

The Tragically Hip, Locked In The Trunk Of A Car

i've got a job, i explore, i follow every little whiff and i want my life to smell like this yo find a place, a
you'd like to gamble with where they'd stamp on burning bags of shit looking for a place to happen
wayward ho! away we go, it's a shame to leave this masterpiece with its' gallery gods and its' garba
scene, from memory, so i'd know who murdered me it's a vain pursuit, but it helps me to sleep look
making stops along the way
jacques cartier, right this way, i'll put your coat up on the bed hey man you've got a real bum's eye
sit right down, no you're not the first to show we've all been here since, god, who knows? looking fo
making stops along the way