Before Your Time

Sarah Slean

Who wants a genius anyway
Who worries if he's had enough sleep?
I'd take the bad news anyday
If it meant you were mine to keep
Sweet is the certified nervous wreck
Who now and then likes to appear
To lecture the night and the empty space
And sleep in the cradle of my earA few pills a day keeps the anger away
"The people can go," he says, "the furniture stays."
Trying to find a warm place to hideMaybe born before your time
How unfair to our human eyes
How I wish you were alright
'Cause I worry...Hello to the ghost of the eighty-eight
My favourite Canadian mess
Remembered the sound of the galaxy
and came here expecting no less
How many nights did you lock up in side of that
Terrible lonely streak and those beautiful eyes
Trying to find a warm place to hide?

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