

The Weakerthans, Exiles Among You

Her body is a difficult sister
And she loves her
And hides her somewhere in herself
Safe from harm
She's barely coasting into a paycheck
Stuck on empty
Her blue eyes frozen green in the low-lit ATM

I need a way to measure the distance
I need a way to say why
Out of breath or out of key
Her voice resonated in me

Wish on everything
Pray that she remains
Proud and strange and so hopelessly hopeful

Her body is a difficult sister
And she loves her
And hides her somewhere in herself
Safe from harm.
Her night shift is over
She's writing you a postcard to say that she's okay
And it's raining there again

My fury's rising faster than bus-fares
Could someone clarify why
There's no structured narrative?
No neat story-line to explain

Wish on everything
Pray that she remains
Proud and strange and so hopelessly hopeful

(Wishes and prayers are the way)
Wish on everything
(That we leave the lonely alone)
Pray that she remains
(And push the wounded away)
Proud and strange and so hopelessly hopeful

She shoplifts some Christmas gifts
And a bracelet for herself
And considers phoning home
Has some quarters in her hand
But she sits down on the sidewalk
And bites her bottom lip
And spends the afternoon
Willing traffic-lights to change