

The Rules

The Tragically Hip

Legs scream at bikes and bikes scream at trucks
And motorists curse their lousy luck
Crossing guard's not doing his job
And traffic's not about to stop for the first casualty of thought

It's the rules
It's the rules

Superfarmer's bent on the cover of time
The moralists scream he's all mine
So the bard isn't doing her job
The vacuum night, the darkest rites, the small quarantined thoughts

It's the rules
It's the rules

Salesman said this vacuum's guaranteed
It could suck an ancient virus from the sea
It could put the dog out of a job
Could make traffic stop so little thoughts can safely get across

It's the rules
It's the rules
Guaranteed or not
It's the rules