

Bigfoot

The Weakerthans

I changed the oils and oiled the squeaks
Patched the holes and fluid leaks
Left dust beneath a diabetic moon And way to take the TV crews
Across the creaking ice
The news is howling
To the timber wolves and soon I'll go through it all again
Watch their doubtful smiles begin
But the visions that I see believe in me So praise the things I can't forget
With burgers and a silhouette
On t-shirts at the council general store I'll listen to the south winds sigh
With rumors and regrets
And I don't wanna talk about it anymore Won't go through it all again
Watch their doubtful smiles begin
When the visions that I see believe in me Or the visions that I see
They will believe me

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