

The Weakerthans, (Hospital Vespers)

Doctors play your dosage like a card trick
Scrabbled down the hallways yelling "Yatzee";
I brought books on Harper in the Arctic
Something called "The Politics of Lonely";
A toothbrush and Quick Pick with THE plus
You tried not to roll your sunken eyes

And said "Hey can you help me? I can't reach it";
Pointed to the camera in the ceiling
I climbed up, blocked it so they couldn't see
Turned to find you out of bed and kneeling
Before the nurses came took you away
I stood there on a chair and watched you pray