

The Weakerthans, Reconstruction Site

Well, I'm lost
I'm afraid
Rope tying down a leaky boat
To the roof of a car on a road in the dark and it's snowing
If I'm more then it means less
Last call for happiness
I'm your dress near the back of your knees and your slip is showing
I'm a float in a summer parade
Up the street in the town that you were born in
With a girl at the top wearing tulle
And a Miss Somewhere sash, waving like the queen
Well beauty's just another word
I'm never certain how to spell
Go tell the nurse to turn the TV back on
Throw away my misery
It never meant that much to me
It never sent a get-well card.

And I'm broke, like a bad joke
Somebody's uncle told at a wedding reception in 1972
Where a little boy under a table with cake in his hair
Stared at the grown-up feet as they danced and swayed
And his father laughed and talked on the long ride home
And his mother laughed and talked on the long ride home
And he thought about how everyone dies someday
And when tomorrow gets here, where will yesterday be
And fell asleep in his brand new winter coat

Buy me a shiny new machine that runs on lies and gasoline
And all those batteries we stole from smoke alarms
And disassembles my despair
It never took me anywhere
It never once bought me a drink