

17th Street Treatment Centre

[John K. Samson](#)

On the 21st day, the sun didn't hate me
The food wasn't angry, the bed didn't sigh
The ceiling said it's possible I might get my looks back
On the 21st day of my stay here On the 21st day, I danced to the Twelve Step
Examined, admitted I'm powerless too
Sang the one about the spring, the cat ran away
On the 21st day of my court-ordered stay, here The punk and the priest and the real-estate agent
The girl with no teeth and the shaky marine
The serbian deadhead who wears his sunglasses
So no one can see at my eyes In for three weeks, or in for forever
Here at the 17th Street Treatment Center
Most of us probably not getting better
But not getting better, together

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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