

At Transformation

The Tragically Hip

Gently breathing
Lit by the morning sun
Through the night
It had been raining venom
I don't want to be kind
Not a bullet in the right place
Or just of two minds
More important than important

I want to help you lift enormous things
A pinch, a sting, I don't feel a thing
As the Earth revolved around the sun

All those shadows
Waiting on the last lights
If I dream of being
Here comes the night
All of the tiptoeing
Past all (almost) fear building
I only say this now because
I didn't when it was happening

I want to help you lift enormous things
A pinch, a sting, I don't feel a thing
But as the Earth revolves around the sun

I can see it all at once
And, oh, what a glittering chance
In my head the game goes quiet
And I can see it all at once
Figuring you're not the goods
A kid before the rapids
But in my head the game is quiet
Oh, what a glittering chance
Oh, what a glittering chance
Oh, what a glittering chance
At transformation
At transformation

It's my dream of being
That's my dream of being
It's my dream of being