

The Tragically Hip, Lake Fever

Everything is bleak.
It's the middle of the night.
You're all alone and
the dummies might be right.
You feel like a jerk.
My music at work.
My music at work.
Avoid trends and cliches.
Don't try to be up to date.
And when the sunlight hits the olive-oil,
don't hesitate.
The night's so long it hurts
My music at work.
In a symbol too far
or the anatomy of a stain;
to determine where you are,
in a sink full of Ganges, I'd remain -
No matter what you heard
in my music at work.
My music at work.
My music at work.
I call it, 'Olga Waits;
The Cloud That Entertains
The Dim Possibility of
Showing Some Restraint.'
The rain came down berserk.
My music at work.
My music at work.
On a star beyond the chart
or the dark side of a drop of rain.
determining where you are,
in a sink full of Ganges, I remain -
No matter what you heard.
My music at work.
My music at work.
My music at work.
La-la-la-la-la-la.
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la.
La-la-la-la-la-la.
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la.
Everythng is bleak.
It's the middle of the night.
You're all alone and
the dummies might be right.
Outside, the darkness lurks.
My music at work.
My music at work.
Hey fallen hummingbird,
my music at work.
From the middle of the earth,
my music at work.
Bound for bed without dessert,
my music at work.
My music at work.
My music at work.