

Putting Down

The Tragically Hip

Held a bird's egg between her breasts
There's reasons for the road I guess
To document the indigenous
To paint and sketch, paint and sketch
I'm starting to fail to be impressed

United state of ricochet
From the boardwalk to the appian way
The diamond files, the corporate raves
You'd practically kill not to be afraid
And I'm starting to choke on the things I say

I'm putting down, I'm putting down, I'm putting down
I'm putting down, I'm putting down, I'm putting down
I'm putting down, I'm putting down, I'm putting down
Down

Browbeaten out from underneath your dress
The documented indigenous
Civilisation flipped its desk
You know the rest, there is no rest
And I'm starting to fail to know what's best

I'm putting down, I'm putting down, I'm putting down
I'm putting down, I'm putting down, I'm putting down
I'm putting down, I'm putting down, I'm putting down
Down, down, down, down, down