

# The Weakerthans, One Great City!

Late afternoon, another day is nearly done.  
A darker gray is breaking through a lighter one.  
A thousand sharpened elbows in the underground.  
That hollow hurried sound  
of feet on polished floor,  
and in the Dollar Store  
the clerk is closing up,  
and counting Loonies, trying not to say,  
"I hate Winnipeg."

The driver checks the mirror, seven minutes late.  
The crowded riders' restlessness enunciates  
that the Guess Who suck, the Jets were lousy anyway.  
The same route every day.  
And in the turning lane,  
someone's stalled again.  
He's talking to himself,  
and hears the price of gas repeat his phrase:  
"I hate Winnipeg."

And up above us all,  
leaning into sky,  
our Golden Business Boy  
will watch the North End die,  
and sing "I love this town,"  
then let his arcing wrecking ball proclaim,  
"I hate Winnipeg."