

The Bastard

The Tragically Hip

If you ask me how I knew, I saw you
I had a bird's eye view of a bird's eye view, I saw you
I saw you not as you think, simply just as you, I saw you

And all of this augers well
Even though it's presaging pell-mell
All of it augers well

This is the bastard (of it being having to choose)
We've got the bastard (of it being having to choose)
This is the bastard

Then you turned all Billy Sunday
Shouting, "Philadelphia for Christ and Christ for Philadelph-i-a"
As the sun groomed the plane with crepuscular rays, when I saw you

And all of this augers well
Even so it's presaging pell-mell
And all of it augers well

This is the bastard (of it being having to choose)
This is the bastard (of it being having to choose)
This is the bastard

Being having to choose
Between a flickering fuse
And power beyond what you use

Never mind us purple italians
Never mind that pool in the mountains
Wictory came and went on winged elephants, I saw you

And all of this augers well
Even though, even so, it's presaging pell-mell
All of it augers well

This is the bastard (of it being having to choose)
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