

Incontinent

The Tiger Lillies

I'm incontinent I soil the sheets my heartbeat is growing weak
I even find it hard to speak as my urine from me leaks
I strap on my colostomy bag I'm feeling like an old rag
I stagger slowly slow and meek death for me would be a release
My mind is like a leaking sieve my memories I can't relive
I walk a hundred miles in pain I stagger disconsolate and lame
So my death I cannot wait it's an event I'll celebrate
My funeral it seems to me is an event to set me free