

You're Everywhere

The Tragically Hip

You are everywhere, within and without
Where it don't matter what we used to do now
Where I feed my people, when I get behind the plow
When I write the tiger hanging on by his eyebrows

Somehow where the gang in me
Is being all that it can be
Somehow part hope is a plan
And part vigilante streak

When I reel my Irish in
When I sleep on the train
In straight lines through shadows, you're there
Where the future lies
Under no moon at night
At the ballroom hanging, you're there

You are there when I stop writing things down
And when I forget about who I am now
Forget about who's kissing her and who's behind my plow
Now it's time to drown all of that poetry out

Somehow where democracy
Is how we all learn to sleep
With ourselves drawing to ourselves
Everything we can carry

When I reel my Irish in
When I sleep in the rain
In straight lines through shadows, you're there
Where the future lies
Under no moon at night
At the ballroom hanging, you're there

There's no escaping
This dream we're dancing
With no distractions

When I reel my Irish in
When I sleep on the plane
In straight lines through shadows, you're there
Where the future lies
Under no moon at night
At the ballroom hanging, you're there
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