

The Crippled Physician

WHY?

In bed with cold
Brittle and old like The Dead Sea scrolls
His weak pulse it shakes his whole
Frame, shame, same bones and sloped
Narrow shoulders of a woman on a wagon
Heading west, bound homeward
Folks he knows that he's gotta let go
Be released of the anger at least, geez
Uh, but it's burrowed deep in his soul
Hidden like a pebble in snow
(Yo!)
(Yo!)
Baby's been born with a beard worn and haggard
Weird and jagged in crowds
He stammers profoundly even amongst friends
And locks up like a tin ornithopter
Too tightly wound
He's lonesome and wanting
Groping for something
Foraging closeness from shadows retreating
And like a pro-
Foundly confused
Infant in the endless cold night
He finally finds his own thumb
And numbs himself back into sleep

He says
("What an old and strange son's life is mine
When I come off stage they stand in line to meet me")
When I come off stage they stand in line
(What an old and strange son's life is mine)

The surgeon nervously goes on
He never claimed to be God

Just a vessel for impulse pressing into several directions
Dressing and undressing the wound I'm used to
Voom-voom, voom-voom, voom
"Who do I tell the truth to?"
Just a vessel for impulse pressing into several directions
Dressing and undressing the wound I'm used to
On a how-to on Youtube
Who do I tell the truth to?
Stressing and confessing from the Jetta on Nokia through Bluetooth

The surgeon nervously goes on