

## **New Pornographers, The "Weary Progress"**

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It was a nervous little shudder,  
I was thinking of my mother,  
I was making up excuses,  
I was sorry, sore, no intimacy.  
Cradlecap and funny sports and thin.  
I miss my daughter's breath.  
What really sticks it in  
are the cold spots in the bed.  
Like everybody in the world,  
I want to be misunderstood.  
Likable, creepy,  
underrated, braggart,  
busy, really good.  
It's weary progress.  
I yell, I get frustrated, I scream.  
Drunk brother painting bare rooms.  
Christmas trees are scary things at 2 a.m and  
foolish lips are all the way in Boston,  
but they're sounding pretty good.  
Like everybody in the world, I want to be  
misunderstood.

Likable, creepy,  
underrated, braggart,  
busy, really good.  
It's weary progress.

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