

Tragically Hip, The "On the Verge"

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Here we are, now where are we?
It's like nothing I've ever seen
We got horse-throated huckster's whispered gimmicks
Rubbernecking the curious cynics
And headlong-walkers, one born every minute
Do I plug it in? Or do I stick it in it?

I don't know what came over me
I'm too dumb for words
I didn't think I'd like it here at all
But, I swear, I swear I'm on the verge

Here we are, now who are you?
The long lost Queen's of some Hoodoo?
Well we're the last of the big-time penetrators
Playin' dead to fuck the undertaker
The movie'll come out a little bit later
The Men, The Legend, The Goat, The Saytr

I don't know what came over me
I'm too dumb for words
I didn't say I'd like it here at all
But, I swear, I swear I'm on the verge

Here we are, now don't ask how
The time to leave was kinda now
Well don't cry, baby, there's no cause for grief

Deadheading's never gonna kill the Chief
It's an empty road without relief
And I'm a highway romance milking thief

I don't know what came over me
I'm too dumb for words
I didn't think I'd like it here at all
But, I swear, I swear I'm on the verge

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