

The Exact Feeling

The Tragically Hip

The exact feeling is coming back around
The tiger's wheeling
And covering some ground

I'm up to my torch, I'm up to my tits
Maybe I got no more interest

In the exact feeling is all I ever tried to do
The perimeter, the ceiling
Just to dribble somewhere new

I'd be on my hands, I'd be on my knees
Saying, hey bartender, one more of these

For the exact feeling
The exact feeling maybe isn't what I think
Not the singularity, those thousand million dreams
Not a prosperity that means

I never have to say a thing
Maybe the exact feeling
Is on the other side of this feeling

And I remember stealing
Lying, begging loneliness
Flying, falling, kneeling
Trying to get 'em to notice

I'm not being sad, I'm not being dear
I only wanna stay with you right here

In this exact feeling, in your exact feeling
In this exact feeling, in your exact feeling
In this exact feeling, in this exact feeling
In this exact feeling