

The Tragically Hip, Throwing Off Glass

"why is the world so creepy?" she asked
after a car full of haircuts drove past
a backseat full of the boys

i told her that it isn't, that it, that it's exquisite
but like love it has it's barbarous threats

still in spite of the cads and the stoop shouldered teens
i know i'm losing you, i know what that means

i told her that it isn't, that it's real exquisite
but like love it can have it's stubbed toe effects

and just like after she heard the word iridescent
and everything was iridescent for awhile
it wasn't long before she exalted out of nowhere
"isn't this exquisite?"

once you've said "mmm" in unison and "oh" in double surprise
and shared relief with a mutual "pheh" and a look in each others' eyes

i tell her that is isn't insisted that it isn't
because like love it has too cunning effects
i told her that it isn't, that it's just exquisite
because like love it has it's barbarous threats

"why is the world so creepy?" she asked
after a car full of haircuts drove past
a backseat full of the boys
breaking glass, throwing off glass