

The Tragically Hip, Bobcaygeon

I left your house this morning
About a quarter after nine
Coulda been the Willie Nelson
Coulda been the wine

When I left your house this morning
It was a little after nine
It was in Bobcaygeon, I saw the constellations
Reveal themselves, one star at a time

Drove back to town this morning
With working on my mind
I thought of maybe quitting
Thought of leaving it behind

Went back to bed this morning
And as I'm pulling down the blind
Yeah, the sky was dull and hypothetical
And falling one cloud at a time

That night in Toronto
With its checkerboard floors
Riding on horseback
And keeping order restored

'Til the men they couldn't hang
Stepped to the mic and sang
And their voices rang
With that Aryan twang

I got to your house this morning
Just a little after nine
In the middle of that riot
Couldn't get you off my mind

So I'm at your house this morning
Just a little after nine
'Cause it was in Bobcaygeon where I saw the constellations
Reveal themselves, one star at a time