

Greasy Jungle

The Tragically Hip

Greasy jungle metropolis noir
Easy tangles the easiest so far

Ah, ah

I drove down your road, Hazel dean where I tasted
Your funeral home's sandwiches and coffee
I saw your hands melt into one another
I saw you grieve and grow, care a lot about one another

I stood at your sink and I felt your warm water
I washed your dishes and I looked out your kitchen window
Where I saw a soulful gymnast melt in the air and shudder
Just above the snow, making moves that just weren't there

Ah, ah

Velvet callow with wet hands, I turned out the lights
And breathing shallow hesitated, then went upstairs where
I picked up your housecoat, dried my hands and touched your hair
And just then you awoke, you could never really barely care

Ah, ah, ah

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[Incomprehensible]