

# 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.