

Tragically Hip, New Orleans Is Sinking

Bourbon blues on the street loose and complete
Under skies all smoky blue-green
I can Forksake the dixie dead shake
So we dance the sidewalk clean
My memory is muddy what's this river I'm in
New Orleans is sinking and I don't want to swim
Colonel Tom What's wrong? What's Going On
You can't tie yourself up for a deal
He said "Hey North you're south shut you big mouth
You gotta do what you feel is real."
Ain't got no picture postcards ain't go no souvenirs
My baby she don't know me when I'm thinking about those years
Pale as a light bulb hanging on a wire
Sucking up to someone just stoke the fire
Picking out the highlights of the scenery
Saw a little cloud looked a little like me
I had my hands in the river
My feet back up on the banks
Looked up to the Lord above and said hey man thanks
Sometimes I fell so good I gotta scream
She says Gordie baby I know exactly what you mean
She said, she said I swear to God she said
My memory is muddy what's this river I'm in
New Orleans is sinking and I don't want to swim