

Leave

The Tragically Hip

Do you mean the attack is routine?
A bird asked of a bird
In this context, a concave nest
How do we learn to hurt?

Do you mean there's no variation?
Watching a dog charge a flock
Of birds exploding in congregation
Why plan, when when we stop?

I don't know but why suppose
'Cause it's not the way it should be?
When you can fly above the great waiting list
As the crow implies, we won't be missed
We can leave, we can leave, we can leave, you leave

It's a routine flight for this bird tonight
There's more worms than earth in the after life
Where the blind feed the blind, whispering things like
"On the money" and "Bullseye"

She picks up the little leaves
Where human wrecks are left to seed
Left to repaint their deities
And plaster away at their villainies

Where there's love and there's hope
And do you hope those earthbound poets
Could learn to sing as good as us?
So we can sit back and enjoy our illusions and our quietus?

Well I don't know but why suppose
It's not the way it should be
When you can squawk and wait for a word from above
And change yourself into something you love when you leave?
You leave, you leave