

k.d. lang, My Old Addiction

(David Wilcox)

[Originally titled "Chet Baker's Unsung Swan Song"]

My old addiction
Changed the wiring in my brain
So that when it turns the switches
Then I am not the same

So like the flowers toward the Sun
I will follow
Stretch myself out thin
Like there's a part of me that's already buried
That sends me out into this window

My old addiction
Is a flood upon the land
This tiny lifeboat
Can keep me dry
But my weight is all
That it can stand

So when I try to lean just a little
For just a splash to cool my face
Ahh that trickle
Turns out fickle
Fills my boat up
Five miles deep

My old addiction
Makes me crave only what is best
Like these just this morning song birds
Craving upward from the nest
These tiny birds outside my window
Take my hand to be their mom
These open mouths
Would trust and swallow
Anything that came along

Like my old addiction
Now the other side of Day
As the springtime
Of my life's time
Turn's the other way

If a swan can have a song
I think I know that tune
But the page is only scrawled
And I am gone this afternoon
But the page is only scrawled
And I am gone this afternoon