

The Tragically Hip, Sherpa

me and the vivid girl in our hammock to the stars
staring into the fire before t.v., the remote control's on mars

in the dope of the pigment, in a poetic state of mind
in a flood of the country we lay down to kill some time

and we spoke languidly of the northern bee
and collecting dewdrops for tea underneath the cannonball tree

we were high, we were sherpa high
we conspired against old friends
we said we must be friends or die
and we've died a thousand times since then

and we spoke long, at length of the fight or flee
and of nothing in particularly underneath the cannonball tree

we spoke offhandedly of the new extremes
and of nothing in particularly underneath the cannonball tree

we're at the point where we love or hate it
we can write it down and obliterate it
when we're at the point when we neither love nor hate it
we can lay down and obliterate it