

## Greatest Hits Collection

### The Weakerthans

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 that 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 stars.

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 of strange and tender moments, lost, stranded, and forgotten. 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.)