

# Escape Is At Hand For The Travellin' Man

The Tragically Hip

It was our third time in New York  
It was your fourth time in New York  
We were fifth and sixth on the bill  
We talk a little about our bands  
Talk a little of our future plans  
It's not like we were best of friends  
Why, what did we do?

That number scheme comes back to me  
In times beyond our heartbeat

We hung around till the final band  
Called "Escape Is At Hand For The Travelling Man"  
You yelled in my ear this music speaks to me  
They launched into "Lonely From Rock And Roll"  
Followed by "They Checked Out An Hour Ago"  
Closing with "All Desires Turn Concrete"

Those melodies come back to me  
At times beyond our heartbeat

I guess I'm too slow, yes, I'm too, yes, I'm too slow  
You said any time of the day was fine  
You said any time of the night was also fine

I walked through your revolving door  
Got no answer on the seventh floor  
Elevator gave a low moan  
The pigeons sagged the wire with their weight  
Listening to the singing chambermaid  
She sang "They Checked Out An Hour Ago"  
I kind of chuckled

Those melodies come back to me  
In times beyond our heartbeat

I guess I'm too slow, yes, I'm too, yes, I'm too slow  
You said any time of the day was fine  
You said any time of the night was also fine  
Our heartbeat, our heartbeat, our heartbeat

Long conversation or idle chit chat  
Maybe dive in or maybe hang back

Idle conversation or idle chit chat  
Maybe dive in or maybe hang back