

# Civil Twilight

The Weakerthans

My confusion-cornered commuters are cursing the cold away  
As December tries to disassemble the length of their working day  
And they bite their mitts off to show me transfers, deposit change  
and I can't stop finding your face in their faces, all rearranged  
and angry like you never were;

And I ease us back into traffic  
dusk comes on and I wonder why  
I'm always remembering you  
in civil twilight

for the most part I think about golfing and constantly calculate  
all the seconds left in the minutes, and so on, etcetera  
Or recite the names of provinces and Hollywood actors;  
Oh, Ontario! Oh, Jennifer Jason Leigh!  
This part of the day bewilders me

Streets slow down and ice over,  
Dusk comes on and I struggle to stop,  
To stop to stop thinking of you  
In civil twilight

Hey, every other hour I pass that house,  
Where you told me that you had to go  
I wonder if the landlord has fixed the crack,  
That I stared at, instead of staring back at you;

My chance to say something seemed so brief, but it wasn't.  
Now I know I had plenty of time  
Between the sunset and certified darkness  
Dusk comes on and I follow the exhaust from memory up to the end

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