

700 Ft. Ceiling

The Tragically Hip

Let's go to the park
Let's go watch them flooding
Out there after dark
Don't have to think of nothing
And I love that for
For the way I'm feeling
Seven hundred foot
Seven hundred foot ceiling

Let's take it to the top
Of the tobacco nation
We can aim the dish
For hardcore invitations
And I hate that for
For the things I'm thinking
When the clouds are low
Seven hundred and sinking

It's part hard, hard to remember
It's part hard to say
Parts unknown, unknown forever
And those parts fade away
But leanings toward, toward a full-stop's
All I hear you say

One foot on the stump
The other's on the pulpit
Seven hundred foot
Seven hundred foot pulpit
And I love that for
For the way I'm feeling
Seven hundred foot
Seven hundred foot ceiling

It's part hard, hard to remember
It's part hard to say
Parts unknown, unknown forever
And those parts fade away

In our own back yard
We can do some flooding
When it's cold and dark
Don't have to think or nothing
Don't have to think or nothing