

## The Reasons

The Weakerthans

How I don't know how to sing,  
I can barely play this thing,  
But you never seem to mind,  
And you tell me to fuck off,  
When I need somebody to,  
How you make me laugh so hard,  
How whole years refuse to stay,  
Where we told them to back off,  
Locked up blindly in a word,  
Or a misplaced souvenir,  
How the past chews on your shoes,  
And these memories lick my ear.

I know,  
You might roll your eyes at this,  
But I'm so,  
Glad that you exist.

How we waste our precious time,  
Marching in the picket line,  
That surround those striking hearts,  
And the time is never now,  
And we know who we should love,  
But we're never certain how.

I know,  
You might roll your eyes at this,  
But I'm so,  
Glad that you exist.

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You might roll your eyes at this,  
But I'm so,  
Glad that you exist.

I know,  
You might roll your eyes at this,  
But I'm so,  
Glad that you exist.