

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?"