

The Dark Canuck

The Tragically Hip

This one is for you
And it goes on and on and on
When nothing seems to do
For when the doubtless and the wrong
Ask, "Can I help you?"
In that way that says, "I can't"
Or claim we're all the same
Just inconsistent
Or pretend all understanding
Turned out to be pretence
Then pretend the pretence of understanding
How long does it take? Depends

You can cast your doubts
Turn them inside out
Hang them upside down

Till their art falls out
The short answer's forty eight hours
Let your heart all out
The short answer's forty eight hours
Till their art falls out
The short answer's forty eight hours
Let your heart all out
Summon up all your power

If you need a good connection for drugs
Or a strong tolerance for alcohol
Too little religious education
Some pain threshold
If from the outside
There's no demand for what you do
And inside there's an army waiting
For their marching orders for you
Come sit on my swing seat
Come sit on my porch
After ten at night, smoke your cigarettes
If you like, of course

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And it goes on and on and on

If we ever get home
Let's don't compare
Let's relinquish all our holidays

And drive in premieres
If we ever get home
I'm going to have me three children
Apple, Zippo and Metronome
That's what I'm going to name them

And get celebrity skin
The illusion of tough
I'm going to talk about nothing
Till nothing's enough
If we ever get home
And the subject comes up
This war isn't for children
War is nothing's enough

In the clouds of blood at the end of Jaws
In the misted cars honking their applause
At the drive-in double feature
At the heart of dark enough
It's Jaws and The Dark Canuck
Should we stay for The Dark Canuck?
Yeah, everyone, hands up
Who's for The Dark Canuck?
I think we relinquished enough
And it's still dark enough

And it goes on and on and on