

# 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