

Doctor's office across Mary's Avenue
I sit cautiously and wish I could look at
A semblance of a view
Why don't they have any windows here?
Would it kill them to have something without a gray hue?
If this is where the dyin' go, then
Perhaps they need to fit the dyin' mood
And it's no use

Every part of this becomes a new nightmare
I lie flat on the table
And make a joke about the clump of hair
That falls out of my scalp
But I cannot remember it now

I make the best of what became a bad deal
I talk shit with the nurses and
Clock out hard on IV Benadryl
Can't be scared when you're asleep
And for the first of the six weeks
I felt like I could barely speak

What would I say
Anyway?

I try to see the finished route
But the light at the end keeps getting further out
But once again it flickers and blinks
Just enough for me to get through it again
Another day
Another pain
But at the end of it, I think I'll be okay