

Crash Test Dummies, An Old Scab

I sit each morning
Look at my empty notebook
The room is quiet
The air conditioning sounds like rain falling

Manic-depressive composer Robert Schumann
When he could not write
He'd get down on his knees and he would pray for help

It's not as bad as eating your own liver
But still, I'd like to think that there are better methods

I try to tackle the page that lay before me
But then I drift off and think about the concept of ben-wah balls
I rouse myself and I finish washing dishes
Make lists of errands
Make all my phone calls
And then I pray for help

But each time I try to make a fresh stab
I end up just picking at an old scab