

The Tragically Hip, Flamenco

the beautiful lull, the dangerous tug we get to feel small from high up above and after a glimpse over
world becomes a gift shop
the pendulum swings for the horse like a man out over the rim is ice cream to him the beautiful lull,
to feel small but not out of place at all
we're forced to bed but we're free to dream all us human extras, all us herded beings and after a gl
of the world becomes a giftshop
i don't know what to believe sometimes i even forget and if it's a lie, terrorists made me say it the b
tug we get to feel small from high up above
from high up above