**Plea from a Cat Named Virtue**

*The Weakerthans*

Why don't you ever want to play?

I'm tired of this piece of string.

You sleep as much as I do now, and you

don't eat much of anything.

I don't know who you're talking to

I made a search through every room,

but all I found was dust that moved

in shadows of the afternoon.

And listen,

about those bitter songs you sing?

They're not helping anything.

They won't make you strong.

So, we should open up the house.

Invite the tabby two doors down.

You could ask your sister, if

she doesn't bring her Basset Hound.

Ask the things you shouldn't miss:

tape-hiss and the Modern Man,

The Cold War and Card Catalogues,

to come and join us if they can,

for girly drinks and parlor games.

We'll pass around the easy lie

of absolutely no regrets,

and later maybe you could try

to let your losses dangle off

the sharp edge of a century,

and talk about the weather, or

how the weather used to be.

And I'll cater

with all the birds that I can kill.

Let their tiny feathers fill

disappointment.

Lie down;

lick the sorrow from your skin.

Scratch the terror and begin

to believe you're strong.

All you ever want to do is drink and watch TV,

and frankly that thing doesn't really interest me.

I swear I'm going to bite you hard and taste your tinny blood

if you don't stop the self-defeating lies you've been repeating

since the day you brought me home.

I know you're strong.

*Songwriters: John K. Samson / the weakerthans*

**Virtute the Cat Explains Her Departure**

*The Weakerthans*

It had something to do with the rain

Leaching loamy dirt

And the way the back lane came alive

Half moon whispered go

For a while I heard you

Missing steps in the street

And your anger pleading

In an uncertain key

Singing the sound that you found for me

When the winter took the tips of my ears

Found this noisy home

Full of pigeons and places to hide

And when the voices died

I emerged to watch abandoned machines

Waiting for their men

To return, I remember the way

I would wait for you

To arrive with kibble

And a box full of beer

How I'd scratch the empties

Desperate to hear

You make the sound that you found for me

After scrapping with the ferals and the tabby

Let you brush my matted fur

How I'd knead into your chest while you were sleeping

Shallow breathing made me purr

But I can't remember the sound that you found for me

I can't remember the sound that you found for me

I can't remember the sound

*Songwriters: Greg Smith / Stephen Carroll / John K. Samson / jason tait / the weakerthans*

**Virtute at Rest**

*John K. Samson*

Now that the treatment and antidepressants

And seven months sober have built me a bed

In the back of your brain where the memories flicker

And I paw at the synapses, bright bits of string

You should know I am with you, know I forgive you

Know I am proud of the steps that you've made

Know it will never be easy or simple

Know I will dig in my claws when you stray

So let us rest here like we used to

In a line of late afternoon sun

Let it rest, all you can't change

Let it rest and be done

*Songwriter: John K. Samson*

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