

Ultra Mundane

The Tragically Hip

Come the ultra mundane of another life
You know it by the trail of the nervousness
Your memories compress, your senses are sly
And portions of your shadowiness

On your everyday nights
Into northern lights
Pour it all at their service

Start beginning by beginning
It's time, it's time, it's time
A new tradition, a new beginning
It's time, it's time, it's time

It's time to make you inside with a wristband, all right
To see etobicoke coyotes
To get pretend scars, to see like a pair
To feel as welcome as a sneeze in a motorcycle helmet

Feel the ultra mundane
Of another life
A poet in the service

Start beginning, new traditions
It's time, it's time, it's time
The demolition is beginning
It's time, it's time, it's time
They're underpinning the tradition
It's time, it's time, it's time
No perdition in the beginning
It's time, it's time, but there's still time
To ask, "Hey, what you building? Another ocean?"

You looked at me like I was eating runny eggs in slow motion
Maybe, maybe
I saw you soften, baby
When your angst had me over your shoulder
You're a beleaguered old lady

Start beginning, a new tradition
It's time, it's time, it's time
No tradition of dereliction
It's time, it's time, it's time
No conditions, no sedition
It's time, it's time, it's time
A new beginning, a new tradition
And at the end I'll burn so unkind
You might ask, "Hey, what you building? Another ocean? Another ocean?"
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