

The Tragically Hip, We'll Go Too

To boldly clap in a room full of nothing
you never know, it could be one of those
poignant evenings.
Museum's locked and it's long since past
closing,
you cannot know, you cannot not know
what you're knowing
what can you do, they're all gone
and we'll go too.

The curtain climbs over me every morning.
I don't know why I'm so immunized
against reforming.
To coldly slap at a face full of nothing,
you never know it could've been one of those
looks of long.
What can you do, they're all gone
And we'll go too.