

## Tragically Hip

### "Giftshop"

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The beautiful lull,  
the dangerous tug  
we get to feel small  
from high up above  
and after a glimpse  
over the top  
the rest of the world  
becomes a giftshop

The pendulum swings  
for the horse like a man  
out over the rim  
is ice cream to him  
the beautiful lull,  
the dangerous tug  
we get to feel small  
but not out of place at all

We're forced to bed  
but we're free to dream  
all us human extras,  
all us herded beings  
and after a glimpse  
over the top  
the rest of the world  
becomes a giftshop

I don't know what to believe,  
sometimes I even forget  
and if it's a lie,  
terrorists made me say it  
the beautiful lull,  
the dangerous tug  
we get to feel small  
from high up above

from high up above

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