

None Of The Above

The Weakerthans

All night restaurant, Norh Kildonan.
Luke warm coffee tastes like soap.
I trace you outline in spilled sugar,
Killing time and killing hope.

This brand new strip mall chews on farmland as we fish for some
one to blame.
But we communicate in questions,
And all our answers sound the same.
Under sputtering flourescents,

After re-fills are re-filled.
Negotiations at a stand-still,
Spoon and rolling saucer stilled.
If you ask how I got so bitter,

I'll ask how you got so vain.
And all our questions blur together.
The answers always sound the same.
We can't look at one another.

I'll say something thoughtful soon,
But I can't listen to the quiet so I hum this mindless tune
I stole from some dumb country-rock star.
I don't even know his name.

It's like my stupid little questions:
The answers always sound the same.
Tell me why we sound so lame.
Why we communicate in questions and all our answers sound the same.