

## The Exact Feeling

The Tragically Hip

The exact feeling is coming back around  
The tiger's wheeling  
And covering some ground

I'm up to my torch, I'm up to my tits  
Maybe I got no more interest

In the exact feeling is all I ever tried to do  
The perimeter, the ceiling  
Just to dribble somewhere new

I'd be on my hands, I'd be on my knees  
Saying, hey bartender, one more of these

For the exact feeling  
The exact feeling maybe isn't what I think  
Not the singularity, those thousand million dreams  
Not a prosperity that means

I never have to say a thing  
Maybe the exact feeling  
Is on the other side of this feeling

And I remember stealing  
Lying, begging loneliness  
Flying, falling, kneeling  
Trying to get 'em to notice

I'm not being sad, I'm not being dear  
I only wanna stay with you right here

In this exact feeling, in your exact feeling  
In this exact feeling, in your exact feeling  
In this exact feeling, in this exact feeling  
In this exact feeling