

On The Verge

The Tragically Hip

Here we are now where are we?
It's like nothing I've ever seen

We got horse throated huckster's whispered gimmicks
Rubbernecking all the curious cynics
And headlong walkers, one born every minute
Do I plug it in or do I stick it in it?

Well, I don't know what came over me
I'm too dumb for words
Well, I didn't think I'd like it here at all
But I swear, I swear I'm on the verge

Here we are now who are you?
The long lost queens of some hoodoo?

Well, we're the last of the big time penetrators
Playing dead to fuck the undertaker
The movie'll come out a little bit later
The Men, The Legend, The Goat, The Saytr

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Well, I didn't say I'd like it here at all
But I swear, I swear I'm on the verge
I'm on the verge
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Here we are now don't ask how
The time to leave was kind of now

Well, don't cry, baby, there's no cause for grief
Deadheading's never going to kill the chief
It's an empty road without relief
And I'm a highway romance milking thief

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