

The Weakerthans

"Prescience Of Dawn"

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the sirens woke me up again
i know they're coming for me someday just a matter of
when
count to 25 and yawn
touch the clock and turn my back against the dawn
and hope for that one dream of hardware stores with
checkered floors and buckets full with nails
we're floating effortless over the apartment to the boat
im rowing past the office windows
mother, mother may i cry
father will you teach me how to die the right way
someday
i don't want a second chance to turn my stuttering
reluctance into romance
with these documents and kindergarten anthems with
my drunken liturgies
tune the fm in, to static and pretend that its the sea
but four words fumble for the microphone
you should have known
you should have known

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