

## Silver Jet

The Tragically Hip

There's a still in the night, a tuneless moonlight  
Just the I-need-you-and-here's-  
whys of snoring Gord's and Cheryl's  
There's a heron outside, in violet light  
There's an urge to go, a shadow, a heightened air of peril

Your heart jumps to  
And my heart jumps too  
I think to myself "I don't really know my heart"  
As you whisper "me too"

A silver jet roars overhead  
Rocks the nocturne all everglade and grey sheers  
A silver jet, so far off already  
Fought the hot spurs off all the way to Cape Spear

It's quiet again, when a car like Big Ben  
The radio dopplering, for all you Gregory Peck fans  
Let Us Now Praise Famous Men  
To take some pressure off the wonderous to fight and

Your heart jumps to  
And my heart jumps too  
As if the Wolves of Northumberland themselves  
Were rumoured to be en route

A silver jet, way overhead  
You're an archipelago, a satellite, a green star  
A silver jet, so far off already  
With your I-need-you-and-here's-why flying to the next part

Your heart jumps to  
And my heart jumps too  
I'm thinking to myself "packing is a secret art"  
And as you whisper "me too"

A silver jet roars overhead  
A silver jet, flying to the next part  
A silver jet, so far off already  
A silver jet, a satellite, a green star  
A silver jet, way overhead  
A silver jet, evergladed grey sheers  
A silver jet, so far off already  
A silver jet, Clayqout sound to Cape Spear