The Tragically Hip

Your smile is fading a bit So I ration it Don't think about it Here where the Mississippi quits Where it's still got a bit Of Minnesota in it

No one will give you a thing these days
They'd rather kill it or throw it away
You don't "do" dark American streets so
If New Orleans is beat
Where's that leave you and me?

The river takes and takes, takes and takes
It doesn't change and only changes
See it there in a picture with me
There's a caption beneath
"New Orleans is beat"
And if New Orleans is beat
Where's that leave you and me?
Where's that leave you and me?
Where's that leave you and me?

Your smile is fading a bit So I ration it Try not to think about it