

Emperor Penguin

The Tragically Hip

I like the tone of your trumpet, c'mon let's spill some paint
Let's raise a glass of milk to the end of another day
And to the kiss that's still intangible
The kids are alright just unmanageable
They won't do a damn thing you say

Your voice is all detached on a radio wave breeze
We have another caller with a bachelor degree
Talkin' alien invasion is the only chance for unity
Well, sorry to interrupt you caller

But that's a physical impossibility
That's a physical impossibility
That's a physical impossibility

You'd be tossed up or washed up, the narrator relates
In a spartan antarctican walk for many days
Meet with Emperor Penguin devotion to the egg
And their women are swimming from half an ocean away

Don't sound so detached, this is you and me
Just give me your opinion before you turn to leave
But your crust is just incredible, the radio was edible
When you said don't wipe your asses with your sleeves

You're a physical impossibility
You're a physical impossibility
It was a physical impossibility