

# When I Was a Bandage

[John Ralston](#)

I can't count and I can't think straight  
I lost you this afternoon  
Now it's raining so I think I'll sleep in late  
I can't think of anything to do And I could say I'm not afraid  
But you'll find out anyway Little bits of cloud, go on and bite your lip  
I was just a bandage when you lost your tourniquet  
Just a singing boy whose songs were worn  
Like zippered scars waiting to be born  
Waiting to be born, waiting to be All the doctors and all the medicine  
Insurance men keep you alive  
All the times I should have been there  
Keeping hope above your bed at night So when I tell you I'm not alone  
I'm just pretending someone else is home Little bits of cloud, go on and bite your lip  
I was just a bandage when you lost your tourniquet  
Just a singing boy whose songs were worn  
Like zippered scars waiting to be born  
Waiting to be born, waiting to be born  
Waiting to be born, waiting to be born Sorry vampire

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