

# 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 hereOn 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, hereThe 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 eyesIn 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.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damlyrics.com/>