

# Impossibilium

## The Tragically Hip

I love you even when, I don't even know, I'm doing it  
And dismiss it out of hand 'cause I don't even know, I'm doing  
it  
But your finger starts to wiggle, landscapes emerge  
Can you spare some change dear  
We've only got three hundred feet to go

Roses are worth more dried than alive such a you thing to say  
O, how I adore you when you reinvent, the rosy cliché  
Can you spare some change dear  
We've only got three hundred feet to go

And with impossibilium for a payload  
We lift the rocket out of the pocket  
Nothing can stop it

Roses are difficult everywhere, you must promise me you'll stay  
These long stems are freakish if anything  
But we can cut 'em down for the vase  
Can you spare some change dear  
We've only got three hundred feet to go

And with impossibilium for a payload  
We lift the rocket out of the pocket  
Nothing can stop it, we can only watch it