

Freak Turbulence

The Tragically Hip

You're older, you're haunted, you're ahead of your time
In corners of acres of blocks of straight lines
Blurringly, hourly we cross some great divides
Some heritage moments and some melodious minds
A voice above the engine and the jet stream combined
"It's time, sir, the time, sir, do you have the time?"

As the moon groomed the airplane
In a benevolent way

Again with the myth that's neither here, neither there
Again with the myth from up, up high in the air
Above it all, I love you all, oh how could this be the end?
Satan backhands our nose and our chin
The wings tell the tailfins, "it's freak turbulence"

Just then the captain assures us we will land
"I'll have you on the ground in twenty five minutes or less"
"Or less," did he say, "less"? Unless what? We're not on time?
Or less he said "or less" jet stream and engine combine
Unless he said "or less" as if a joke might just keep us flying

And as the moon groomed the airplane
In a benevolent way
And as the moon groomed the airplane
In a benevolent way
And as the moon groomed the airplane
With its benevolent rays