

# Tragically Hip, Ahead By A Century

First we'd climb a tree and maybe then we'd talk  
Or sit silently and listen to our thoughts  
With illusions of someday casting a golden light  
No dress rehearsal, this is our life  
That's when the hornet stung me and I had a feverish dream  
With revenge and doubt tonight we smoke them out  
You are ahead by a century  
Stare in the morning shroud and then the day began  
I tilted your cloud, you tilted my hand  
Rain falls in real time and rain fell through the night  
No dress rehearsal, this is our life  
That's when the hornet stung me and I had a serious dream  
With revenge and doubt tonight, we smoked them out  
You are ahead by a century  
But this is our life and disappointing you getting me down