

## Hymn Of The Medical Oddity

The Weakerthans

Oh, all the words I should not know  
Those doctors wrote on me  
Swell up and from their syllable  
Won't let me get to sleep

The sun will start later  
Clock out early  
And I'll drive around and wait for it  
Follow familiar roads

Emptied of every memory  
Under a sheet of silence  
And unmarked snow

Then idle in some parking lot  
Smoke half a smoke and ask  
St. Boniface and St. Fratel  
Preserve me from my past

Repair our potholes  
Prevent plant closures  
And if they remember me at all  
Make them remember me

As more than a queer experiment  
More than a diagram in their quarterly  
Make them remember me