Tragically Hip, The "All Tore Up"

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we were a blow-out of wicked proportions an accidental company if we said, 'We're gonna go out and get all tore-up tonight then we did we got a little happenin'

play yer Tonight's-The-Nights right and don't clear the place sweep up a little on your way out we might make it

with Dottie, the bluegrass singer baring her local breast singing, "You want an open concept!? -I'll give ya open concepts!"

ya play yer Fuck-Off-Nows right and don't cleary the place wreak some havoc on the way out you might make it

"Drink up folks it's getting' on time to close"

they said, "we don't even like you."
'I'm with you,' I said,
but perhaps you think the road
is a means to have an end
where it's a living in the end,
the living end
the living image of the end

play yer Tonight's The Nights right don't clear the place sweep up a little on your way out you might make it if yer Tonight's The Nights right ya don't clear the place sweep up a little on your way out you might make it tonight's the night
tonight's the night, tonight
tonight the night
tonight
tonight tonight tonight
tonight's the night
tonight
tonight tonight tonight
tonight tonight tonight
tonight tonight tonight
tonight)

tonight tonight

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