

HellBreaksLoose

Gord Downie

I saw you on the street in New York City
I thought you looked so familiar to me
I followed the fascination of my nature
I followed you into France versus Italy
On the big screen TV

Into the gobbling Gauloise I go, yea
Sixty shoulders deep I go, yea
'No drinks! Just beer!' the bartender screams, repeatedly
There is this guy, he's just crawling with sports, yea
'Fuckin guinea bastard!' he keeps screaming
Until he's told, in French, to 'fucking cool it!'
Bigger screens, bigger feelings
Bigger screens, bigger feelings

This is not the part where all hell breaks loose, no
This is not the part where all hell breaks loose
This is not the part where all hell breaks loose and I lose you

They kicked the rabbit around the field, but
My eyes just keep searching the room for you
It all ends in holy exploding mesh and I lose you
And I lose you

Plunge outside into the night air
Just as a cop car speeds on by
The siren sounding, yea, positively jovial
I sit down on the cold curb and cry
A passerby says, 'Don't cry, big boy
We'll get 'em next time'

This is the part where all hell breaks loose, yea
This is the part where all hell breaks loose
This is the part where all hell breaks loose and I lose you
I lose you, I lose you, I lose you, I lose you