

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?