

Emergency

The Tragically Hip

I've often dreamt of a conversation
That just keeps on coming up again and again
We're sitting in the Baby Bar bereft
At a shadowy table, out past the sentences end
It's an emergency without end

From until it's no longer fun
To that's no longer relevant
From until we're no longer one
To the bona-fide embodiment

Of an endless emergency
Without end
We're an endless emergency
Without end

We often stop in these conversations
Things we say here, stay here forever, amen
When everything seems either funny or lousy
Funny or lousy, that's where it usually ends
Emergency without end

From until it's no longer fun
To that's no longer relevant
From until we're no longer one
To that's no longer permanent
The last survivors of those terms
To the bona-fide embodiment

Of an endless emergency
Without end
We're an endless emergency
Without end

We're an endless emergency
Without end
But your finger starts to wiggle
And landscapes emerge