**Reconstruction Site**

*The Weakerthans*

Well, I'm lost, I'm a frayed

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

And throw away my misery, it never meant that much to me

It never sent a get-well card

And 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 aa 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