

# Bigfoot!

## The Weakerthans

I changed the oils and oiled the squeaks  
Patched the holes and fluid leaks  
Left dust beneath a diabetic moon And way to take the TV crews  
Across the creaking ice  
The news is howling  
To the timber wolves and soon I'll go through it all again  
Watch their doubtful smiles begin  
But the visions that I see believe in me So praise the things I can't forget  
With burgers and a silhouette  
On t-shirts at the council general store I'll listen to the south winds sigh  
With rumors and regrets  
And I don't wanna talk about it anymore Won't go through it all again  
Watch their doubtful smiles begin  
When the visions that I see believe in me Or the visions that I see  
They will believe me

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