

# 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