

# The Depression Suite

## The Tragically Hip

Under the pillow  
I bury my head and try to shut Chicago out  
As it turns out there's a whole other world of sounds  
of perfect fifths low skids and Arctic howls

all saying are you going through something?  
are you going through something?

Under the pillow a little room to breathe  
the early morning light's a pale cranberry  
I hear the Aaa-aah-aah not-wow-wow  
of a siren faraway and closing steadily

saying Are you going through something?  
Are you going through something?  
cuz I-I-I-I I am too

Under the pillow  
I can hear you whisperin' are you going through something?

well honey are you going through something?  
Are you going through something?  
Then I-I-I-I I am too  
Then I-I-I-I I am too

Then I-I-I-I

I am too

Gimme gimme gimme gimme-gimme  
Gimme an opportunity gimme-gimme  
Put me put me put me put me-put me  
In the saddle I'll ride you'll see

There's new work in the Day Room  
I can't lounge on-line  
Don't you laugh  
I'd sell a giraffe and I'd give you half  
Just to occupy my mind

I'll be driven my eyes always moving  
I'll be riveted to the task yea  
No smiling! That's important  
I will make my face a mask

And I'm thinking just in passing  
What if this song does nothing?  
What if this song does nothing

Working in the new NewOrleansWorld  
I'm emptying slots working like a ghost  
I move through huge rooms with no windows  
And no Gulf of Mexico

Gimmegimmegimme gimme-gimme  
Gimme an opportunity gimme-gimme  
Put me put me put me put me-put me

In the saddle please

I'll be driven my eyes always moving  
I'll be riveted to the task yea  
No smiling! That's so important  
I will make my face a mask

And I'm thinking just in passing  
What if this song does nothing?  
What if this song does nothing?  
What if this song does nothing  
What if this song does nothing

Bring on the requisite strangeness  
It always has to get a little weird a little weird  
Yea you just bring on the requisite strangeness  
Bring it on then disappear disappear  
Go to be a man of the boom  
To Florida without the ocean  
But  
Don't you wanna see how it ends?  
When the door is just starting to open?  
When Athabasca depends?  
Don't you wanna see how it ends

I can hear you  
But I can't stay here  
You left me lost in the Barrens  
You left me born on the stairs  
It's minus 11  
Inside my kettle  
I didn't come to get lost in the Barrens  
I didn't come to settle  
To be a man on the moon  
To get my little slice of heaven  
Yeah  
Don't you wanna see how it ends?  
When the door is just starting to open?  
And Athabasca depends  
Doncha wanna see how it ends

Don't you wanna see how it ends?  
The door is just starting to open.  
Athabasca depends.  
Don't you wanna see how it ends?  
Yeah  
Don't you wanna see how it ends?  
I'm holding the door to the Barrens  
And Athabasca depends  
Doncha wanna see how it ends?