The Weakerthans, The Prescience Of Dawn

the sirens woke me up again i know they're coming for me someday just a matter of when count to 25 and yawn touch the clock and turn my back against the dawn and hope for that one dream of hardware stores with checkered floors and buckets full of nails we're floating effortless over the apartment to the boat im rowing past the office windows mother, mother may i cry father will you teach me how to die the right way someday i don't want a second chance to turn my stuttering reluctance into romance with these documents and kindergarten anthems with my drunken liturgies tune the fm in, to static and pretend that its the sea but forward fumbles for the microphone you should have known you should have known