

Tragically Hip, The "Blow at High Dough"

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They shot a movie once, in my hometown
Everybody was in it, from miles around
Out at the speedway, some kinda Elvis thing
Well I ain't no movie star
But I can get behind anything
Yea I can get behind anything

Get it out, get it all out
Yea stretch that thing
Make it last, make it all last
At least until the supper bell rings
Well the taxi driver likes his rhythm
Never likes the stops
Throes of passion, throes of passion
When something just threw him off

Chorus
Sometimes the faster it gets
The less you need to know
But you gotta remember,
The smarter it gets
The further it's gonna go
When you blow at high dough
When you blow at high dough

Whoa baby I feel fine
I'm pretty sure it's genuine
It makes no sense, no it makes no sense
But I'll take it free any time
Whoever fits her usually gets her
It was the strangest thing
How'd she move so fast, move so fast
Into that wedding ring

Chorus

Out at the speedway, same Elvis thing
Well I can't catch him

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