

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