

Night Windows

The Weakerthans

In the stick count for the song with knowing you're gone
Glancing up at where you lived when you lived here
I see you suddenly alive and nearly smiling
Stop and hold my breath and watch the way we used to be

The full moon makes our faces shine like over-ironed polyester
Then disappears behind the clouds
And leaves me under empty rows of night windows

We could walk to where these streets get pulled together
Blinking, lined with gravel, shoulder squared towards an end
Where the radio resounds from doppling traffic
Where the power lines steal lessons from the hourly news

Depluralize our casualties, drown the generals out in static
We turn and watch our city sprawl and send us signals in the glow
Of night windows

But you're not coming home again, and I won't ever get to say
"Remember how I'm sorry that I miss the way it could be"
"Remember how I'm sorry that I miss the way it could be"

Night windows