

An Old Scab

Crash Test Dummies

I sit each morning, look at my empty notebook
The room is quiet, the air conditioning sounds like rain falling
Manic-depressive composer Robert Schumann, when he could not write
He'd get down on his knees and he would pray for help It's not as bad as eating your own liver but still
I'd like to think that there are better methods I try to tackle the page that lay before me but then I drift off
And think about the concept of Ben Wah balls, I rouse myself
And I finish washing dishes, make lists of errands
Make all my phone calls and then I pray for help But each time I try to make a fresh stab
I end up just picking at an old scab

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