

Grace Hospital

Jane Siberry

I'm walkin' down the corridor
Of the seventh floor of the Grace Hospital
I'm gonna make it to the end
I'm gonna smoke a cigarette, the cigarette is my only friend

I can hear my slippers a-slappin'
I can feel my gown a-flappin'
I've got my whole being set into making it to the end
Of the seventh floor corridor of the Grace Hospital

These are my people, hello Joe, how ya doin'?
Don't I take good care of you, Joe?
Mrs. Bergman, how you doin'? What? No, I don't have your mail
I'm not the friggin' mailman

I'm going to make it to the end
And when I make it to the end I will smoke my cigarette

They make it very hard to smoke here
But I've got it all figured out
They make it hard and that builds up your strength
And then they want you to check out

There's a man in traffic below
He's all revved up with nowhere to go
He's a-cursin' and a-swearin' and watchin' the rain drops roll
Roll down his windshield

He's stuck in rush hour traffic and he's sayin'
"Oh, I shoulda bought that farm in the country
I woulda been home by now
I woulda been milkin' cows and sloppin' pigs
And sayin' benign things to my benign wife"

"Instead of sittin' here lookin' up the tail-pipe
Of someone I do not even know and probably wouldn't like
And lookin' up at the face at the end
Of the seventh floor of the Grace Hospital"

I'm walking down the corridor
Of the seventh floor of the Grace Hospital
Everything's green here, like a green nightmare
They come every Thursday morning

They spend an hour in the boardroom making decisions like this
They say, "Oh yes, green like the grass, like the trees
That'll make everyone brighten up and feel so happy
Make 'em feel so pleased"

Well, I'm so pleased that when I get out of here
I'm gonna write fuckin' greeting cards
Tellin' everyone how sweet it is here

Green, it just reminds everybody of their own shit
And their own puke and oh, the blonde, she pats her hair
And she tastes aluminum chlorohydrate on her fingertips and oh
"Daniel" Yes, "Would you come into the office please?"

I'm walkin' down the corridor
Of the Grace Hospital
I'm gonna look out at the rain
At the sweet, sweet rain

There's a man in traffic below

Instead I'm sitting here in rush hour traffic lookin' up the tail pipe
Of someone I do not know and probably would not even like
And watchin' this face at the end
Of the seventh floor corridor of the Grace Hospital
Lookin' out at the goddamn rain

I'm walkin' down the corridor
I'm startin' to get withdrawal but I'm gonna make it to the end
I can feel my gown a-flappin' and I can hear my slippers a-slappin'
Hello Mrs. Bergman, no, I don't have the goddamn mail

And if you don't keep your dog tied up
I'm gonna have the dog catcher come
I don't care if you're ninety years old and he's sixteen
And you've been together all this time
He's gonna take him away, don't ask me for the mail
"Daniel, will you come into the office?"

I'm walking down the corridor of the Grace Hospital
Me and my bride, there's gonna be a wedding today
I'm feeling so happy inside, oh, me and my rolling bride
Here we go hand in hand, needle in arm, she is my only friend

When I get to the end I will look out at the traffic below
And I will smile sort of sweetly and tilt my head
And everyone will look up and think that I'm lookin' out at the rain
As if it's the sweetest thing I've ever seen

The Grace Hospital is a terminal hospital
And everybody knows that and
And maybe that's why the food's so bad and
And can I see your fucking boarding passes please, oh?

Last night someone came into my room
And they took my bag of sugar water
And they must have changed it for some strange potion
'Cause now I feel like I'm floatin' on some strange ocean

There's a man in traffic

Instead I'm sittin' here in traffic
Lookin' up at this white balloon at the end of a liquid string
At the end of the seventh floor of the Grace Hospital
Lookin' out at the goddamn rain
Like it's the sweetest thing that he's ever seen

O, I'm gonna save myself

I'm running down the corridor
Of the seventh floor of the Grace Hospital
Me and my family, come on everybody
We're heading down the runway, we're gonna kick this thing

Come on Mrs. Bergman, there'll be so much mail
I'm taking off of the runway

I'm moving out into the rain, out into the rain
Out into the sweet goddamn, sweet goddamn rain