

The Weakerthans

"Reconstruction Site"

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I'm lost, I'm afraid
A frayed rope tying down a leaky boat
To the roof of a car on the road in the dark
And it's snowing

If I'm more, then it means less
Last call for happiness
I'm your dress near the back of your knees
And your slip is showing

I'm afloat
Afloat in a summer parade
Up the street in the town that you were born in
With a girl at the top, wearing tulle

And a Miss Somewhere sash
Waving like the queen
Beauty's just another word
I'm never certain how to spell

Go tell the nurse to turn the TV back on
And throw away my misery
It never meant that much to me
It never sent a 'Get Well' card

I broke like a bad joke somebody's uncle told
At a wedding reception in 1972
Where a little boy under a table with cake in his hair
Stared at the grown-up feet as they danced and
swayed

And his father laughed and talked on the long ride
home
And his mother laughed and talked on the long ride
home
And he thought about how everyone dies someday
And when tomorrow gets here, where will yesterday
be?

And fell asleep in his brand-new winter coat
Buy me a shiny new machine that runs on lies and
gasoline

And all those batteries we stole from smoke-alarms
And disassembles my despair

It never took me anywhere
It never once bought me a drink

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