

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