

## Diagnosis

### The Weakerthans

I have a headache.  
I have a sore back.  
I have a letter I can't send.  
I have desire, it falters and falls down,

It calls you up drunk at three or four a.m. to wonder when...wonderful.  
All the cheap tricks I tried too hard not to pull.  
Pulled along or pulled apart.  
The diagnosis of a foreign frame of heart.

I have a story that I'd like to tell you,  
It's littered with settings and second takes.  
I have a feeling that hums with the street lights and hides under ice in always frozen lakes.  
My mistake to make you cringe.

Another greeting like a broken creaky hinge to oil and push or pry apart.  
The diagnosis of a foreign frame of heart.  
Found a cure for being sure,  
And, sure as anything,  
I'll smile for my reckoning.