

# 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 ear  
A few pills a day keeps the anger away  
"The people can go," he says, "the furniture stays."  
Trying to find a warm place to hide  
Maybe 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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