

# You're Everywhere

## The Tragically Hip

You are everywhere, within and without  
Where it don't matter what we used to do now  
Where I feed my people, when I get behind the plow  
When I write the tiger hanging on by his eyebrows

Somehow where the gang in me  
Is being all that it can be  
Somehow part hope is a plan  
And part vigilante streak

When I reel my Irish in  
When I sleep on the train  
In straight lines through shadows, you're there  
Where the future lies  
Under no moon at night  
At the ballroom hanging, you're there

You are there when I stop writing things down  
And when I forget about who I am now  
Forget about who's kissing her and who's behind my plow  
Now it's time to drown all of that poetry out

Somehow where democracy  
Is how we all learn to sleep  
With ourselves drawing to ourselves  
Everything we can carry

When I reel my Irish in  
When I sleep in the rain  
In straight lines through shadows, you're there  
Where the future lies  
Under no moon at night  
At the ballroom hanging, you're there

There's no escaping  
This dream we're dancing  
With no distractions

When I reel my Irish in  
When I sleep on the plane  
In straight lines through shadows, you're there  
Where the future lies  
Under no moon at night  
At the ballroom hanging, you're there  
You're everywhere  
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