

# The Tragically Hip, Ultra Mundane

come the ultra mundane of another life  
you know it by the trail of the nervousness  
your memories compress, your senses are sly  
and portions of your shadowiness

on your everyday nights into northern lights, pour it all at their service

start beginning by beginning, it's time, it's time, it's time  
a new tradition, a new beginning, it's time, it's time, it's time

it's time to make you inside with a wristband, all right  
to see etobicoke coyotes  
to get pretend scars, to see like a pair  
to feel as welcome as a sneeze in a motorcycle helmet

feel the ultra mundane of another life, a poet in the service

start beginning, new traditions, it's time, it's time, it's time  
the demolition is beginning, it's time, it's time, it's time  
they're underpinning the tradition, it's time, it's time, it's time  
no perdition in the beginning, it's time, it's time  
but there's no time to ask, "hey, what you building? another ocean?"

you looked at me like i was eating runny eggs in slow motion  
maybe, maybe i saw you soften, baby  
when your angst had me over your shoulder  
you're a beleaguered old lady

start beginning, a new tradition, it's time, it's time, it's time  
no tradition of dereliction, it's time, it's time, it's time  
no conditions, no sedition, it's time, it's time, it's time  
a new beginning, a new tradition, and at the end i'll burn so unkind  
you might ask, "hey, what you building? another ocean? another ocean?"