Volunteer

The Weepies

My lover left me, she left me too soon.
I shouldn't blame her, for the state of my room.
I started stumbling, chasing the bells.
The metal straps upon my knees made this sound when I fell
You heard those words from your peers, I was just your volunteer.
We love uncle Georgie, uncle Georgie's our friend.
He spends his life fishing, washes dishes weekends.
And I tried to say something sincere, sign me up I'll volunteer.
My Father left us, he left us too soon.
I thought he's say something, but he waltzed from the room.
All I remember is my hands at my sides.
The face of a woman who once was his bride.
All that he left her was tears, and a couple of lonely volunteers.
We look for sister Mary, sister Mary the pale.
She holds her head sometimes and walks close to the rail.
She sings on Sunday, stands in the stairs.
Haunts me at night time when I've forgotten my prayers.
We don't see much of her here, that winter-weary volunteer.
Captains need order it helps them stay sane.
Plumbers hate slaughter, 'cause it fucks up your drain.
Hard hats must be worn at all times on the site.
It don't make no difference if you're lost in the light.
The men here have lost their careers and they don't talk to volunteers.
How your life cuts me, it cuts to my bone.
We pretend that it's nothing, when we're on our way home.
And I wish you'd abandon me here so I could be your volunteer.

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