

Twist My Arm

The Tragically Hip

There she blows, Jacques Cousteau
Hear her sing so sweet and low

Lull me overboard, out cold
Gathered in and swallowed whole

Do I want to with all that charm?
Do I want to twist my arm?
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

Do I want to with all that charm?
Do I want to twist my arm?
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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?
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Yeah; Musical chairs, double dares, memorized stairs
Shooting off flares, springtime hares, broken-down mares
Yeah; Cowered phones, big soup stones, prideless loans
Grill-sick crows, motel moans and big fat Jones

Woo woo

Martyrs don't do much for me
Though I enjoy them vicariously
After you, no, after me
No, I insist, please, after me

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Do I want to twist my arm?
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Oh do it