

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