

Tragically Hip, The "Ahead By A Century"

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First thing we'd climb a tree
And maybe then we'd talk
Or sit silently
And listen to our thoughts
Illusions of someday
Casting a golden light
No dress rehearsal
This is our life

And that's when the hornet stung me
And I had a feverish dream
With revenge and doubt
Tonight we smoke them out

You are ahead by a century
You are ahead by a century
You are ahead by a century

Stare in the morning shroud
And then the day began
I tilted your cloud
You tilted my hand
Rain falls in real time
Rain fell through the night
No dress rehearsals this is our life

And that's when the hornet stung me
And I had a serious dream
With revenge and doubt
Tonight we smoke them out

You are ahead by a century
You are ahead by a century
You are ahead by a century

You are ahead by a century
You are ahead by a century
You are ahead by a century

And disappointing you's getting me down

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