

## Exiles Among You

The Weakerthans

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 that we leave the lonely alone  
And push the wounded away

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