

The Weakerthans, Utilities

Got this feeling that today doesn't like me
Oh, the air tastes like flowers and paint.
There's a sink full of bottles and cutlery
And the car has got a list of complaints.
I just wish I were a toothbrush or a solder gun
Make me something somebody can use.

We can wish on the pop of a lightbulb
Or those photos lying yellowed and curled
Loose in boxes near abandoned electronics
In the corners of the basements of the world.
Guess our wishes don't do dishes or brake repairs
Make them something somebody can use.

Got a face full of ominous weather
Smirking smile of a high pressure ridge
Got more faults than the state of California
And the heart is a badly built bridge
Seems the most I have to offer doesn't offer much
Make it something somebody can use.

Make this
Something somebody
Can use.