

An Inch An Hour

The Tragically Hip

I want a book that'll make me drunk
Full of freaks and disenfranchised punks
No amount of hate, no load of junk
No bag of words, no costume trunk

Could make me feel the same way
An inch an hour, two feet a day
To move through night in this most fashionable way

There's this fucking band you got to see
They used to scare the living shit out of me
No frothing dog, no cool insanity
No rock and roll, no christianity

Makes me feel the same way
An inch an hour, two feet a day
To move through night with very little else to say

But I'm helpless less with the people than the space

No struggle town, no bemused Trudeau
No solitary walks through vacant lots in moon glow

Tonight the winter may have missed its mark
You can see your breath in springside park
Coffee coloured ice and peeling birch bark
The sound of rushing water in the dark

Makes me feel the same way
An inch an hour, two feet a day
To move through life with very little else to say

But I'm helpless more with the people than the space
I mean I'm helpless less with the people than the space

You see, I don't know Neil, I don't know Neil