

Family Band

The Tragically Hip

I can't smell a rat when it's all rat
I can't find one in an elevator
My mind doesn't work so bad
But I am a poor exterminator
That's right

I can't destroy entirely
Or annihilate a little later
I can't see the entire city
But I'm not a bad exterminator

I'm just a shade shy of true wickedness
I'm a shade shy of truly loving it, yeah
There are other things I'd rather be doing
Even nothing, even nothing, even nothing with you

One day I'll make some honest rock and roll
Full of hand claps and gang vocals
I'm going to get all the children involved
We're going to get lost on all you locals

We'll be a shade shy of true wickedness
We'll be a shade shy of truly loving this, yeah
There are other things we'd rather be doing, sure
Even nothing, even nothing, even nothing with you

We'll load out through the snow
Through small groups of people smoking
Hey, get that kick drum loaded
Into the backseat folded down
We'll go virtually unnoticed
What's gripping the city ain't hitting the town

We'll be a shade shy of true wickedness
We'll be a shade shy of truly loving it, yeah
There are other things that we'll surely miss

We'll load out through the snow
Through small groups of people smoking
Hey, get that kick drum loaded
Into the backseat folded down
We'll go perfectly unnoticed
What's gripping the city ain't hitting the town