

## An Old Scab

Crash Test Dummies

I sit each morning, look at my empty notebook  
The room is quite, the air conditioning sounds like rain fallin  
g  
Manic-depressive composer Robert Schumann,  
When he could not write, would get down on his knees  
And he would pray for help

It's not as bad as eating your own liver;  
But still, I'd like to think that there are better methods  
I try to tackle the page that lay before me  
But then I drift off, and think about the concept of Ben-  
Wah balls...

I rouse myself and I finish washing dishes,  
Make lists of errands, make all my phone calls  
And then I pray for help  
But each time I try to make a fresh stab  
I end up just picking at an old scab