

The Tragically Hip, My Music At Work

Held a bird's egg between her breasts
there's reasons for the road, I guess
to document the indigenous,
to paint and sketch
paint and sketch
I'm starting to fail to be impressed.
United state of ricochet
from the boardwalk to the Appian way
the diamond files, the corporate raves
you'd practically kill
not to be afraid
and I'm starting to choke
on the things I say.
Putting down.I'm putting down.
I'm putting down.
I'm putting down.I'm putting down.
I'm putting down.
I'm putting down.I'm putting down.
I'm putting down.
Browbeaten out from underneath your dress
the documented indigenous civilization
flipped its desk
you know the rest, there is no rest
and I'm starting to fail to know what's best.
Putting down.I'm putting down.
I'm putting down.
I'm putting down.I'm putting down.
I'm putting down.
I'm putting down.I'm putting down.
I'm putting down.