

Tragically Hip, The "Silver Jet"

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There's a still in the night
a tuneless moonlight
just the I-need-you-and-here's-whys of
snoring Gords and Cheryls
there's a heron outside
inviolable light
there's an urge to go, a shadow
a heightened air of peril
your heart jumps to
and my heart jumps too
I think, to myself "I don't really know my heart" and as
you whisper 'me too'
a silver jet roars overhead
rocks the nocturne all everglade
and grey sheers
silver jet, so far off already
ya fought the hot spurs off all the way
to Cape Spear

it's quiet again
when a car like Big Ben
it's radio dopplerin'
...'and for all you Gregory Peck fans...
-Let Us Now Praise Famous Men-
to take some pressure off all the wonderful
to fight' and
your heart jumps to
and my heart jumps too
as if the Wolves of Northumberland themselves
were rumoured to be en route
silver jet, way overhead
yer an archipelago, a satellite,
a green star
silver jet, so far off already
with your I-need-you-and-here's-why
flying to the next part

your heart jumps to
and my heart jumps too
I'm thinking, to myself, 'packing, is a secret heart'
and as you whisper, 'me too'

siler jet roars overhead
silver jet flying to the next part
silver jet so far off already
silver jet, a satellite, a green star
silver jet way overhead
silver jet evergladed grey sheers
silver jet, so far off already
silver jet Clayqout sound to Cape Spear

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