

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.