

The Tragically Hip, No Threat

got a window washer's head
for an unmakeable bed
for loneliness
the past is no place to-

rest your weary arms 'cept at sevens at your sides
your face a campaign debt reflected sky
you die to your fans
one window at a time, that's right

got a window washer's eye
for an untuckable sky
for lonely design
the past is no place to-

try but I'll get my mind's armies moving at full stride
they're singing in one voice, preoccupied
and with nothing to say
I'll sing it bright, that's right

I am here, it's only me
I ain't freed nobody yet
it's just me, I'll just be a sec
I'm a cleaner, I'm no threat
no threat, no threat
I'm a reader, I'm no threat

who sings lonely? everyone sings lonely
it doesn't sound so bad
who is free? everybody's freed
from the tired of being sad
so sad

how will I know? how will I know if I'm helping?
more so, how will she know if I'm helping?
if I'm not in the saddle, I'm nothing
that's right

I am here, it's only me
I ain't freed nobody yet
it's just me, clearing spiderwebs
I'm a listener, I'm no threat
I am here, failed and failing breath
I'm a listener, I'm no threat
no threat, no threat
I'm a watcher, I'm no threat
no threat..

(I am a Beatles fan)