

Hot Mic

The Tragically Hip

I am the hot mic, I pick up asides, of the modern tyrant
'...laws of the shadows, colours of justice',
I don't know what it meant
How 'patriotism is now enough'* and it's 'powerful stuff'
Can we get it quiet enough? In here,
I can hear god, the cat's paws cross the keys,
Or the wish tomorrow is,
but a whisper from your lips and I fall to my knees
I am the hot mic, the war room is dead, janitors move in
Talking of their dark doors, their enchanted paths,
I don't know what they meant
How with something to fall back on, yea,
people usually do* - Hit the lights! Kill the room!
Can we get it quiet enough? In here,
I can hear god, cat paws along the keys,
And the wish tomorrow is,
but a whisper from your lips and I fall to my knees.
I'm not afraid of convincingness,
I'm just uncertain for sure*
I'm in awe of no one, I'm made for this,
teach me what to want.
I am the hot mic, I pick up asides of Dawn, The Tyrant
He's coming from the shadows, feeling being seen,
I don't know what he meant
I don't guess, I listen. It's more than enough.
It's powerful stuff
Can we get it quiet enough in here?
So I can hear god - a cat walk cross the keys -
And hit notes so lonely it's one whisper from your lips and I fall
all to my knees
I'm not afraid of convincingness,
I'm just uncertain for sure
I'm in awe of no one, I'm made for this,
teach me what to want.
And though I'm not yet earnest enough,
not unblinkingly sincere
I'm over here
I overhear you
And I always hear you