

## Incontinent

**The Tiger Lillies**

I'm incontinent I soil the sheets my heartbeat is growing weak  
I even find it hard to speak as my urine from me leaks  
I strap on my colostomy bag I'm feeling like an old rag  
I stagger slowly slow and meek death for me would be a release  
My mind is like a leaking sieve my memories I can't relive  
I walk a hundred miles in pain I stagger disconsolate and lame  
So my death I cannot wait it's an event I'll celebrate  
My funeral it seems to me is an event to set me free