

Mean Streak

The Tragically Hip

Is it a mean streak, you'd swear, you'd swear
We never seen a stranger round here
Is it the way the dust clings to the air
But you'd swear, you'd swear

Is it a mean streak, a desolation sound
A copy of desire, oh nothing's that far down
A mean streak on a western swing
On TV saying the damndest thing

A meanstreak, you'd swear, you'd swear
We never seen a stranger round here
It's the way the dust clings to the air
After a stranger's been there
You'd swear, you'd swear

Is it a mean streak to a certain degree
Come whistling down the crookedest street
A mean streak in the ghost state
Between the certain and the hesitating

A meanstreak, you'd swear, you'd swear
We never seen a stranger round here
It's the way the dust clings to the air
After a stranger's been here
You'd swear, you'd swear

Was that you there?
That was you there
Was that you there?
That was you there

The sssh sound of the bottoms of their boots
On the tops of the grass
As their haywagon rolled past
And I'd swear, I'd swear
The way the dust clings to the air
After the stranger's been here
I'd swear, I'd swear
That that was you there