

# The Tragically Hip, Greasy Jungle

i love you even when i don't even know i'm doing it and dismiss it out of hand cause i don't even know  
finger starts to wiggle and landscapes emerge can you spare some change dear, we've only got three  
roses are worth more dried than alive such a thing to say o how i adore you when you reinvent a rose  
some change dear we've only got three hundred feet to go and with impossibility for a payload we  
pocket nothing can stop it  
roses are difficult everywhere you must promise me you'll stay these longstems are freakish if any  
down for the vase can you spare some change dear we've only got three hundred feet to go and w  
payload we lift the rocket out of the pocket nothing can stop it we can only watch it