

## Reconstruction Site

The Weakerthans

Well, I'm lost  
I'm afraid  
Rope tying down a leaky boat  
To the roof of a car on a 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 a float 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  
Well beauty's just another word  
I'm never certain how to spell  
Go tell the nurse to turn the TV back on  
Throw away my misery  
It never meant that much to me  
It never sent a get-well card.

And I'm 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