

Fireworks

The Tragically Hip

If there's a goal that everyone remembers
It was back in old seventy two
We all squeezed the stick and we all pulled the trigger
And all I remember is sitting beside you

You said you didn't give a fuck about hockey
And I never saw someone say that before
You held my hand and we walked home the long way
You were loosening my grip on Bobby Orr

Isn't it amazing anything's accomplished
When the little sensation gets in your way
Not one ambition whispering over your shoulder
Isn't it amazing you can do anything

We hung out together every single moment
'Cause that's what we thought married people do
Complete with the grip of artificial chaos
And believing in the country of me and you

Crisis of faith and crisis in the Kremlin
And, yeah, we'd heard all that before
It's wintertime, the house is solitude with options
And loosening the grip on a fake cold war

Isn't it amazing what you can accomplish
When you don't let the nation get in your way
And not one ambition whispering over your shoulder
Isn't it amazing you can do anything

Next to your comrades in the National Fitness Program
Caught in some eternal flexed arm hang
Dropping to the mat in a fit of laughter
Showed no patience, tolerance or restraint

Fireworks exploding in the distance
Temporary towers soar
Fireworks emulating heaven
Till there are no stars any more
Fireworks aiming straight at heaven
Temporary towers soar
Till there are no stars shining up in heaven
Till there are no stars any more

Isn't it amazing what you can accomplish
When the little sensation gets in your way
No ambition whispering over your shoulder
Isn't it amazing what you can accomplish

This one thing probably never goes away
I think this one thing is always supposed to stay
This one thing doesn't have to go away