

## Tragically Hip

# "Escape Is At Hand For The Travellin' Man"

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It was our third time in New York  
It was your fourth time in New York  
We were fifth and sixth on the bill  
We talk a little about our bands  
Talk a little of our future plans  
It's not like we were best friends

That number scheme comes back to me  
In times beyond our heartbeat

We hung around 'til the final band called  
"Escape is at hand for the travellin' man"  
You yelled in my ear, this music speaks to me  
They launched into, "Lonely from rock 'n roll"  
Followed by, "They checked out an hour ago"  
Closing with, "All desires turn concrete"

Those melodies come back to me  
At times beyond our heartbeat

I guess I'm too slow, yes, I'm too, yes, I'm too slow  
But you said anytime of the day was fine  
You said anytime of the night was also fine

I walked through your revolving door  
Got no answer on the seventh floor  
Elevator gave a low moan  
The pigeons sagged the wire with their weight  
Listening to the singing chambermaid  
She sang, "They checked out an hour ago"

Those melodies come back to me  
In times beyond our heartbeat

I guess I'm too slow, yes, I'm too, yes, I'm too slow  
But you said anytime of the day was fine  
You said anytime of the night was also fine

Our heartbeat, our heartbeat, our heartbeat

Long conversation, idle chit-chat  
Maybe dive in or maybe hang back

Idle conversation or idle chit-chat  
Maybe dive in or maybe hang back

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