

# The Weakerthans, Hymn Of The Medical Oddity

Oh, all the words I should not know those doctors wrote on me  
Swell up and from their syllable won't let me get to sleep.  
The sun will start later, clock out early  
And I'll drive around and wait for it.  
Follow familiar roads emptied of every memory  
Under a sheet of silence and unmarked snow.

Then idle in some parking lot, smoke half a smoke and ask  
St. Boniface and St. Vital, preserve me from my past  
Repair our potholes, prevent plant closures  
and if they remember me at all, make them remember me  
as more than a queer experiment, more than a diagram in their quarterly

Make them remember me