

## 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)