

Pascal's Submarine

The Tragically Hip

There's not a breath of air tonight.
I got my windows all thrown open wide
Praying for any little breeze to move the curtains,
Shake the leaves tonight

Stumbled in to sleep's ravine
Into a dream of Pascal's Submarine
Where if you can remain quiet and still
You might escape life's fill of misery

A women's had all she can stand
Hysterically Screaming 'I'm waiting for my man'
'Madam, we're doing all we can,
But can you give me your man's name again?'

ARE THEY DEAD
OR WORSE, ALIVE?

Is there something that you're trying to hide?
Russian Accent - Las Vegas Cap Say's 'Can we talk about all that, Inside?'

With Klebanov within her grasp
There's just one more think she's dying to ask
They stuck a needle in her arm
Saying, Don't do yourself more harm
She Collapsed

There's not a breath of air tonight
We go our windows all thrown open wide
Praying for any little breeze
For the Skeletons, for the Effigies, Tonight