

Anchorless

Propagandhi

They called here to tell me that you're finally dying,
through a veil of childish cries.
Southern Manitoba prairie's pulling at the pant-
leg of your bad disguise.
So why were you so anchorless?
A boat abandoned in some backyard.
Anchorless in the small town that you lived and died in.
I've got an armchair from your family home.
Got your P.G. Wodehouse novels and your telephone.
I've got your plates and stainless steel.
Got that way of never saying what you really feel.
I don't want to live and die here where we're anchorless.