

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