

Rheostatics, Shaved Heads

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The minute you shaved your head,
You ran for the mirror, but slipped in the clippings.
You sat in your nest... and cried like a baby would:
"Why am I, why am I wild and...
What is a what is a monster to do?
When your teeth are so new and your tongue is for licking?"

Spent, you fell down to the floor... And dopey,
You giggled, rolled sideways, and turned on the stereo;
White noise on the radio felt like a weird movie.

... And I am and I...
That's such a happy thing to cry.
Me, I can do it? How 'bout you?

You made sure the door was not open.
You made sure the blinds were all closed,
Gathered up pillows and took off your clothes.

Each piece that fell to the floor.
Each piece that showed a bit more of your skin.
Lay back to your bed... so touched to the cool sheets.

The minute they shaved my head,
I asked, begged, to let me a minute more to breath.
'Cause my days are my lungs, but my love for you is
E n d l e s s .