Reconstruction Site

The Weakerthans

I'm lost, I'm afraid
A frayed rope tying down a leaky boat
To the roof of a car on the road in the dark
And it's snowingIf I'm more, then it means less
Last call for happiness
I'm your dress near the back of your knees
And your slip is showingI'm afloat
Afloat in a summer parade
Up the street in the town that you were born in
With a girl at the top, wearing tulleAnd a Miss Somewhere sash
Waving like the queen
Beauty's just another word
I'm never certain how to spellGo tell the nurse to turn the TV back on
And throw away my misery
It never meant that much to me
It never sent a 'Get Well' cardI broke like a bad joke somebody's uncle told
At a wedding reception in 1972
Where a little boy under a table with cake in his hair
Stared at the grown-up feet as they danced and swayedAnd his father laughed and talked on the long ride home
And his mother laughed and talked on the long ride home
And he thought about how everyone dies someday
And when tomorrow gets here, where will yesterday be?And fell asleep in his brand-new winter coat
Buy me a shiny new machine that runs on lies and gasoline
And all those batteries we stole from smoke-alarms
And disassembles my despairIt never took me anywhere
It never once bought me a drink

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