(Hospital Vespers)

The Weakerthans

Doctors played your dosage like a card-trick
Scrabbled down the hallways yelling, "Yahtzee!"
I brought books on Hopper, and the Arctic
Something called, "The politics of lonely"A toothbrush and a quick-pick with the plus
You tried not to roll your sunken eyes, and said
"Hey can you help me, I can't reach it"
Pointed at the camera in the ceilingI climbed up, blocked it, so they couldn't see
Turned to find you out of bed and kneeling
Before the nurses came, took you away
I stood there on a chair and watched you pray

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