

Hymn of the Medical Oddity

The Weakerthans

Oh, all the words I should not know
Those doctors wrote on me
Swell up and from their syllable
Won't let me get to sleepThe sun will start later
Clock out early
And I'll drive around and wait for it
Follow familiar roadsEmptied of every memory
Under a sheet of silence
And unmarked snowThen idle in some parking lot
Smoke half a smoke and ask
St. Boniface and St. Fratel
Preserve me from my pastRepair our potholes
Prevent plant closures
And if they remember me at all
Make them remember meAs more than a queer experiment
More than a diagram in their quarterly
Make them remember me

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