

# 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 complaints I just wish I were a toothbrush or a solder gun  
Make me something somebody can use We 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 world Guess our wishes, don't do dishes or brake repairs  
Make them something somebody could use Got 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 bridge Seems the most I have to offer doesn't offer much  
Make it something somebody could use  
Make this something somebody can use

Lyrics provided by

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