

# Elegy for Elsabet

## The Weakerthans

So the fields are stubble, the garden's done  
Where the scary scarecrow stands  
Sees her holding up horizons with her hands  
She's so tired of reading daddy's lips  
That essay on a frown  
Watch her memories of human voices drown  
Let horsey bray break between the thunder boom  
Make grasses' swish meet the cricket's ring  
Let every sound consecrate our whispering  
Words that Betta never heard  
So the back lanes tie the city down  
A mess of dirty string  
Winter dies the same way every spring  
As the sky tries on its uniform  
Of turned off TV grey  
And the ways we watched her watch us walk away  
Let every rain clatter down at groaning  
streets  
Make footsteps tick, talk to echoed walls  
Let every sound consecrate our whispering  
The words that Betta never heard  
Let every wind howl and creak the creaking doors  
To rooms that too much has happened in  
Let every sound consecrate our whispering  
The words that Betta never heard

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