

Vapour Trails

The Tragically Hip

Titillations been replaced
By interstate, brick face and coffee mate
And by a list of phone calls
You'll like to make
Where you could sit on the edge of your bed
And you could stare into your own shoes
And in the pools of light there
Go wherever you choose

Just rig up a complication
And if it derails
You can throw away the rudder
And float away like vapour trails

There's nothing funnier than pride
In an utterly confident stride
So I pulled the car on over
To give you a ride
Damn this sleepy weather he said
As he marched in sopping wet shoes
Through rain pools evaporating
He says in this sign I'll conquer you

I pulled the car on over
To give you a ride
But there's nothing uglier
Than a man hitting his stride

Past Mexicans all dressed in beige shirts
Lleaving over their hoes
Now the morning's over
It's time to let them sprinklers hose

Past hills of chambermaids' dark bare arms
And fields of muscle quilted to the bone
Right now I'm flying over
Yeah, right now I'm flying home
Where I can sit on the end of my bed
And I can stare into my own shoes
And in the pools of light years
Go wherever I choose

And throw away the rudder
And float away on vapour trails
I rigged up a complication
Totally derailed
So I throw away the rudder
Float away like vapour trails
I pulled the car on over

Throw away the rudder
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Throw away the rudder (float away on a vapour trail)
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