

Little Bones

The Tragically Hip

It gets so sticky down here
Better butter your cue finger up
It's the start of another new year
Better call the newspaper up
Two fifty for a hi-ball
And buck and a half for a beer
Happy hour, happy hour
Happy hour is here

The long days of Shockley are gone
So is football Kennedy style
Famous last words taken all wrong
Wind up on the very same pile
Two fifty for a decade
And a buck and a half for a year
Happy hour, happy hour
Happy hour is here

I can cry, beg and whine
To every rebel I find
Just to give me a line
I could use to describe

They'd say, "Baby, eat this chicken slow
It's full of all them little bones"
"Baby, eat this chicken slow
It's full of all them little bones"

So regal and decadent here
Coffin cheaters dance on their graves
Music all it's delicate fear
Is the only thing that don't change
Two fifty for an eyeball
And a buck and a half for an ear
Happy hour, happy hour
Happy hour is here

Well, nothing's dead down here, it's just a little tired
Nothing is dead down here, it's just a little tired
Nothing's dead down here, it's just a little tired
Nothing is dead down here, it's just a little tired

"Baby, eat this chicken slow
It's full of all them little bones"
"Baby, eat this chicken slow
It's full of all them little bones"
Little bones
Full of all them little bones
Little bones