

The Tragically Hip, Put It Off

me and the vivid girl in our hammock to the stars staring into the fire before tv, the remote-control's
in the dope of the pigment, in a poetic state of mind in a flood of country we lay down to kill so
and we spoke languidly of the northern bee and collecting dewdrops for tea underneath the ca
we were high, we were sherpa-high, we conspired against old friends we said we must be friends
thousand times since then
and we spoke long, at length of the fight or flee and of nothing in particularly underneath the ca
we spoke off-handedly of the new extremes and of nothing in particularly underneath the can
we're at the point where we love or hate it we can write it down and obliterate it when we're at the
nor hate it we can lay down and obliterate it