

# The Tragically Hip, Three Pistols

Well Tom Thompson came paddling past  
I'm pretty sure it was him  
And he spoke so softly in accordance  
To the growing of the dim  
He said, "Bring on a brand new renaissance  
Cause I think I'm ready  
Well I've been shaking all night long  
But my hands are steady."

Three pistols came and three people went, on their way  
Three pistols strong and three people spent

Well he found his little, lonely love  
His bride of the northern woods  
But, she took me to the Opera House  
Like he said she would  
Then she sighed and she fell from the balcony  
Shakespeare's bent to touch  
She never had any time for me  
Cause I didn't protest enough

Three pistols came and three people went, on their way  
Two pistols strong and two people spent

Little girls come on Remembrance Day  
Placing flowers on his grave  
She waits in the shadows 'til after dark  
To sweep them all away

I say, bring on the brand new renaissance  
Cause I think I'm ready  
I've been shaking all night long  
But my hands are steady

Three pistols came and three people went, on their way  
Three pistols strong and three people spent  
Three pistols came and three people went on their way  
One pistol strong and three people spent