Reconstruction Site

The Weakerthans

Well I'm lost,
I'm afraid,
Rope tied down to a leaky boat,
To the roof of a car on a road in the dark and it's snowing.

If I'm more,
Then it means less,
Last call for happiness,
I'm your dress near the back of your knees and your slip is showing.

I'm afloat,
In a summer parade,
Up the street in the town that you were born in,
With the girl at the top wearing tulle,
And a Miss Somewhere sash,
Waving like the queen.

Beauty's just another word,
I'm never certain how to spell,
Go tell the nurse to turn the TV back on,
And throw away my misery,
It never meant that much to me,
It never sent a get-well card.

And I broke,
Like a bad joke,
Some bodies' uncle told,
At a wedding reception in 1972.
Where a little boy under a table with cake in his hair,
Stared at the grown-up's feet as they danced and swayed.

And his father laughed and talked on the long ride home.
And his mother laughed and talked on the long ride home.
And he thought about how everyone dies someday.
And when tomorrow gets here where will yesterday be.
And fell asleep in his brand new winter coat.

Buy me a shiny new machine,
That runs on lies and gasoline,
And all those batteries we stole from smoke alarms,

And disassembles my despair,
Never took me anywhere,
It never once bought me a drink.

Lyrics submitted by Eliza.

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