

Rheostatics, Who?

Tim Vesely

Someone keeps repeating what I say
One hundred years before it's said.
It doesn't make me feel good.
That same someone scored a goal
When I put the puck in the net,
And I'm still shut out while he's leading the league.
Who?

Is this someone?
I find out, I'll make him pay.

Meanwhile, I will patent all my moves.
I'll write them down here in my book.
I'll have a record there.

Hey there! Mr. Justice,
I have brought unto you a book
In which I document myself in many ways.
"Hey there! Mr. No One,
I have recognized this writing as my own,
And you have forged it as your own."
Who?

When I get out of forger's prison,
I will be on record as having done
Something on my own.

I'm looking slightly less than visible today.
I think and therefore I am enslaved.
My little book of verse is words and thoughts of ages
Of accidents like me.

Someone keeps repeating what I sing
One million years before it's sung.
Well, it doesn't make me feel good.
Who? Who? Who?