

The Tragically Hip, All Tore Up

we were a blow out of wicked proportions, an accidental company
if we said, "we were going to go out and get all tore up tonight" then we did, we got a little
play your tonight's the nights right and don't clear the place
sweep up a little on your way out, we might make it

with dottie, the bluegrass singer, baring her local breasts
singing, "you want an open concept? i'll give you open concepts"
you play your fuck off nows right and don't clear the place
wreak some havoc on the way out, you might make it

"drink up, folks, it's getting on time to close"

they said, "we don't even like you", "i'm with you," i said
perhaps you think the road is a means to an end where it's a living in the end
the living end, the living image of the end

play your tonight's the nights right, don't clear the place
sweep up a little on your way out, you might make it
if your tonight's the nights right, you don't clear the place
sweep up a little on your way out, you might make it

tonight's the night
tonight's the night tonight
tonight, tonight, tonight
tonight's the night tonight
tonight's the night tonight
tonight, tonight, tonight
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