

## Tragically Hip, The "Leave"

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'Do you mean the attack is routine?'  
a bird asked of a bird  
'In this context, a concave nest,  
how do we learn to hurt?'

'do you mean there's no variation?'  
watching a dog charge a flock  
of birds exploding in congregation  
Why plan when' when we stop?' 'I dunno...but why  
suppose  
it's not the way it should be?  
when you can fly above the great waiting list,  
as the grow implies we won't be missed,  
we can  
leave  
we can  
leave  
we can  
leave.

It's a routine flight for this bird tonight  
there's more worms than earth  
in the afterlife  
where the blind feed the blind,  
whispering things like;  
'On the money' and 'Bullseye'  
she picks up the little leaves  
where human wrecks are left to seed  
left to repaint their deities  
and plaster away at their villainies  
where there's love  
there's hope

'and do you hope those earthbound poets  
could learn to sing as good as us?  
so we can sit back and enjoy our illusions  
and our quietus?'

'Well I don't now...but why suppose it's  
not the way it should be?  
when you can squawk and wait for word from above

and change yourself into something you love  
when you  
leave  
when you  
leave  
you leave? 'Do you mean the attack is routine?'  
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how do we learn to hurt?'

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