

## The Rules

### The Tragically Hip

Legs scream at bikes and bikes scream at trucks  
And motorists curse their lousy luck  
Crossing guard's not doing his job  
And traffic's not about to stop for the first casualty of thought

It's the rules  
It's the rules

Superfarmer's bent on the cover of time  
The moralists scream he's all mine  
So the bard isn't doing her job  
The vacuum night, the darkest rites, the small quarantined thoughts

It's the rules  
It's the rules

Salesman said this vacuum's guaranteed  
It could suck an ancient virus from the sea  
It could put the dog out of a job  
Could make traffic stop so little thoughts can safely get across

It's the rules  
It's the rules  
Guaranteed or not  
It's the rules