

Sharks

The Tragically Hip

Sharks don't attack the Irish
It's mostly Australians
There's nothing accomplished

By these splashing citizens
From the moon down to the surface
Of the Mariana's Trench

I won't send you in a cab when
I can take you there myself then
Steal a look over your shoulder
At the distant lights of your firmament

When the sharks finished the Irish
And those people from Berlin
We left our look of the landed

With one of rescue's imminent
From the moon down to the surface
Of the Mariana's Trench

I won't send you in a cab when
I can take you there myself then
Steal a look over your shoulder
The chandeliers of your firmament
Your firmament, baby

[Inaudible]

I can take you there myself then
Steal a look over your shoulder
[Inaudible]