

My Music At Work

The Tragically Hip

Everything is bleak
It's the middle of the night
You're all alone
And the dummies might be right
You feel like a jerk
My music at work
My music at work

Avoid trends and cliches
Don't try to be up to date
And when the sunlight hits the olive-oil
Don't hesitate
The night's so long it hurts
My music at work

In a symbol too far
Or the anatomy of a stain
To determine where you are
In a sink full of Ganges I'd remain
No matter what you heard
My music at work
My music at work
My music at work

I call it "Olga Waits
The Cloud That Entertains
The Dim Possibility
Of Showing Some Restraint"
The rain came down berserk
My music at work
My music at work

On a star beyond the chart
Or the dark side of a drop of rain
Determining where you are
In a sink full of Ganges I'd remain
No matter what you heard
My music at work
My music at work
My music at work

La la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
La la la la la la
La la la la la la la la

Everything is bleak
It's the middle of the night
You're all alone
And the dummies might be right
Outside the darkness lurks
My music at work
My music at work

Hey, fallen hummingbird
My music at work
From the middle of the earth

My music at work
Bound for bed without dessert
My music at work
It's my music at work
My music at work