

The Prescience of Dawn

The Weakerthans

The sirens woke me up again
I know they're coming for me someday just a matter of when
Count to 25 and yawn
Touch the clock and turn my back against the dawn
And hope for that one dream of hardware stores
With checkered floors and buckets full with nails
We're floating effortless over the apartment to the boat
I'm rowing past the office windows mother, mother may I cry
Father will you teach me how to die the right way someday
I don't want a second chance
To turn my stuttering reluctance into romance
With these documents and kindergarten anthems
With my drunken liturgies tune the FM in to static
And pretend that it's the sea
But forward fumbles for the microphone
You should have known
You should have known

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