

The Weakerthans

"Virtue The Cat Explains Her Departure"

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It had something to do with the rain
Leeching loamy dirt
And the way the back lane came alive
Half moon whispered, go

For a while, I heard you
Missing steps in the street
And your anger pleading
In an uncertain key singing the sound
That you found for me

When the winter took the tips of my ears
Found this noisy home
Full of pigeons and places to hide
And when the voices die

I emerged to watch abandoned machines
Waiting for their men to return
I remember the way
I would wait for you

To arrive with kibble
And a box full of beer
How I'd scratch the empties
Desperate to hear you make the sound
That you found for me

After scrapping with the ferals and the tabby
Let you brush my matted fur
How I'd knead into your chest
While you were sleeping
Shallow breathing made me purr

But I can't remember the sound
That you found for me
I can't remember the sound
That you found for me
I can't remember the sound

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