

Plea from a Cat Named Virtute

The Weakerthans

Why don't you ever want to play?
I'm tired of this piece of string
You sleep as much as I do now
And you don't eat much of anything
I don't know who you're talking to
I made a search through every room
But all I found was dust that moved
In shadows of the afternoon

And listen, about those bitter songs you sing?
They're not helping anything
They won't make you strong

So, we should open up the house
Invite the tabby two doors down
You could ask your sister
If she doesn't bring her basset hound
Ask the things you shouldn't miss:
Tape-hiss and the Modern Man
The Cold War and card catalogues
To come and join us if they can

For girly drinks and parlor games
We'll pass around the easy lie
Of absolutely no regrets
And later maybe you could try
To let your losses dangle off
The sharp edge of a century
And talk about the weather, or
How the weather used to be

And I'll cater with all the birds that I can kill
Let their tiny feathers fill disappointment
Lie down; lick the sorrow from your skin
Scratch the terror and begin
To believe you're strong

All you ever want to do is drink and watch TV
And frankly that thing doesn't really interest me
I swear I'm going to bite you hard
And taste your tinny blood
If you don't stop the self-defeating lies
You've been repeating since the day you brought me home
I know you're strong