

# All Tore Up

## The Tragically Hip

We were a blow out of wicked proportions  
An accidental company  
If we said, "We were going to go out and get all tore up tonight"  
Then we did, we got a little happening

Play your tonight's the nights right  
And don't clear the place  
Sweep up a little on your way out  
We might make it

With Dottie the bluegrass singer  
Baring her local breasts  
Singing, "You want an open concept?  
I'll give you open concepts"

You play your fuck off nows right  
And don't clear the place  
Wreak some havoc on the way out  
You might make it

"Drink up, folks, it's getting on time to close"

They said, "We don't even like you"  
"I'm with you," I said  
Perhaps you think the road is a means to an end  
Where it's a living in the end  
The living end, the living image of the end

Play your tonight's the nights right  
And don't clear the place  
Sweep up a little on your way out  
You might make it

If your tonight's the nights right  
And you don't clear the place  
Sweep up a little on your way out  
You might make it

Tonight's the night  
Tonight's the night tonight  
Tonight, tonight, tonight  
Tonight's the night tonight  
Tonight's the night tonight  
Tonight, tonight, tonight  
Tonight's the night tonight  
Tonight's the night tonight