

## Psalm For The Elks Lodge Last Call

The Weakerthans

Let the waitress put the chairs up,  
let the glasses that you broke,  
form a picture of our leader  
with a halo made of smoke.

Let the golden oldies station  
crackle and come through.  
With a final benediction  
we'll hum along to.  
Before we say goodnight

Let our talk about the ball game  
and the weather show we care.  
Like a sound we didn't notice,  
until it stopped and left us there.

With the traffic and our heartbeats  
beating in straight time,  
let our hatred and affection  
march in the same line,  
Before we say goodnight.

Oh, protect our secret handshake  
once more with feeling.  
Let the toast to absent members  
push through the ceiling.  
Before we say goodnight.