

## Tragically Hip, The "Looking for a Place to Happen"

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I've got a job, I explore, I follow every little whiff  
And I want my life to smell like this  
To find a place, an ancient race  
The kind you'd like to gamble with  
Where they'd stamp on burning bags of shit.  
Looking for a place to happen  
making stops along the way

Wayward ho! Away we go,  
It's a shame to leave this masterpiece  
With its' gallery gods and its' garbage-bag trees  
So I'll paint a scene, from memory,  
so I'd know who murdered me  
It's a vain pursuit, but it helps me to sleep  
Looking for a place to happen  
making stops along the way

Jacques Cartier, right this way,  
I'll put your coat up on the bed  
Hey man you've got a real bum's eye for clothes  
And come on in, sit right down,  
no you're not the first to show  
We've all been here since, God, who knows?  
Looking for a place to happen,  
making stops along the way.

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