

One Great City!

The Weakerthans

Late afternoon, another day is nearly done
A darker grey 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
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
A 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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>