

# 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