

No Threat

The Tragically Hip

Got a window washer's head
For an unmakeable bed
For loneliness
The past is no place to-

Rest your weary arms 'cept at sevens at your sides
Your face a campaign debt reflected sky
You die to your fans one window at a time, that's right

Got a window washer's eye
For an untuckable sky
For lonely design
The past is no place to-

Try but I'll get my mind's armies moving at full stride
They're singing in one voice, preoccupied
And with nothing to say I'll sing it bright, that's right

I am here, it's only me
I ain't freed nobody yet
It's just me, I'll just be a sec
I'm a cleaner, I'm no threat
No threat, no threat
I'm a reader, I'm no threat

Who sings lonely? Everyone sings lonely
It doesn't sound so bad
Who is free? Everybody's freed
From the tired of being sad, so sad

How will I know? How will I know if I'm helping?
More so, how will she know if I'm helping?
If I'm not in the saddle, I'm nothing, that's right

I am here, it's only me
I ain't freed nobody yet
It's just me, clearing spider webs
I'm a listener, I'm no threat
I am here, failed and failing breath
I'm a listener, I'm no threat
No threat, no threat
I'm a watcher, I'm no threat
No threat

(I am a Beatles fan)