

## 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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