

Tragically Hip, The "Gift Shop"

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The beautiful lull,
the dangerous tug
we get to feel small
from high up above
and after a glimpse
over the top
the rest of the world
becomes a giftshop

The pendulum swings
for the horse like a man
out over the rim
is ice cream to him
the beautiful lull,
the dangerous tug
we get to feel small
but not out of place at all

We're forced to bed
but we're free to dream
all us human extras,
all us herded beings
and after a glimpse
over the top
the rest of the world
becomes a giftshop

I don't know what to believe,
sometimes I even forget
and if it's a lie,
terrorists made me say it
the beautiful lull,
the dangerous tug
we get to feel small
from high up above

from high up above

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