

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
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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