

Leash

The Weakerthans

Had one of those days when you want to try heroin,
Drunk driving, some form of soft suicide.
Sitting in silence and staring at ceilings or peeling the paint
off of things to confide.
Teach me to wiggle my ears like that,

Show me the scar that you got when you fell off your bike.
Ask me the questions you never want answers to.
We can re-write them however we like.
Stop the hardwood floor's lopsided grin.

Leave the dirt and dead flowers in a brown coffee.
Let your hand melt a hole in the frost.
Peer out under a sky that looks just like a shirt I lost.
Maybe someday the lies we've led around will crawl under our beds
and sleep off the years.