The Dark Canuck

The Tragically Hip

This one is for you And it goes on and on and on When nothing seems to do For when the doubtless and the wrong Ask, "Can I help you?" In that way that says, "I can't" Or claim we're all the same Just inconsistent Or pretend all understanding Turned out to be pretence Then pretend the pretence of understanding How long does it take? Depends

You can cast your doubts Turn them inside out Hang them upside down

Till their art falls out The short answer's forty eight hours Let your heart all out The short answer's forty eight hours Till their art falls out The short answer's forty eight hours Let your heart all out Summon up all your power

If you need a good connection for drugs Or a strong tolerance for alcohol Too little religious education Some pain threshold If from the outside There's no demand for what you do And inside there's an army waiting For their marching orders for you Come sit on my swing seat Come sit on my porch After ten at night, smoke your cigarettes If you like, of course

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And it goes on and on and on

If we ever get home Let's don't compare Let's relinquish all our holidays And drive in premieres If we ever get home I'm going to have me three children Apple, Zippo and Metronome That's what I'm going to name them

And get celebrity skin The illusion of tough I'm going to talk about nothing Till nothing's enough If we ever get home And the subject comes up This war isn't for children War is nothing's enough

In the clouds of blood at the end of Jaws In the misted cars honking their applause At the drive-in double feature At the heart of dark enough It's Jaws and The Dark Canuck Should we stay for The Dark Canuck? Yeah, everyone, hands up Who's for The Dark Canuck? I think we relinquished enough And it's still dark enough

And it goes on and on and on