

Weakerthans

"Hymn Of The Medical Oddity"

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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

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