

Man

The Tragically Hip

I'm a man and I'm a man
I do what I hate and don't understand
I'm a real machine
You're a real machine
I'm a real machine
You're a real machine
Just off the hot mic
There is the General
"Are we waiting to be invited?!"
I could eat em up in two gulps!"
I decorate my cells
I am the holy fool
I can get strangely compelled
But I can't get rid of the self
I am a man and I am a man
So I do what I hate and I don't understand
You're a real machine
I'm a real machine
You're a real machine
I'm a man and I'm a man
I do what I hate and don't understand
I'm a man and I'm a man
I do what I hate and don't understand
I'm a real machine
You're a real machine
I'm a real machine
You're a real