Utilities

The Weakerthans

Got this feeling that today doesn't like me
Or the air tastes like flowers and paint
There's a sink full of bottles and cutlery
And the car has got a list of complaintsI just wish I were a toothbrush or a solder gun
Make me something somebody can useWe can wish on the pop of a light bulb
Or those photos lying yellow and curled
Loose in boxes near abandoned electronics
In the corners of the basements of the worldGuess our wishes, don't do dishes or brake repairs
Make them something somebody could useGot a face full of ominous weather
Smirking smile of a high pressure ridge
Got more faults than the state of California
And the heart is a badly built bridgeSeems the most I have to offer doesn't offer much
Make it something somebody could use
Make this something somebody can use

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