# Diagnosis

## The Weakerthans

I have a headache, I have a sore back
I have a letter I can't send
I have desire, it falters and falls down
It calls you up drunk at three or four a.m.To wonder when, wonderful
All the cheap tricks I tried too hard not to pull
Pulled along or pulled apart
Diagnosis of a foreign frame of heartI have a story, I'd like to tell you
It's littered with settings and second takes
I have a feeling, hums with the street lights
Hides under ice in always frozen lakesMy mistake to make you cringe
Another greeting like a broken creaky hinge
To oil and push or pry apart
The diagnosis of a foreign frame of heartFound a cure for being sure
And sure as anything
I'll smile for my reckoningTo oil and push or pry apart
The diagnosis of a foreign frame of heart

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