

The Weakerthans, Bigfoot!

I changed the oils and oiled the squeaks,
Patched the holes and fluid leaks,
Left dusk beneath a diabetic moon

And way to take the TV crews across the creaking ice
The news is howling to the timber wolves and soon

I'll go through it all again
Watch their doubtful smiles begin
But the visions that I see believe in me

So praise the things I can't forget with burgers and a silhouette
On t-shirts at the council general store

I'll listen to the south winds sigh with rumors and regrets
And I don't want to talk about it anymore

Won't go through it all again
watch their doubtful smiles begin
When the visions that I see believe in me

Or the visions that I see that will believe me.