

The Tragically Hip, Silver Jet

There's a still in the night, a tuneless moonlight
just the I-need-you-and-here's-whys of snoring Gord's and Cheryl's
there's a heron outside in violet light
there's an urge to go, a shadow, a heightened air of peril

your heart jumps to
and my heart jumps too
I think, to myself 'I don't really know my heart'
and as you whisper 'me too'
a silver jet roars overhead
rocks the nocturne all everglade and grey sheers
silver jet, so far off already
fought the hot spurs off all the way to Cape Spear

it's quiet again when a car like Big Ben
the radio dopplerin' '...'for all you Gregory Peck fans...
-Let Us Now Praise Famous Men-
to take some pressure off all the wonderous to fight' and

your heart jumps to
and my heart jumps too
as if the Wolves of Northumberland themselves
were rumoured to be en route
silver jet, way overhead
you're an archipelago, a satellite, a green star
silver jet, so far off already
with your I-need-you-and-here's-why
flying to the next part...

Your heart jumps to
and my heart jumps too
I'm thinking, to myself, 'packing, is a secret art'
and as you whisper, 'me too'
silver jet roars overhead
silver jet flying to the next part
silver jet so far off already
silver jet, a satellite, a green star
silver jet way overhead
silver jet evergladed grey sheers
silver jet, so far off already
silver jet Clayqout sound to Cape Spear...