

Tragically Hip, Twist My Arm

There She Blows, Jacque Cousteau
Hear her sing so sweat and low
Lull me overboard, cold-out
Gathered in a swallowed hole.
Do I want to? With All that charm
Do I want to? Twist my arm
You just hit me where I live
I guess it looked quite primitive
What was that supposed to prove?
Throw the calf or he'll throw you
Sucked in by the victim world
Thirsty as a cultured pearl
Culled and wooed, bitten chewed
It won't hurt if you don't move
Do I want to? With All that charm
Do I want to? Twist my arm
Musical chairs, double dares , memorized stairs
Shootin' of flares, springtime hairs and broken down mares
Coward phones , big soup stones, pride less loans
Grill-sick cows, motel moans and big fat Jones
Martyrs don't do much for me
Though I enjoy them vicariously
After you No, after me
No I insist please after me
Do I want to? With All that charm
Do I want to? Twist my arm