you and I
I use to tie my doubts down
And from four times-zones away
Still yesterday, still talking to the past

From the front seat of your car
Gravel road and falling
Falling hands and falling star
Start the engine up

I'd like a new identity
A pseudonym, some plastic surgery
Or just a way to disappear
Someone to write me out of here

I hear you hum an unfamiliar song
Thought maybe you would come along
Perhaps, you'd like to see
Some piece of this
My new philosophy is that a

Crappy tape deck somewhere plays
A greatest hits collection
Strange and tender moments lost
Stranded and forgotten

I'll meet you there
I'll meet you there

Something I forgot to say
Can't find a way
To make this mark more clear
So crack your skull before you weep
And I'll try to keep
Some part of me sincere

