

Tragically Hip, The "Locked In The Trunk Of A Car"

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Morning broke out the backside of a truck-stop
the end of a line a real, rainbow-likeing, luck stop
where you could say I became chronologically "fucked-
up".

Put ten bucks in just to get the tank topped off.
Then, I found a place it's dark and it's rotted.
It's a cool, sweet kinda-place
where the copters won't spot it
and I destroyed the map, I even thought I forgot it,
however, every-day I'm dumping the body.
It'd be better for us if you don't understand.
It'd be better for me if you don't understand

They don't know how old I am,
they found armour in my belly
from the 16th century, conquistador, I think.
They don't know how old I am,
they found armour in my belly.
Passion out of machine-revving tension, lashing
out at machine-revving tension, brushing by the
machine-revving tension.

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