

# The Tragically Hip, Emperor Penguin

i like the tone of your trumpet, come on, let's spill some paint  
let's raise a glass of milk to the end of another day  
and to the kiss that's still intangible  
the kids are all right, just unmanageable  
they won't do a damn thing you say

your voice is all detached on a radio wave breeze  
we have another caller with a bachelor degree  
talking alien invasion is the only chance for unity  
well, sorry to interrupt you, caller, but that's a physical impossibility  
that's a physical impossibility  
that's a physical impossibility

you'd be tossed up or washed up, the narrator relates  
in a spartan antarctican walk for many days  
meet with emperor penguin devotion to the egg  
and their women are swimming from half an ocean away

don't sound so detached, this is you and me  
just give me your opinion before you turn to leave  
your crust is just incredible, the radio was edible  
when you said don't wipe your arses with your sleeves  
you're a physical impossibility  
you're a physical impossibility  
it was a physical impossibility